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WORKS OF S. S. CURRY, Pd.D., Litt.D.

MIND AND VOICE

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SPOKEN ENGLISH

A METHOD OF IMPROVING SPEECH AND READING BY STUDYING VOICE CONDITIONS AND MODULATIONS IN UNION WITH THEIR CAUSES IN THINKING AND FEELING

S. S. CURRY, PH. D., LITT. D.

Author of "The Province of Expression," "Lessons in Vocal Expression," "Imagination and Dramatic Instinct," "Vocal and Literary Interpretation of the Bible," etc.

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AN INITIATORY WORD

During recent years greater interest than ever before has been awakened to the importance of Written English. Spoken English, however, for the most part, is still either entirely neglected or else taught by mechanical, imitative and artificial methods.

Dr. Charles W. Eliot once remarked: "The primary characteristic of an educated man is his ability to speak and to write his own language with efficiency." We learn to speak before we learn to write, and the way we speak in every-day conversation is the basis of our style in writing. Hence, when rightly considered, correct speaking is at least as necessary to the proper use of our own language as writing, and must be ever regarded as a fundamental part of education.

This book is an endeavor to furnish such methods for the development of Spoken English as will parallel the work of Written English during the last years of the Grammar or the first years of the High School or Normal School; and to furnish hints upon the problem of teaching reading and of improving the voice.

The teaching of the right use of the voice and of all phases of spoken English demands primarily insight into mental and emotional conditions. In writing there is something objective for the teacher to mark, something external that the student himself can see, and well-settled rules of grammar to be obeyed. In spoken English, however, rules cannot be laid down except for such mere grammatical aspects as are common to both writing and speaking.

Spoken English is a psychological problem. To regard reading and speaking as a mere matter of correct pronunciation or obedience to certain rules of grammar is to misconceive the nature of expression.

The problem primarily concerns thinking; in fact, right vocal expression requires imagination and feeling, and the harmonious awakening of all man's power and the unity of his experiences.

The modulations of the voice perform a distinct function.

The spoken word, not the written word, is the real word. Written words are symbols, and are more adequate to express ideas, but modulations of the voice are natural signs which reveal feeling and manifest degrees of assimilation and the deepest phases of experience. Written words represent the concepts of the mind, but modulations directly manifest the action or processes of thinking or conditions of feeling.

To improve spoken English the teacher must, therefore, awaken the student to think and to feel. All the faculties of the mind must be made active so that the creative energies will dominate the rhythm of breathing and of voice conditions as well as cause the dramatic response of the body and modulation of the voice. In any art work, — writing or speaking, painting or music, — the first step should always be the awakening of the artistic powers.

Vocal expression as a phase of artistic endeavor implies cause, means and effect. The cause is in the mind. It must be awakened. The means, that is, voice and body, must be rightly attuned so as immediately to respond to the actions or conditions of the mind. In the third place, the significance of the voice modulations must be understood and a vocabulary of delivery must be acquired.

Writing implies a mechanical means, such as pen, ink and paper. While a man must learn to write, that is, to make the letters properly, this mechanical work is not analogous to vocal training. The agents of speech belong to man's own body. They are parts of man's organism. They can be developed only according to natural laws. Control of thinking must be secured not by mere will, but only by awakening or stimulating imagination, thinking and feeling.

There are other peculiarities. Many of the voice modulations are but partly under the control of the will. Many of the highest and most exalted modulations, such as tone color, must be controlled indirectly. To bring the voice modulations directly under the control of will makes all speaking mechanical and artificial.

In order to write, imagination and feeling and the crea-

tive energies must be awakened. But the modulations of the voice and the actions of the body, which have been called the natural languages, require the spontaneous energies to be aroused. Though this awakening of the imagination and deeper life of the student be difficult, it is necessary if the student is really to improve. The aim of education, according to Frœbel, is to awaken self-activity. Self-activity must be awakened if vocal expression is to be improved.

To awaken and to recognize the operation of this self-activity must ever be the primary aim in all true education from the kindergarten to the university. Of all methods of awakening and testing spontaneous activity, vocal expression is best. It is the direct, natural manifestation of the activities of the student's faculties; as the teacher observes this he gets insight into the student's mind, and can detect weaknesses or lack of harmony. He can direct exercises to awaken any sluggish faculty; he can stimulate the imagination; he can develop feeling. He will not teach a play of Shakespeare in a way to kill all the student's love for it, but from the first will try to awaken the student's feeling and stimulate that which is more important than all criticism, a proper appreciation and love of great literature and art.

The book is founded upon the principle that impression and expression should always go together. Hence, nature study and observation are introduced or suggested at every step of the way. Impression and expression cannot be separated. One is cause, the other is effect. They are co-ordinated as the root of the plant with its stalk. They complement and imply each other. We do not know a thing until we are able to give it some kind of expression. The saying of anything tests the student's understanding. Writing tests accuracy and correctness. Speaking tests right feeling, the right attitude of being and the degree of assimilation. It shows how far the word has become a part of one's experience.

There is an endeavor in this book to avoid difficult technicalities, especially in vocal training. The develop-

ment of the voice is an extremely complex subject. If taken, however, simply and naturally before there has been pernicious teaching there will be less difficulty. One of the most important steps is the correct method of breathing. Teachers should refer to the author's " Mind and Voice " for further explanation.

The fundamental principle is to have a right action of the diaphragm, that is to say, sympathetic fulness in the middle of the body. A breath should be easily and sympathetically and harmoniously retained by the elastic activity of the diaphragm and other inspiratory muscles. Mere analysis of the actions of the diaphragm and of the correct method of breathing will not be so helpful to the young student as simple laughter and observation of the action of breathing and the throat. The tone should be supported freely at the diaphragm. There should be the feeling of a column of air in the middle of the mouth. The whole throat should be passive and relaxed and open. The right condition of the throat and tone passage can result only from the right retention of the breath, the co-ordination of activity, or an elastic sense of fulness in the middle of the body, with the right passivity of the throat. This causes large vowel chambers and free open tone and must be gained by the sympathetic rendering of exclamations repeated many times with an accentuation of the right preparatory conditions. This is the primary aim of all true vocal exercises.

The companion volume to this contains simple questions or problems arranged with short selections for inductive studies and more than three hundred complete poems and stories. The books contain no duplicate selections and the topics more or less correspond. Hence, teachers may use them together, or separately.

Work in vocal expression should be practical. The studies should be simple and direct, by question or assignment of various problems for the study and interpretation of literature by voice. Every form of vocal expression, conversation, reading and recitation should be adopted. Conversation must always be the basis. Students must be encouraged to talk about what they have studied. They should be encouraged to tell stories and to describe what they themselves have seen. In every way the teacher should stimulate students to unfold their own powers.

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SPOKEN ENGLISH

I

RECEIVING IDEAS

I. READING AND TALKING

The year 's at the spring,
And day 's at the morn;
Morning 's at seven;
The hill-side 's dew-pearled;
The lark 's on the wing;
The snail 's on the thorn;
God 's in His Heaven—
All 's right with the world!

"Pippa Passes." Robert Browning

Read aloud the song of Pippa; then give the meaning in your own words. Were there any differences in the variations of your voice between your reading and your conversation? What variations in your talking were absent from your reading and what was the chief cause of the difference?

WILD ROSES AND SNOW

How sweet the sight of roses
In country lanes of June,
Where every flower uncloses
To meet the kiss of noon.

How strange the sight of roses —
Roses both sweet and wild —
Seen where a valley closes
'Mid mountain heights up-piled;

Upon whose sides remaining
Is strewn the purest snow,
By its chill power restraining
The tide of spring's soft glow.

Yet God, who gave the pureness
To yon fair mountain snow,
Gives also the secureness
Whereby these roses blow.

Mackenzie Bell

Tell someone about some interesting object or event, a walk or a ball game for example. Notice your voice in talking — how freely it leaps about. Now read something and observe where and why your reading differs from your talking.

Take a short poem, such as the preceding, or some fable, calling one word at a time as if you were dictating, and observe the action of your voice. Then genuinely think and live the ideas, introducing them to people as something for them to think about. Observe the difference that results in the modulations of your voice.

Sometimes in reading your voice falls into a steady, meaningless drone, instead of gathering words into groups and skipping lightly from one to another as it does when you talk. When we read we are apt to see each word by itself, and pronounce one after another, without thinking of the ideas each helps to represent.

In talking, however, we " think before we speak." First comes an idea, and the words to express it follow. Ideas should come to us in a similar way when we read, for though we get the idea after we see the words, yet we hold the idea in the mind before we speak them.

From all these illustrations we can see that the difference between our reading and talking results from our difference in thinking. When we do not think, our reading is bad. When we genuinely think and feel and live the ideas our reading appears free and natural.

When we take up any little poem or fable to read we should let our eyes glance through the words until we get an idea. The words ought to set us thinking; we should then hold our mind upon that one thing which the group of words suggests. Finally, we should speak these words naturally and easily while holding the idea.

One cause of our uttering words on one pitch without thinking of what they mean is that we endeavor to take in too many of them at a time. This is what we tend to do when we take words as words; the eye runs far ahead of the mind.

Instead, take only one idea and the words belonging to

it. Hold this definitely; not only until you realize it, but until you have uttered it. Then take time to get another and to utter that. If you do this and take hold of one phrase or idea and utter it as if you want someone to think and feel it with you, you will find at once that you are reading more naturally and easily than before.

IF WORDS WERE BIRDS

If words
Were birds
And swiftly flew
From tips
Of lips
Owned, dear, by you,
Would they,
To-day,
Be hawks and crows,
Or blue
And true
And sweet — who knows?

Let 's play,
To-day,
We choose the best;
Birds blue
And true
With dove-like breast.
'Tis queer,
My dear,
We never knew
That words
Like birds
Had wings and flew.

Author not known

Why is it easy to read the preceding poem? Because every line is short, grouping the words and tending to make you stop an instant and think one idea and grasp one phrase at a time.

THE FIRST ROBIN

Welcome, welcome, little stranger;
Fear no harm and fear no danger.
We are glad to see you here,
For you sing, " Sweet spring is near."

Now the white snow melts away;
Now the flowers blossom gay.
Come, dear bird, and build your nest,
For we love our robin best.

Louisa May Alcott

Suppose a boy who loves birds discovers a robin, the first robin of the spring, and runs to tell someone about it. He will be excited, full of joy; he will breathe deeply; his face will brighten and his body expand. Can you give some phrase of your own as he would give it in telling someone about the discovery of a robin?

The words of a poem or fable or lyric must be familiar, otherwise you may be thinking of the words for their own sake, and not of the ideas which they represent. In reading you must always realize the ideas for which the words stand. Words are nothing in themselves; they are only symbols. The real source of all our expression must be in ideas.

WHAT DO WE PLANT WHEN WE PLANT THE TREE?

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the ship which will cross the sea.
We plant the mast to carry the sails;
We plant the planks to withstand the gales —
The keel, the keelson and beam and knee;
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the houses for you and me;
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors,
We plant the studding, the laths, the doors,
The beams and siding, all that be;
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
A thousand things that we daily see;
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,
We plant the staff for our country's flag,
We plant the shade, from the hot sun free;
We plant all these when we plant the tree!

Henry Abbey

For example, in this poem on the tree, certain ideas will come as a surprise to you. In the second line when you take in the first four words, and especially the word " ship," though you wonder what a tree has to do with a ship, a vivid picture will arise in your mind and you will give this word with force.

Other ideas about a tree will come before you, and if you realize truly you will give them with similar force, — the word " houses " for instance.

Can you ask the questions in this little poem about the wind and answer them as definitely and naturally as if you were talking to someone?

Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you;
But when the leaves hang trembling
The wind is passing through.
Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I;
But when the trees bow down their heads
The wind is passing by.

Christina G. Rossetti

THE CROWS AND THE WINDMILL

There was once a windmill which went round and round day after day. It did harm to no one. It never knocked anyone down unless he got within reach of its great arms. What if it did use the air? Surely there was no harm in that. The air was just as good as before.

But a flock of crows in the neighborhood took quite a dislike to the innocent mill. They said there must be some mischief about it. They did not at all like the swinging of those long arms for a whole day at a time.

It was thought best to call a meeting of all the crows in the country, far and near, to see if some plan could not be hit upon by which the dangerous thing could be gotten rid of.

The meeting was held in a corn-field. Such a cawing and chattering was never heard before in that neighborhood. They appointed a chairman, or rather a chair-crow.

As is usual in public meetings, there were many different opinions. Most of the crows thought the windmill a dangerous thing indeed, a very dangerous thing; but as to the best mode of getting rid of it, that was not so easy a matter to decide. Some were for active measures. They proposed going straight over to the windmill — all the crows in a body — and destroying it on the spot.

In justice to the crow family in general, however, it ought to be stated that those who talked about this warlike plan were rather young. Their feathers had not grown to their full length, and they had not seen so much of the world as their fathers had.

After a good deal of loud talking and blustering, one old crow said he had a question to ask. He would beg leave to inquire through the chairman, whether the windmill had ever been known to go away from the place where it was then standing, and to chase crows about with murderous intent.

It was answered that such conduct on the part of the giant had never been heard of.

"How, then," the speaker wished to know, "was it likely to kill any of them?"

The answer was, "By their venturing too near the mill."

"And that is the only way that any of us are likely to get killed by the windmill?" pursued the venerable crow.

"Yes," the chairman said; "that is the way, I believe."

And the crows generally nodded their heads, as much as to say, "Certainly, of course."

"Well, then," said the speaker, "let's keep out of harm's way. That's all I have to say."

In reading this fable act and talk as the young crows would. Then be the calm old crow who quietly asks his question. Give it as if you were talking, making yourself part of the story. Do not be afraid to talk as you feel.

If you have tried the experiment suggested, if you have talked understandingly, and observed the action of your mind, then have read with similar action of your mind, you must have found one thing to be true, namely, — that to read well you must think — think only one thing at a time but realize each phrase before you speak it. Whenever we talk in a way to interest others we are genuinely thinking, and we must do the same when reading.

II. ATTENTION AND MENTAL PICTURES

When Amruzail describes what he has seen,
Speaking of sands and flocks and hilltops green,
Such magic in his voice and language lies,
That all his hearers' ears are turned to eyes.

Persian.

In reading "The Bluebird" what do you find your mind doing? Possibly you see the sky, then the coat of blue; perhaps you see next the rosy vest, then the round throat, then the silver tint of tail and wing.

In thinking the mind tends to reproduce objects referred to, to create them out of what it has seen before, if they are entirely new, or if they have never been observed; but the mind must act in its own way. We need to give definite attention and hold whatever comes into our minds as an impression that will cause expression.

THE BLUEBIRD

A bit of sky to make a coat;
A rosy vest and rounded throat;
A silver tint in tail and wing;
A joyous song about the spring.

Author not known

While the mind must be permitted to act in its own way, yet we must be sure that we make it active; to see pictures we must give attention to one thing at a time.

Read this poem aloud and allow your mind to make pictures of its own accord. Let it see things which you can hold and enjoy, one at a time.

SPRING

Green the grass is springing,
  Tiny leaves appear,
Cowslips dot the meadows,
  Violets are here;
All the birds are coming, —
  See them on the wing;
You can hear them singing,
  " We are glad 'tis spring."

From " The Kindergarten Review." Blanche Weymouth

If you read these lines and enjoy them, leaves and birds will spring up at once in your mind. But how about cowslips? They will spring up likewise if you have observed them and learned to admire them, but if you do not know them you will see only a word.

Violets are familiar flowers, but if you have not closely studied and enjoyed them, even " violets " will be only a word and will awaken no picture in your mind.

SOME SMALL SWEET WAY

There 's never a rose in all the world
But makes some green spray sweeter;
There 's never a wind in all the sky
But makes some bird wing fleeter.
There 's never a star but brings to Heaven
Some silver radiance tender;
And never a rosy cloud but helps
To crown the sunset splendor;
No robin but may thrill some heart,

His dawn-like gladness voicing;
God gives us all some small sweet way
To set the world rejoicing.

Author not known

We should read a great variety of poems and passages, giving definite attention to each item; and while we allow the mind to make pictures freely and naturally, yet we should be sure that we move from one picture to another. We must hold attention upon one and enjoy it before leaving it. Then we must move with decision to another and let this progressive movement of the mind from one idea or image to another determine the way we speak the word and all the conditions and actions of our voices. We must not only allow the mind freedom in thinking but we must hold our impressions and allow them a direct response in expressing the phrase which represents the picture.

A WONDER STORY

A bunch of dry and withered leaves
To a bare, brown willow clung,
And all through winter's storms and snows
In the chilling breezes swung.
And when the gentle springtime came,
And the tree was dressed in green,
Still hanging to the topmost twig,
Might the withered leaves be seen.
But lo, from out the withered leaves
Came a glorious butterfly,
And spread its glittering wings for flight,
Up in the heavens so high.

Author not known

Do you know the life of a butterfly? Did you ever find a " bunch of dry and withered leaves " clinging to a willow? Find one in the country some time; take it home with you and wait. You have seen how beautiful the butterflies are among the flowers, but when you know something more about them than their color, and have watched their lives, other pictures arise in your mind with the word " butterfly," and you see things which would never have come to you but for this careful observation.

THE PUSSY-CAT BIRD

To-day when the sun shone just after the shower,
A song bubbled up from the lilac-tree bower
That changed of a sudden to quavers so queer,
For a moment I thought something wrong in my ear.
Then I called little Dempster, and asked if he heard,
" Oh, yes!" he replied; " it 's the pussy-cat bird."

The pussy-cat bird has the blackest of bills,
With which she makes all her trebles and trills:
She can mimic a robin, or sing like a wren,
And I truly believe she can cluck like a hen;
And sometimes you dream that her song is a word,
Then quickly again — she 's a pussy-cat bird!

The pussy-cat bird wears a gown like a nun,
But she 's chirk as a squirrel, and chock-full of fun.
She lives in a house upon Evergreen-lane, —
A snug little house, although modest and plain;
And never a puss that was happier purred
Than the feathered and winged little pussy-cat bird.

" A Boy's Book of Rhyme." Clinton Scollard

Are birds strangers to you, or do you know at once from the song, color or form that one is a robin, another a blue-bird, another a song-sparrow, another a blackbird, another an oriole?

You think it hard work to become familiar with birds, but if you will begin to observe, very soon you will have become acquainted with a great many. I know a little boy who learned to name nearly a hundred in one summer. He had written their names and described them, and he was not eleven years old. He did not have much instruction; he was simply set to work, a few characteristics of various birds were told him, and he kept on observing till he had made a catalogue of them.

LEAVES

Take any common leaf into your hand and look at it. Pick up the leaf of the strawberry, for instance. See how prettily it is notched! Hold it up to the light and notice the lines that run from the middle to the edges. Then look at the fine network between these lines. How delicate and lovely it all is!

Beautiful and interesting as leaves are, few people notice

them. If a dozen people were shown leaves of several common trees, how many, do you think, could tell from what kind of tree each leaf came? Could you?

Gather leaves of different kinds and see if your schoolmates can tell their names. Take the star-shaped leaf of the plane-tree, the birch leaf with its trimly notched edges, the bright, firm leaf of the oak, and the wrinkled leaf of the elm. Put a willow leaf beside a peach leaf and see how many of your friends can tell one from the other.

Leaves come from buds, just as flowers do. If you gather some leaf-buds in the early spring, and cut them across with a sharp knife, you will see how the leaves are folded inside. Some are doubled together like a folded sheet of paper; some are rolled round and round; others are folded in the same way as a fan.

In the warm spring days the buds grow larger and larger. After a while they unfold, and the green leaves are spread out.

As you look at a leaf, you see that it is made up of two parts, the stalk, and a broader part which is thin and flat. The broad part is called the blade. As you see, the stalk runs through the middle of the leaf to the tip. It forms what is called the midrib.

A number of branches, called veins, run off from the midrib. These are like the ribs of an umbrella. Without them the leaf could not stand straight and firm. The wind would blow it about like a rag tied to a stick.

You will find some leaves made up of a number of small ones all fixed on one stalk. These are called compound leaves. Simple leaves have only one leaf on each leaf-stalk.

There are great differences in the shapes of leaves. Some are long and narrow, like blades of grass; some are round; some are egg-shaped, and some heart-shaped. Some have plain, and some have wavy edges, while others have edges like the teeth of a saw.

Keep your eyes open as you walk in the fields and woods, and you will see there is no end to the kinds of leaves. And among them all when you look closely you cannot find one that is not beautiful.

Leaves are not only beautiful and interesting, but they are useful, too. Their chief use is to keep trees and plants alive and to make them grow. To do this the leaves have to work hard. The air taken in by them, and the water and other foods sucked up by the roots, all meet in the leaves, where they are sifted, and sorted, and changed. What is needed to keep the plant

alive and make it grow is kept; what is not needed is given out into the air. Without its leaves, a plant could not live.

Author not known

Someone may think that this is nature study, and that it has nothing to do with Oral English. On the contrary we cannot talk or read or write without clear ideas. We cannot have clear ideas without careful observation. The mind must be able to form clear and definite images. We can do this only when we have given careful attention.

We must read the book of nature before we can read a book of words, or even use words properly in talking. True work for expression must begin with impression. The impression precedes and determines the character of the expression. The impression must be held while it expresses itself.

We must not only see pictures in our minds or hear sounds; we must see and hear only one thing at a time, and we must also give attention to what we see. We must enjoy everything.

Many people are strangers in a strange place, though they are not aware of it. They do not know the beautiful things that live and move around them. The study of leaves, trees, flowers, birds and insects is as necessary as arithmetic; you must become acquainted with all living things. Go whenever you can to the woods and fields; observe closely leaves and flowers. Whenever you read about anything that you have not seen or do not know, look it up, not merely in books, but where it lives. You will always discover something that cannot be put into books. Your heart will grow warmer, and you will be able to enjoy every beautiful thing, not only in the world around you but also in the world of books as well, for stories and books are only records of what people have seen and felt. These people have told of the things which they themselves have discovered; you must thus discover before you can understand their writings.

One of the commonest of birds, one that sings earliest in the spring, is the song sparrow. Try to find one, or its nest, and then you will appreciate this little poem.

SONG SPARROW

" The bobolink builds in the grass,
The robin in the tree;
But no retreat is half so sweet
As a hawthorn bush to me.
Cree-cree-carolee-cree,
As a hawthorn bush with thee.

" We love the sunshine and the rain
That comes in April weather.
We sing our song, nothing goes wrong
When we are here together.
Cree-cree-carolee-cree,
When we are here together."

Author not known

To read well we must not only think, but think definitely. Attention must be given to one thing at a time and so held, until a spontaneous picture rises in the mind, and manifests itself.

III. OBSERVATION AND IDEAS

A CHILD'S BOOK

There are many good books, my child,
But the best of them all for you
Is the book that is hid in the greenwood wild,
All bound in a cover of blue.

'Tis the book of the birds and the bees,
Of the flowers and the fish in the brook;
You may learn how to read if you go to the trees
And open your eyes and look.

" Elfin Songs of Sunland." By permission.

Charles Augustus Keeler

In all our studies we must first observe. Then we must learn to use names or words for what we have seen in talking. We must also be able to use adequate words in writing about what we have seen, and we must use such ideas and words in reading.

These four steps are all important in their place and in this order. One of them is no more important than another, and they cannot be separated.

THISTLE DOWN

Never a beak has my white bird,
Nor throat for song,
But wings of silk by soft winds stirred
Bear it along.

With wings of silk and a heart of seed,
O'er field and town,
It sails, it flies — some spot has need
Of a thistle down.

Clara Doty Bates

Now realize that you see things clearly in your mind in proportion to the attention you gave when you first observed them.

When we read or talk with people we often have only vague ideas of many things to which they refer. They are of things which we have not carefully observed. Sometimes a word will awaken no picture in the mind. Why? Either because we never saw or carefully observed the thing, or because the name given to it is not familiar.

Nature alway is in tune;
Nature alway hath a rune.
Let it be an autumn day;
Let it be a day in May;
Nature alway hath a rune;
Nature alway is in tune.
Let it be in autumn late:
There is music when we wait.
Once I waited very long;
But my life became a song.

"Wait." Timothy Otis Paine

In the preceding poem, for example, you may think at first that the word "rune" is used here merely to rhyme with "tune" and that it may mean song. If you look it up in the dictionary you will find that "rune" means something mysterious or a poem or song about something obscure or mystically expressed. Thus, you find that it is really a better word than "song." In fact, it is the best possible word because a "tune" of the trees and breeze is not so definite as human song or as words.

Still, after you have looked it up in the dictionary and found out all this you will have a vague idea not only of

this word, but of the whole poem if you have not listened to the soft murmur of the breeze among the oaks or pines. Definite, adequate ideas can be secured only by adequate attention. This attention to things must be followed by attention to the meaning of words. We must not only have the object in mind; we must understand the right word for it; but no attention to words can compensate for the lack of careful, direct observation of things.

BILLY AND ME

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird flies the fleetest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the bluebirds chirp and flee,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest;
There to trace the homeward bee,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow lies the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That 's the way for Billy and me. . . .

James Hogg

If you speak to someone about some walk or about some beautiful things that you have seen, or tell a story, you will find your voice skipping about in response to your thinking, simply because you think and enjoy your ideas. But if you count aloud the number of pupils or the number of seats in your room, how does your voice sound? Word follows word on the same pitch. One thing is just like another. You expect and think each time, not something new, but an exact repetition.

Your voice will go on one pitch in the same way if you count the number of words in the first two or three lines of this poem, " Billy and Me," or if you pronounce word after word as if you wished someone to spell them.

If you give words in this way, or if you give words without seeing the pictures they represent, — just pronouncing them so that people will get the words, — who can tell what you are reading about?

On the contrary, suppose you are the boy that went with Billy and saw it all. Feel the fun as he did, and tell your fellow-students. How does your voice sound this time?

What did you have to do in order to make us understand and enjoy what you were reading? You had to realize the scene yourself. You had to see everything happen in your mind. If you use words without seeing and enjoying the things which the words describe, can you make anybody else enjoy them? Can you make one see the river, the meadow and the hay?

Another proof that to read well you must really think is the fact that, if you come to a word you do not at once understand, such as "lea," for example, your speaking of it will convey no idea. If you understand that it is the same as meadow, or open field, or pasture where boys can run and play, then you will read it easily and simply, and give one who hears you the picture.

You must know the words and the scenes before your mind will be free to see the mowers and the hay or hear the scythes. Everything must live. You may even smell the hay and imagine yourself jumping upon it. You must let your mind see, hear, feel, touch, smell and do anything which you would do in life.

One picture must fill your mind until you have spoken the words belonging to it; then another picture will come and this must be told in the same way.

As each picture appears, let it make you enjoy it, love it; if you do, the person who listens will see it and enjoy it with you.

When you are out in the woods or wandering through the fields, or by the brooks, if you observe carefully and enjoy everything, you will be storing materials in your mind so that in reading about trees, brooks, flowers, grasses and birds, they will come in to your memory or enable you to create objects or scenes still more beautiful.

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The truth is that your study of what you see gives you the power to see the things about which you read or hear.

Thus, when you read history, if you really enjoy it, you allow yourself to picture other countries, cities and islands. You can sail on the ships, travel on camels, enjoy everything as if you were there.

TRAVEL

I should like to rise and go
Where the golden apples grow;
Where below another sky
Parrot islands anchored lie,
And, watched by cockatoos and goats,
Lonely Crusoes building boats;
Where in sunshine reaching out
Eastern cities, miles about,
Are with mosque and minaret
Among sandy gardens set,
And the rich goods from near and far
Hang for sale in the bazaar;
Where the Great Wall round China goes,
And on one side the desert blows,
And with bell and voice and drum,
Cities on the other hum;
Where are forests, hot as fire,
Wide as England, tall as a spire,
Full of apes and cocoanuts
And the negro hunters' huts;
Where the knotty crocodile
Lies and blinks in the Nile,
And the red flamingo flies
Hunting fish before his eyes;
Where in jungles, near and far,
Man-devouring tigers are,
Lying close and giving ear
Lest the hunt be drawing near,
Or a comer-by be seen
Swinging in a palanquin;
Where among the desert sands
Some deserted city stands,
All its children, sweep and prince,
Grown to manhood ages since,
Not a foot in street or house,
Not a stir of child or mouse,
And when kindly falls the night,
In all the town no spark of light.

There I'll come when I'm a man
With a camel caravan;
Light a fire in the gloom
Of some dusty dining room;
See the pictures on the walls,
Heroes, fights, and festivals;
And in a corner find the toys
Of the old Egyptian boys.

Robert Louis Stevenson

Read this poem by Robert Louis Stevenson on "Travel," and let yourself wander about the world. Allow pictures to come into your mind and enjoy and show one at a time. Then you will awaken others to think and see.

To read or to talk well or to understand other people when they are speaking, one must have ideas springing up spontaneously with words. This requires you to know the objects around you, and to know the words that stand for them. To use words correctly you must understand what the words are meant to represent.

If no picture arises in the mind we do not know either the objects or the words that stand for them. We must know both. We must have true impressions before we can have adequate expression of any kind. Though we may not see a great many things, yet if we observe carefully the few objects that we do meet, materials will be stored up in our minds so that we can appreciate what we have seen. Not the number of things we see, but the careful attention we offer them gives our minds the power to realize ideas.

IV. OBSERVATION AND FEELING

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

"Song of Hiawatha." Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

There is another important reason for careful observation of nature. Not only does our study of trees and birds, colors and sounds, brooks and lakes, insects and animals,

give us correct ideas; it also develops our power to feel. Unless we have come into close touch with the world about us our emotions will be vague and indefinite, if not lacking altogether. We shall fear nature. We shall be afraid of night under the beautiful stars. We shall have little genuine admiration for nature and take little part in the life of things. Right nature study gives us a great number of feelings and makes these feelings deep and permanent.

Whatever we think we should also feel. Feeling without thinking is weak, and thinking without feeling is cold and hard. Thinking and feeling naturally go together.

There is something in the air
That is new and sweet and rare, —
Song of birds from bush and tree,
Blackbird's trill and bluebird's song,
Robins calling all day long.
And some gentler, tinier things,
Odors and the whir of wings.

Author not known

One of the very first emotions that should be awakened in us and practiced for the development of our voices and powers of expression is this "admiration of nature."

In the fields we should not only see different pictures, but we should feel them. We should enjoy the blackbird's trill and the bluebird's song. The blackbird awakens more gladness, the bluebird more tenderness and the robin more exhilaration and joy.

BEAUTIFUL WORLD

Here 's a song of praise for a beautiful world,
For the banner of blue that 's above it unfurled,
For the streams that sparkle and sing to the sea,
For the bloom in the glade and the leaf on the tree;
Here 's a song of praise for a beautiful world.

Here 's a song of praise for the mountain peak,
Where the wind and the lightning meet and speak,
For the golden star on the soft night's breast,
And the silvery moonlight's path to rest;
Here 's a song of praise for a beautiful world.

Here 's a song of praise for the rippling notes
That come from a thousand sweet bird throats,

For the ocean wave and the sunset glow,
And the waving fields where the reapers go;
Here 's a song of praise for a beautiful world.

Here 's a song of praise for the ones so true,
And the kindly deeds they have done for you;
For the great earth's heart, when it 's understood,
Is struggling still toward the pure and good;
Here 's a song of praise for a beautiful world.

Here 's a song of praise for the One who guides,
For He holds the ships and He holds the tides,
And underneath and around and above,
The world is lapped in the light of His love;
Here 's a song of praise for a beautiful world.

W. L. Childress

In reading such a poem as " Beautiful World," our whole nature should awake and as a result we should be moved to express what we really feel.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God. . . .

Reginald Heber

Observe what lessons nature teaches. We find fables everywhere. The most lovely flowers come out of a little mud in the dark earth. Thus the lily climbs in a dark pool and floats and blooms on the surface of the water. This should teach us to be patient, to look up, and to feel that the worst conditions can be transformed into joy and love and happiness.

THE VESPER SPARROW

It comes from childhood land,
Where summer days are long
And summer eves are bland, —
A lulling good-night song.

Upon a pasture stone,
Against the fading west,
A small bird sings alone,
Then dives and finds its nest.

The evening star has heard,
And flutters into sight,
O childhood's vesper-bird,
My heart calls back, Good-Night.

Edith M. Thomas

Careful observation of nature will not only awaken a present feeling, but will fill the memory with beautiful scenes, songs and stories. What sweet memories of childhood have been treasured by listening to the songs of the vesper sparrow, and what tender feelings are expressed in these lines.

THE SONG THE ORIOLE SINGS

There is a bird that comes and sings,
In a professor's garden-trees;
Upon the English oak he swings,
And tilts and tosses in the breeze.

I know his name, I know his note,
That so with rapture takes my soul;
Like flame the gold beneath his throat,
His glossy cope is black as coal.

O oriole, it is the song
You sang me from the cottonwood,
Too young to feel that I was young,
Too glad to guess if life were good.

And while I hark, before my door,
Adown the dusty Concord Road,
The blue Miami flows once more
As by the cottonwood it flowed.

And on the bank that rises steep,
And pours a thousand tiny rills,
From death and absence laugh and leap
My school-mates to the flutter-mills.

The blackbirds jangle in the tops
Of hoary-antlered sycamores;
The timorous killdee starts and stops
Among the drift-wood on the shores.

Below, the bridge — a noonday fear
Of dust and shadow shot with sun —
Stretches its gloom from pier to pier,
Far unto alien coasts unknown.

And on these alien coasts, above,
Where silver ripples break the stream's
Long blue, from some roof-sheltering grove
A hidden parrot scolds and screams.

Ah, nothing, nothing! Commonest things:
A touch, a glimpse, a sound, a breath —
It is a song the oriole sings —
And all the rest belongs to death.

But oriole, my oriole,
Were some bright seraph sent from bliss
With songs of heaven to win my soul
From simple memories such as this,

What could he tell to tempt my ear
From you? What high thing could there be,
So tenderly and sweetly dear
As my lost boyhood is to me?

William Dean Howells

When we enjoy what we observe, we are much more likely to remember it. It becomes a part of us. "The Song the Oriole Sings," was written by Mr. William Dean Howells many years after he had observed and studied the bird by the Miami river in Ohio where he was a boy. Now he hears it by the "dusty Concord road," and it reminds him of his childhood. As he says, "I know his name." He had observed the oriole when he was a boy, and the rapture that came to him then now comes again. The observations of his early boyhood have inspired his after-life. Let us read the poem, enjoying all the pictures that he gives us, and letting them remind us of our own woodlands and the orioles' songs we ourselves have heard.

In reading such a poem, the pictures that come into our minds and the feelings that awaken in our hearts and that we try to express by our voices, deepen and become more a part of us. We share in Mr. Howell's delightful experiences, and we ourselves are led to observe more carefully, and to feel more deeply. By these deepened feelings we are enabled to share in the thoughts and lives of other men.

If you have known the bluebird very well the word awakens all your memories, so that you see and hear the bird as if it were before you. You can hear, at the word "brook," the gentle ripple, see the water running between its banks, or espy some quiet pool reflecting the trees and bushes. You must allow your feeling to enjoy it, and remember that expression is simply a sharing of your enjoyment with others.

WHO TOLD THE NEWS?

Oh, the sunshine told the bluebird,
And the bluebird told the brook,
That the dandelions were peeping
From the woodland's sheltered nook;
So the brook was blithe and happy,
And it babbled all the way,
As it ran to tell the river
Of the coming of the May.

Then the river told the meadow,
And the meadow told the bee,
That the tender buds were swelling
On the old horse-chestnut tree;
And the bee shook off its torpor,
And it spread each gauzy wing,
As it flew to tell the flowers
Of the coming of the spring.

Author not known

Try, therefore, to make someone else enjoy the idea with you. Do not hurry or doubt your own feelings or instincts. You will quickly see interest awaken among those who listen. You have set them to thinking with you. Though each one thinks his own ideas in his own way, yet your expression awakens the thought.

The development of feeling is very important. We should be able not only to define objects but to enjoy them. True observation of nature really brings thinking and feeling together.

There are, of course, some kinds of nature study that will not develop feeling. Any study may be perfunctory or intellectual, abstract and analytic. Such study, no matter what the subject, even literature and poetry or beautiful things in nature, will tend to repress feeling.

There are many different ways of studying nature. Some study it in a purely scientific spirit, seeking only for facts. Others emphasize the general spirit or feeling for nature.

Both of these are necessary. The first has received the greater emphasis in our time. Not only must we study nature, to learn facts; we must also appreciate with our

imagination and feeling the beauty and life of nature. We need an imaginative sense of the atmosphere of the woods and a sympathy with birds and animals.

There are other ways of observing nature than those here advocated. Some persons go to the woods simply to find something to write about. They portray animals for a mere literary purpose. Or, they use rabbits and bears and birds as if they were human characters and as a means of portraying human experiences — often without the spirit of the ancient fable! Still others may be regarded as in a class by themselves, — those who have only a hunter's attitude towards nature. They like the wild forest life. They have a strong, crude, savage instinct to kill. Their love of the woods is neither scientific nor poetic; they revel in its wildness and the opportunity which it offers for action and for the exercise of the savage instinct for butchery.

The existence of these four classes of nature lovers and the antagonism of some of them to the others are due to the shortcomings of human nature; to the lack of imagination and feeling in some, and the development of the higher, more modern and truer poetic attitude toward nature in others.

Mr. William Long has a beautiful passage, entitled "Himself" which is here given, and which will be very helpful in awakening an imaginative sense of a certain phase of nature life.

In this sketch Mr. Long gives a rare hint of the deep feeling of the woods in the night and storm. The truth of the description is palpable to those who have gone into the woods "without a gun" and used their scientific observation and their imagination and feeling so as to appreciate.

HIMSELF

Killooleet, the white-throated sparrow, Little Sweet Voice, as my Indians call him, sums up for me the peace and gladness of the big wilderness. The most interesting thing about him, during the spring and early summer when I meet him on the northern trout-streams and the salmon-rivers, is that he is

always singing. Not only by day when all the woods are vocal, but by night also when all other little singers are still as the sleeping earth, Killooleet's heart seems full of the gladness that is breaking into life all around him. Whenever he wakes up his first impulse is always to sing, and the Micmacs call him the hour-bird, because they think he wakes and sings at regular intervals all night long.

Sometimes as he sleeps on his fir-twig, just over the hidden nest of his mate, the moon peeps in and wakes him up; sometimes a big moose glides by and brushes his little fir-tree; sometimes he hears your canoe grate on the pebbles as you come home; and sometimes the flash of the match is mistaken for a star or the moon or the first dawn light over the mountain; but whatever it is that wakes Killooleet, he tells you he is there not by a frightened chirp or flurry, like other birds, but by a glad, tinkling little song that seems to say, "All's well in the wilderness."

A hundred times I have heard him by my camp-fire, or when following the animals after dark in the big woods, but only once when it seemed to me that his song had any other message or meaning than simple gladness.

The wind was howling across the big lake and the little canoe was jumping like a witch when we paddled ashore, Simmo and I, at the first inviting beach and jumped out on either side to ease our frail craft ashore. A storm was coming with the night, and we had little time to make all snug before it would break over our heads. First we threw our stuff out, turned the canoe over, and carried it well up out of reach of waves and wind. Then we whipped up my little tent, double-staked it down, and guyed the ridgepole fore and aft to two big trees. They were barely ready when the rain came down in torrents, and we grabbed everything from the fire and scuttled into my dry little tent. There we ate our supper with immense thankfulness.

The night was intensely black, the rain falling, the gale roaring over the woods, and the waves lashing the shore wildly, when I threw a poncho over my head and slipped away into the darkness, following an old logging-road that I had noticed when I gathered the fir-boughs. What was I doing out in the woods at that hour? I don't exactly know; partly following my instincts, which always drive me out in a storm and make me long for a boat and the open sea, and partly trying to find or lose myself — I don't know which — in the darkness and uproar of a wilderness night.

Farther and farther into the forest I drifted, till the roar of the smitten lake was utterly lost in the nearer roar of the struggling woods. The great trees groaned and cracked at the strain; the rain rushed over innumerable leaves with the sound of a waterfall; the gale rumbled and roared over the forest, hooting in every hollow tree and whining over every dry stub, and suddenly "the voices" began wildly to whoop and yell.

I know not how to explain this curious impression of human voices calling to you from the stormy woods or the troubled river. Some men feel it strongly, while others simply cannot understand it. I have been waked at night in my tent by a man new to the wilderness, who insisted that somebody was in trouble and shouting to us from the rapids; and then I have waked another man lying close beside me, who listened and who heard nothing. To-night the delusion was startling in its vivid reality; above the roar of the gale and the rush of the rain a multitude of wild human voices seemed to be laughing, wailing, shrieking, through the woods.

In the intense blackness of the night, wherein eyes were utterly useless, I presently lost the old road, blundered along through the woods and underbrush, and then stood still among the great trees, — which I could not see, though my hands touched them on every side, — trying to lose or to find myself in the elemental uproar and confusion.

Curiously enough, a man loses all memory, all ambition, all desire, at such a time. An overwhelming sense of fear rushes over you at first; but that only marks the contrast between your ordinary and your present surroundings, and the feeling passes speedily into a sense of exultation, as life stirs wildly and powerfully within you in answer to the uproar without. Presently you become just a part of the big struggling world, an atom in the gale, a drop rushing over the leaves with a multitude of other drops. That also is only a momentary impression, the curious inner reflection of the storm without, as if a man were only a looking-glass in which the world regarded itself. Soon this feeling also passes with the fear, and then, deep in your soul, the elemental power that makes you what you are wakens and asserts itself, telling you in the sudden stillness that you are not an atom, not a drop, not a part of the world, but something radically and absolutely different, and that all the change and confusion and struggle of the universe can never touch or harm you in the least. And then, for the first time, you really find yourself.

Thinking only of the first feeling, of fear, your imagination peoples the unseen world with demons or hostile forces. Thinking of the second, you become pantheistic, regarding your life as part of the big whole, — a drop gathered for an instant out of the ocean, a grain quarried from the side of the great mountain. Thinking of the third, you become a man, strong and personal and responsible, knowing yourself to be son or brother of the God who owns the world, sharing his power and knowledge. So that the long spiritual history of the race, with its endless struggle and slow growth from fear to faith, is all lived over again in that brief moment when you wander out alone at night into the stormy woods to find yourself.

I had vaguely felt all this, which can never be analyzed or described, when I was brought back from the elemental to the present world by discovering with a shock that I did not know where to turn to find my camp. I had started to go back when I blundered into a dense fir-thicket that I had not passed before, and I knew instantly that I had lost my direction. The wind was east, but it whirled high over the trees where I could not locate its source, and the sound of the waves, only a few hundred yards away was utterly lost in the uproar of the wind and the rain. In the midst of the fir-thicket I stopped and took out my compass and steadied it. Then, under shelter of my poncho, I struck a match. As the light flared up there was a stir close beside my head, which was not the wind, and which made me forget instantly what I wanted to know. In the moment's glare I saw him plainly, a little white-throated sparrow, nestled close against the stem of a fir, with a branch drooping over him to shield him from the rain. The match blew out, leaving the world in blacker darkness than ever before. Then, out of the wild storm, out of the very heart of the night, a glad little song rippled forth: " I'm here, sweet Killooleet, lilloolleet, lillooleet," to tell me that mine was not the only life that had lost or found itself in the solitude.

He, too, had been alone in the vast, elemental confusion. Darkness had wrapped him about; the gale roared over his head; the rain rushed like a river over innumerable leaves. And he had slept quietly on his twig under his bending fir-tip, unmindful of it all. The sudden light had wakened him, and in the first moment he had proclaimed just one thing, — small enough, it may be, but still the only little thing in a vast, dark, stormy world of which he was perfectly sure, — himself.

" Whose Home is the Wilderness." William J. Long

In spoken English, no study of words or literature or nature must be at the expense of feeling. There are certain elements of the voice, such as tone color, which can never be revealed except when imagination and emotion are active. Spoken English and all phases of Vocal Expression, in fact all Written English as well, demand that our whole nature shall be harmoniously active. True study of nature, especially anything that has to do with artistic or creative action, such as reading or vocal expression, demands an awakening of our whole nature. Literature expresses life. To use our own language we must express our complete life. We must not only think, we must also imagine and feel. Right use of the voice especially demands harmonious co-operation of all the faculties.

The hunter and the fisherman know what a great blessing it is to go into the woods, but they who have hunted without a gun and fished without a hook have seen things in nature which the destructive gunner and the ravenous fisherman have never known. He who does not go into the woods alone, simply as an observer and listener, misses certain impressions and the unfolding of his higher nature. Corot, the greatest painter of morning, said the way to paint morning is to "go out at 3 o'clock in the morning with the hands behind the back." In his words will be found the principle which applies not only to painters but to artists of every kind and to students of every class.

V. TRAINING THE SENSES

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple-blue,
  Blue is the quaker-maid;
The wild geranium holds its dew
  Long in the bowlder's shade. . . .
Over the shelf of the sandy cove
  Beach peas blossom late.
By copse and cliff the swallows rove,
  Each calling to his mate.
Seaward the sea gulls go,
  And the land birds all are here;
That green-gold flash was a vireo,
And yonder flame where the marsh flags grow
  Was a scarlet tanager.

"Gloucester Moors." William Vaughn Moody

In the four previous lessons we have learned that talking and reading depend upon attention and upon the genuineness of our thinking. We must give attention to one thing at a time so that a picture may rise in our minds. The adequacy of our ideas or pictures depends upon the carefulness and definiteness of our observation of the things about us. We must not only have ideas, we must feel; our sympathies must awaken with our thinking.

Now, we find something more that is necessary. To observe nature, we must train our minds to use our eyes and our ears.

TO A HUMMING-BIRD

Brave little humming-bird,
Every eye blesses thee;
Sunlight caresses thee,
Forest and field are the fairer for thee;
Blooms, at thy coming stirred,
Bend on each brittle stem;
Nod to the little gem,
Bow to the humming-bird, happy and free.

Now around the woodbine hovering,
Now the morning-glory covering,
Now the honeysuckle sipping,
Now the sweet clematis tipping,
Now into the bluebells dipping;
Hither, thither, flashing, bright'ning
Like a streak of emerald lightning;
Round the box with milk-white phlox,
Round the fragrant four-o'clocks,
Lightly dost thou whirl and flit;
Into each tubed throat
Dives little Ruby-throat.

Author not known

Before we can express truly we must see nature. Unless we develop the power to observe, our ideas will be wrong. We must observe, and observe quickly.

One of the first things that we observe in nature is color. Have you ever tried to count the different shades of green in some little cluster of bushes or the number of tints on a humming bird? Or have you compared the bird with the flowers it visits?

Have you ever observed how the color or hue of the

woods changes almost every day when the trees are budding out in the spring? Everybody knows the brilliant colors of autumn, but have you ever noticed the difference between the red of spring and the red of autumn, between the green of June and the green of September?

By the yellow in the sky,
Night is nigh,
By the murk on mead and mere,
Night is near.
By one faint star, pale and wan,
Night comes on.
By the moon, so calm and clear,
Night is here.

"Approach of Night." Clarence Urmy

Can you, in reading these lines, realize the changing tints of evening, — yellow sky, shadows over the valleys, the evening star and the moon?

SEPTEMBER

The goldenrod is yellow; the corn is turning brown;
The trees in apple orchards with fruit are bending down.
The gentian's bluest fringes are curling in the sun;
In dusky pods the milkweed its hidden silk has spun.
The sedges flaunt their harvest in every meadow nook,
And asters by the brookside make asters in the brook,
From dewy lanes at morning the grape's sweet odors rise;
At noon the roads all flutter with golden butterflies.
By all these lovely tokens September days are here,
With summer's best of weather and autumn's best of cheer.

Helen Hunt Jackson

It is necessary not only that we observe colors with the eye, but also that we gain power to realize them in our mind. Observe the colors of grasses, of leaves, of trees at different seasons or different months. Learn to distinguish the color of the delicate shadows of the sun and the effect of shadows on colors of objects. Learn to enjoy the color effect of fogs and mists.

Then how wonderful is the color of birds! How many birds can you recognize by their color and by their form? Have you ever observed the varying tints on the blackbird? What shades of blue have you seen on birds? Of red? Of brown? Did you ever see plumage of rufous brown?

The primary sense considered in speech is hearing. The ear is possibly the sense most susceptible to training. The improvement of hearing as an agent of attention is not difficult. A small amount of study will show wonderful results; yet it is frequently neglected. Many people have poor speech and a poor method of reading because they have never trained the ear to help in thinking.

We 'll build us a nest in the old apple-tree,
'Mid the blossoms of pink and of white;
Where the bee will come with her hum-hum-hum,
And the bumble-bee 'll drone with his bum-bum-bum.
Here the stars will look down 'twixt the leaves at night,
Look down from the sky on you and on me.

Can you read these lines, giving the " hum " of the honey-bee among the apple blossoms on one pitch, and then the bumble-bee's sound with another note, as you have heard him make it? What is the chief difference?

How many of the sounds or songs referred to in these lines come to you in reading? Do you both hear and see in your mind?

MARCH

March, March, March! They are coming
In troops to the tune of the wind, —
Red headed woodpeckers drumming,
Gold crested thrushes behind.
Sparrows in brown jackets hopping
Past every gateway and door;
Finches with crimson caps stopping
Just where they stopped years before.

March, March, March! They are slipping
Into their places at last, —
Little white lily-buds dripping
Under the showers that fall fast;
Buttercups, violets, roses,
Snowdrop and bluebell and pink, —
Throng upon throng of sweet posies
Bending the dew drops to drink.

March, March, March! They will hurry
Forth at the wild bugle-sound, —
Blossoms and birds in a flurry
Fluttering all over the ground.

Hang out your flags, birch and willow,
Shake out your red tassels, larch;
Grass-blades, up from your earth pillow;
Hear who is calling you, March!

Lucy Larcom

One of the best means of improving the ear is attention to the songs of birds. The quality of their songs is quite varied. The melodies are more difficult, but anyone can easily learn to tell birds by their songs.

The following poem on "The Pewee," by J. T. Trowbridge, especially inspires one to study birds. Mr. John Burroughs writes of it: "Trowbridge, as a rule, keeps very close to the natural history of his own country when he has occasion to draw material from this source, and to American nature generally. You will find in his poems, the wood pewee, the bluebird, the oriole, the robin, the grouse, the kingfisher, the chipmunk, the mink, the bobolink, the wood thrush, all in their proper places. There are few bird-poems that combine so much good poetry and good natural history as his 'Pewee.'"

THE PEWEE

The listening Dryads hushed the woods;
The boughs were thick, and thin and few
The golden ribbons fluttering through;
Their sun-embroidered, leafy hoods
The lindens lifted to the blue:
Only a little forest-brook
The farthest hem of silence shook:
When in the hollow shades I heard, —
Was it a spirit, or a bird?
Or, strayed from Eden, desolate,
Some Peri calling to her mate,
Whom nevermore her mate would cheer?
"Pe-ri! pe-ri! peer!"

Through rocky clefts the brooklet fell
With plashy pour, that scarce was sound,
But only quiet less profound,
A stillness fresh and audible:
A yellow leaflet to the ground
Whirled noiselessly: with wing of gloss
A hovering sunbeam brushed the moss,

And, wavering brightly over it,
Sat like a butterfly alit:
The owlet in his open door
Stared roundly: while the breezes bore
The plaint to far-off places drear, —
"Pe-ree! pe-ree! peer!"

To trace it in its green retreat
I sought among the boughs in vain;
And followed still the wandering strain,
So melancholy and so sweet
The dim-eyed violets yearned with pain.
'T was now a sorrow in the air,
Some nymph's immortalized despair
Haunting the woods and waterfalls;
And now, at long, sad intervals,
Sitting unseen in dusky shade,
His plaintive pipe some fairy played,
With long-drawn cadence thin and clear, —
"Pe-wee! Pe-wee! peer!"

Long-drawn and clear its closes were, —
As if the hand of Music through
The sombre robe of Silence drew
A thread of golden gossamer:
So pure a flute the fairy blew.
Like beggared princes of the wood,
In silver rags the birches stood;
The hemlocks, lordly counsellors,
Were dumb; the sturdy servitors,
In beechen jackets patched and gray,
Seemed waiting spellbound all the day
That low, entrancing note to hear, —
"Pe-wee! pe-wee! peer!"

I quit the search, and sat me down
Beside the brook, irresolute,
And watched a little bird in suit
Of sober olive, soft and brown,
Perched in the maple-branches, mute:
With greenish gold its vest was fringed,
Its tiny cap was ebon-tinged,
With ivory pale its wings were barred,
And its dark eyes were tender-starred.
"Dear bird," I said, "what is thy name?"
And thrice the mournful answer came,
So faint and far, and yet so near, —
"Pe-wee! pe-wee! peer!"

For so I found my forest bird, —
The pewee of the loneliest woods,
Sole singer in these solitudes,
Which never robin's whistle stirred,
Where never bluebird's plume intrudes.
Quick darting through the dewy morn,
The redstart trilled his twittering horn,
And vanished in thick boughs: at even,
Like liquid pearls fresh showered from heaven,
The high notes of the lone wood-thrush
Fall on the forest's holy hush:
But thou all day complainest here, —
"Pe-wee! pe-wee! peer!"

Hast thou, too, in thy little breast,
Strange longings for a happier lot, —
For love, for life, thou know'st not what, —
A yearning, and a vague unrest,
For something still which thou hast not? —
Thou soul of some benighted child
That perished, crying in the wild!
Or lost, forlorn, and wandering maid,
By love allured, by love betrayed,
Whose spirit with her latest sigh
Arose, a little winged cry,
Above her chill and mossy bier!
"Dear me! dear me! dear!"

Ah, no such piercing sorrow mars
The pewee's life of cheerful ease!
He sings, or leaves his song to seize
An insect sporting in the bars
Of mild bright light that gild the trees:
A very poet he! For him
All pleasant places still and dim;
His heart, a spark of heavenly fire,
Burns with undying, sweet desire:
And so he sings; and so his song,
Though heard not by the hurrying throng,
Is solace to the pensive ear:
"Pewee! pewee! peer!"

John Townsend Trowbridge

Study the poem carefully and note the beautiful poetic descriptions. Can you easily picture these and express them with your voice? Really to appreciate the poem will require careful observation of birds in their native surroundings. Persevere and the poem will open a great

world to you. A mastery of the subtleties also implies great training of eye and ear.

THE BROOK

The little brooklet ripples along,
Every bubble singing a song;
It tangles the sun in its crystal skein,
And it answers back to the fretting rain;
Along its margin the ferns unfold,
And violets shapen out of the mold,
And the flag-flower leans, as if fain to snatch
A hint of the brooklet's musical catch,
While arrowheads are wading out
To watch the flashing of silver trout.
Day after day, and night after night,
It seems to be running away out of sight.

But the way is long, and the path is rough,
And day and night are not long enough.
Orion looks on its quivering stream,
His belt and buckle upon it gleam,
And all the stars that haunt the sky
Reflect their splendor in passing by.
Oh, happy brooklet that bears along
The skimming swallow's early song,
The secret of each neighboring nest,
Of lilies anchored on its breast,
That every day, and perhaps forever,
Plays out of doors in all sorts of weather.

Mary N. Prescott

Did you ever follow a brook through the woods and listen to its gurgling, and to its murmuring voices? Do you know all the tones it makes? How different it sounds when it is full of water! Then, have you observed the reflection of the light upon it; of the trees, leaves and flowers around it; or felt the quietness of the deep pool formed when it runs under the bank or eddies into a hollow? Do you appreciate every little clause and reference to the brook as you read this little poem?

TO THE AUTUMN WIND

The wind is whistling through the trees,
It rustles loud among the leaves.
An autumn chill is in the air,
The downy seeds sail everywhere.
O, autumn wind, so cool and strong!
O, autumn wind, we love your song!

The maple leaves, in scarlet dressed,
Are dancing now in wild unrest.
You shake the acorns from on high,
And chase the clouds across the sky.
O, autumn wind, your ways we know!
O, autumn wind, blow high, blow low!

You bring the nuts down from the trees;
You sweep the hills of dry, brown leaves;
The tiny seeds to earth you send —
You are their helper, and their friend.
O, autumn wind, your ways we know!
O, autumn wind, blow high, blow low!

Author not known

Have you ever observed the voices made by the wind? How differently it sings in the different trees in the forest? How it murmurs in the pine tree? How it rustles the leaves of the oak? Have you compared the storm wind and the gentle breeze? The spring wind and the autumn wind? Do you enjoy going out in the wind and listening to its voices? Do you feel how the winds of June seem to blend with the songs of the birds? Do you read a passage like the following with the imaginative realization of its spirit?

GOSSIPS

Deep in the woodland you will hear,
If you but lend attentive ear,
A murmurous talk from time to time,
And all the words will run to rhyme.
By light of sun and light of star,
The wind and trees the gossips are;
In whispers to the questioning trees
The wandering wind tells all he sees,
For he can roam and roam and roam,
While all the trees must stay at home.

Clinton Scollard

"A Boy's Book of Rhyme."
S. W. Browning, Clinton, N. Y., Publisher. By permission.

Keep your eyes and ears always open; enjoy everything that comes; see the beautiful sights and hear the music that sings around us every day. Feel at home in the woods, — not like a stranger who needs to be introduced to every little thing. Careful observation enables us to think more quickly and to understand things better. It wakes us up. It shows a meaning to us when we read poetry. We can

see the things the words represent and enjoy what people say to us and what books tell us.

At first you will not see the need of such a careful study of nature or appreciate the power it will give you in reading, speaking or talking, but persevere, and you will improve in both voice and reading. Finally, there will come a power to enjoy the world that will stay with you forever.

Some may wish to understand more definitely why we should train the eyes and ears and all the senses. The psychological reason is that our minds in receiving impressions in reading have only words to suggest to us objects. Our minds, however, as we read these words act in correspondence with our senses. When you read any of the passages of the preceding pages you have found that your minds awaken and make pictures. Some minds see more readily, others hear; some minds seem to touch things and feel muscular resistance. A normal mind, however, does all these things. The chief reason for the careful observation of nature is to store up in the mind material for such conceptions. The vigorous use of our senses by our minds trains us to create ideas or images when no object is before us. Not only do we remember the things and again see, hear, feel and touch them, but from such exercise another faculty of the mind awakens — a creative power called imagination so that we can conceive new things, things we have never seen or heard.

By varying the actions of our minds we can stimulate this inner thinking energy so that it can act vigorously when we read or speak or write. We not only store up information by studying nature but we quicken our minds into more active life.

VI. LIVING OUR IDEAS

Far in the woods, the fresh green woods in May,
Once sang a bird; but all it found to say
Was " Keep it, keep it! " all the merry day.

The bird? I never saw it, no not I.
I followed, but it flitted far on high;
And " Keep it, keep it! " Echo caught the cry.

I was so glad as through the woods I went
And now I think that " Keep it, keep it! " meant —
" Child, keep each happy thought that heaven has sent."
" Far in the Woods in May." Edith M. Thomas

We are all born with an instinct which makes us feel the life of every little creature around us. This causes us to see things, not as dead or meaningless, but as alive. This insight into the heart of things deepens our lives.

By their actions and voices we judge the motives of people, their characters, and we do not merely stop at this point. Sympathy is awakened and we enjoy trying to think as they think, to act as they act, and to speak as they speak.

Indeed, we go even further. We give words to birds and animals; we represent the way they look and act and weave them into our play and make them sharers of our own life while we also share theirs. This tendency to play that we are crows and foxes is the source of our fables and many of our loveliest stories.

A birdie with a yellow bill
Hopped upon the window sill,
Cocked his shining eye and said:
" Be ashamed, you sleepy-head! "
Robert Louis Stevenson

Without this instinct to feel the life of other creatures, we should never forget ourselves. The little boy would never cross a stick and think he is on a horse — feel it rear and gallop away; the little girl would not cherish her doll and talk to it as if it were a human being, when it is only a rag rolled up. Without this instinct we should never be able to read history and live the lives of people who have done great deeds in the world. It is important, therefore, that we should bring into life and work this play instinct, this spirit of sympathy.

CHERRIES

Under the tree the farmer said,
Smiling and shaking his wise old head:
" Cherries are ripe! but then, you know,
There 's the grass to be cut and the corn to hoe;
We can gather the cherries any day,
But when the sun shines we must make our hay;
To-night, when the work has all been done,
We 'll muster the boys, for fruit and fun."

Up on the tree a robin said,
Laughing and shaking his saucy head:
"Cherries are ripe! and so to-day
We 'll gather them while you make the hay;
For we are the boys with no corn to hoe,
No cows to milk, and no grass to mow."
At night the farmer said: "Here 's a trick!
These roguish robins have had their pick."

[Frederic Edward Weatherley

You can read this poem about "Cherries" in a cold, intellectual way, simply telling the facts, or, on the other hand, you can see the farmer under the tree, smile with him as he shakes "his wise old head," think as he thought, feel as he felt, talk as he talked about the cherries, the grass, and the corn; and you can see the robin also up in the branches, "laughing and shaking his saucy head," and act out his feelings. Then observe how different is your voice in each case. The farmer, too, does not speak in the same way at night.

This instinct about which we have been talking is known as the dramatic instinct. It is alive in all of us in early life, but it is apt to be smothered or crushed out. Upon its spontaneous and free action depends a great deal of the true work in reading which reveals to us the motive and spirit that dominates other people. It enables us to penetrate the character of others and helps us to understand ourselves. It enables us to enjoy the life we live and to enter into sympathy with the world about us.

It enables us also to realize the peculiarities of animals and their likeness to human beings. In the fable we make animals talk as human beings talk. We have the instinct to see either the human motive and character which the animal stands for or the spirit of the animal.

Sometimes we make one animal talk in a kind of monologue fable. Observe how this caterpillar is made to tell of three phases in his life.

"I creep on the ground, and the children say,
'You ugly old thing,' and push me away.

"I lie in my bed, and the children say,
'The fellow is dead; we 'll throw him away.'

" At last I awake, and the children try
To make me stay as I rise and fly."

Author not known

Read, with your instinct awake, the story of " The Two Frogs." See everything as they saw it, talk as they talked to each other. Show how each felt when under the delusion that he had seen his goal.

THE TWO FROGS

The cities of Ozaka and Kioto are forty miles apart. The one is the city of canals and bridges: the other is the sacred city of the Mikado's empire, girdled with green hills and a ninefold circle of flowers.

Long ago, there lived two frogs, — one in a well in Kioto, the other in a lotus-pond at Ozaka.

Now it is a proverb in Japan, that " the frog in the well knows not the great ocean; " and the Kioto frog had so often heard this sneer that he resolved to go abroad and see the world, and especially the " great ocean."

" I 'll see for myself," said Mr. Frog, as he packed his wallet and wiped his spectacles, " what this great ocean is that they talk about. I do n't believe it is half so deep as my well, where I can see the stars even in daylight."

Mr. Frog informed his family of his intentions. Mrs. Frog wept a great deal; but drying her eyes with her paper handkerchief, she tied up a little lacquered box full of boiled rice and snails, wrapped a silk napkin around it, and put it with his extra clothes in a bundle. He slung this on his back, seized his staff, and was ready to go.

" Good-bye," cried he, as, with a tear in his eye, he walked away.

Being now on dry land, out of his well, he noticed that the other animals did not leap, but walked; and, not wishing to be laughed at, he likewise began walking upright on his hind-legs.

Now it happened that about this time the frog of Ozaka had become dissatisfied with his life on the edges of the lotus-ditch. " Alas, alas! this is a dull life," said he. " If out of the mud can come the lovely lotus, why should n't a frog become a man? If my son should travel abroad, and see the world, — go to Kioto, for instance, — why should n't he become as wise as anybody? I shall try it. I 'll send my son on a journey to Kioto."

Now you must know that the old frog from Kioto and the

young frog from Ozaka started each from his home at the same time. Nothing of importance occurred to either of them until they met on a hill half way between the two cities. Both were footsore, and websore, and very tired, on account of their unfroglike manner of walking.

"Good-morning," said the young frog to the old frog, falling on all-fours and bowing his head to the ground three times.

"Good day," replied the Kioto frog.

"It is rather fine weather to-day," said the youngster.

"Yes, it is; very fine," replied the old fellow.

"I am Lord Bullfrog, of the Lotus-Ditch of Ozaka."

"Your lordship must be weary with your journey. I am Sir Frog of the Well from Kioto. I started out to see the great ocean at Ozaka; but I am so dreadfully tired that I believe I'll give up my plan, and content myself with a look from this hill."

The young frog was tired enough to agree, and said: "Suppose we both save ourselves the trouble of the journey. This hill is half way between the two cities; and, while I see Kioto, you can get a good view of Ozaka and the sea."

Then both reared themselves on their hind-legs, and, stretching up on their toes, propped each other up, rolled their goggle eyes, and looked steadily, as they supposed, on the places which they wished to see.

As every one knows, a frog's eyes are in front when he is down, and at his back when he stands up. Long and steadily they gazed, until at last, their toes being tired, they came down again on all-fours.

"I declare!" said the old frog, "Ozaka looks just like Kioto; and, as for the great ocean, I don't see any. I don't believe there is any great ocean."

"For my part," said the youngster, "I am satisfied that it's all folly to go farther; for Kioto is as like Ozaka as one grain of rice is like another."

Thereupon they congratulated themselves on the lucky plan by which they had escaped so much weariness and danger, and after exchanging many compliments took leave of each other. Dropping again into a frog's hop, they leaped back in half the time, — the one to his well and the other to his ditch.

There each told the story of how both cities looked exactly alike. And to this day the frog in the well of Kioto knows nothing about the great ocean, and does not believe in it, and the frog in the ditch of Ozaka thinks all the world is exactly like his native city.

BOSTON BOYS

What! you want to hear a story all about that old-time glory,
When your grandsires fought for freedom against the British crown;
When King George's red-coats mustered all their forces, to be flustered
By our Yankee raw recruits, from each village and each town;

And the very boys protested, when they thought their rights molested.
My father used to tell us how the British General stared
With a curious, dazed expression when the youngsters in procession
Filed before him in a column, not a whit put out or scared.

Then the leader told his story, — told the haughty, handsome Tory
How his troops there, on the mall there (what you call "the Common," dears),
All the winter through had vexed them, meddled with them, and perplexed them,
Flinging back to their remonstrance, only laughter, threats and sneers.

"What!" the General cried in wonder, — and his tones were tones of thunder, —
"Are these rebel lessons that your fathers taught you, pray?
Did they send such lads as you here, to make such bold ado here,
And flout King George's officers upon the King's highway?"

Up the little leader started, while heat lightning flashed and darted
From his blue eyes, as he answered, stout of voice, with all his might:
"No one taught us, let me say, sir, — no one sent us here to-day, sir;
But we're Yankees, Yankees, Yankees, and we know that we are right!

"And your soldiers, at the first, sir, on the mall there, did their worst, sir;
Pulled our snow hills down we'd built there, broke the ice upon our pond.
'Help it, help if it you can, then!' back they answered every man then,
When we asked them, sir, to quit it; and we said, 'This goes beyond

"'Soldiers' rights or soldiers' orders, for we've kept within our borders
To the south'ard of the mall there, where we've always had our play!'"
"Where you always shall hereafter, undisturbed by threats or laughter
From my officers or soldiers. Go, my brave boys, from this day

"Troops of mine shall never harm you, never trouble or alarm you,"
Suddenly the British Gen'ral, moved with admiration, cried.
In a minute caps were swinging, five and twenty voices ringing
In a shout and cheer that summoned every neighbor far and wide.

And these neighbors told the story how the haughty, handsome Tory,
Bowing, smiling, hat in hand there, faced the little rebel band;
How he said, just then and after, half in earnest, half in laughter:
"So it seems the very children strike for freedom in this land!"

So I tell you now the story all about that old-time glory,
As my father's father told it long and long ago to me;
How they met and had it out there, what he called their bloodless bout there;
How he felt — "What! was he there, then?" Why, the leader, that was he!

Nora Perry

SPRING'S IMMORTALITY

The buds awake at touch of Spring
From Winter's joyless dream;
From many a stone the ouzels sing
By yonder mossy stream.

The cuckoo's voice, from copse and vale,
Lingers, as if to meet
The music of the nightingale
Across the rising wheat —

The bird whom ancient Solitude
Hath kept forever young,
Unaltered since in studious mood
Calm Milton mused and sung. . . .
Ah, long ago new leaves and flowers
Bloomed when the south wind came;
While hands of Spring caressed the bowers,
The throstle sang the same. . . . .

Unchanged, unchanged the throstle's song,
Unchanged Spring's answering breath,
Unchanged, though cruel Time was strong,
And stilled our love in death.

Mackenzie Bell

II

IDEAS AND RESPONSIVE CONDITIONS

VII. IMPRESSIONS AND BODY

Hark! Hark! hear the joyous robin!
He is calling from the trees,
"Come, O Sunshine! Come, O Breeze!
It is time to wake the daisies
And the bees."

Observe that even in the simplest process of thinking and expression, one full of gentleness and tenderness, there is a responsive effect upon the body. This effect is the first part of the response to thinking. What you think or feel moves you. The tones of the voice receive their fine changes from these quick, responsive actions in the body.

Imagine some extreme surprise, such as an explosion, and observe another effect of this upon the body. Such excitement tends to lift us from the earth, to bring us upon one foot, to move us upon the feet. The same is true of patriotism or aspiration.

THE SKATERS

Hurrah! Hurrah! Who cares for the cold?
Winds are rough, but skaters are bold,
Winds may blow, for skaters know,
As over the ice so swift they go,
Winds cannot worry them — let them blow.

There are Tom, John, Harry and Isadore,
Jessie and Jane, and a dozen more —
Tasks all done — away we run —
And, of all forms of frolic and fun,
There 's nothing like skating, under the sun.

Then away, away, o'er the crystal floor;
Away, away, from the reedy shore,
Out of sight, like the flashing light,
Curving neither to left nor right —
Away, on our trusty steel so bright.

Here's the good old moon, with a kindly smile;
Bless her round face, so friendly the while!
We bravely dare the frosty air,

And, so glad and gay, we glide away
Over the floor of the beautiful bay,
Far from the shore away, away.

Luella Clark

Again, imagine yourself skating, full of joy and fun. As you fly over the ice, you peal out " Hurrah! " with great glee. You will observe the thrill of emotion that goes all over the body. You are expanded and full of life and vigor. Exclaim " Hurrah! " many times and feel the action; then read this poem, feeling exultation all over you.

THE GIANT

There came a Giant to my door,
A Giant fierce and strong;
His step was heavy on the floor,
His arms were ten yards long.
He scowled and frowned; he shook the ground;
I trembled through and through;
At length I looked him in the face
And cried, " Who cares for you? "

The mighty Giant, as I spoke,
Grew pale and thin and small,
And through his body, as 't were smoke,
I saw the sunshine fall.
His blood-red eyes turned blue as skies: —
" Is this," I cried, with growing pride,
" Is this the mighty foe? "

He sank before my earnest face,
He vanished quite away,
And left no shadow in his place
Between me and the day.
Such giants come to strike us dumb,
But, weak in every part,
They melt before the strong man's eyes,
And fly the true of heart.

Charles Mackay

Observe as you read " The Giant " that all through the first six lines you feel fear and trembling, and your body seems weak. But when you take courage and look him in the face, your chest lifts and you grow taller. Courage is one of the noble emotions. Notice that the word " pride " in the second stanza is used as courage, faith, or confidence in truth. Render the whole passage with feeling. Be

convinced that there is no more important duty than that of showing courage and the looking of every gloomy and dark thought in the face.

Hurrah for the flag, the Red, White and Blue!
Hurrah for the colors that ever are true!
The blood of our veins, the blue of the sky,
Are blended with snow in the banner we fly.
The emblem of courage — of purity — truth,
The pride of our age, the joy of our youth,
Wherever it floats, on land or on sea,
Hurrah for the flag, the flag of the free!

Author not known

Of all the emotions that thrill the whole body, patriotism is one of the most stirring. It does not excite us as do some others, but it seems to go through us with greater force. We ought to expand freely when we give this "Hurrah for the flag."

From these selections and from observation of ourselves in expressing any intense excitement or in receiving some extreme and sudden surprise we shall discover that the whole body responds to the mind.

As we come to study the voice we shall find how important this is. There is a certain sympathetic expansion all through the body, and especially through the chest, which is a part of the fundamental condition of good tone production. If the body is cramped, the tone cannot be free and easy; hence we should not neglect the first steps, but should endeavor to make the whole body respond to our idea. We should seem to think and feel all over, though without much motion. Jerky movements are not expressive. The sympathetic response of the body as a whole is the true test of imagination and feeling.

VIII. IMPRESSIONS AND VOICE

Hark to the wind among the swaying trees.
Hark! that far, deep roar of rolling seas.

If you express extreme surprise, such as the shouting of "Fire," or the word "Hark" from the preceding, with genuine, imaginative realization of the situation, you will

find not only that your body expands, but that at the same instant in which you take breath the throat opens. This taking of breath with opening of the tone passage takes place immediately, not only before any excited exclamation, but with the reception of any impression.

FIVE LITTLE RABBITS

Five little rabbits,
  Under a log,
This one says, " Hark!
  I hear the dog! "

This one says, " Ha!
  I see a man! "
This one says, " Run,
  Run while you can! "

This one says, " No,
  I 'm not afraid! "
This one says, " Stop,
  Keep in the shade! "

The man passed by.
  " We all are still alive,"
Said the funny little rabbits;
  And they ran, all five.

Author not known

Imagine yourself the little rabbit saying " Hark! " when he discovers the dog, " Ha! " when he sees the man, and then take the part of the little rabbit that says; " No, I am not afraid! " Feel the character of this little fellow, and be firm and full of courage. Notice that before you speak the words " Hark " and " Ha " and " No " your body expands, you take breath and open the tone passage. Then the words come out freely and openly, expressing the courageous spirit.

Hark! Hark! how hearty, free and strong,
Outpours the happy robin's song;
Hark! how the joyous bluebirds sing,
Calling for all to welcome spring.

Imagine you hear a robin in early spring, and give " Hurrah " or " Hark " with great joy.

Say the words " Blow, wind, blow " and " Go, mill, go " as you would if you were out of doors watching a windmill.

Blow, wind, blow, and go, mill, go,
That the miller may grind his corn;
Then the baker may take it,
And into cakes make it,
And bring us some hot in the morn.

"The Windmill."

Make sure that you see the windmill in your mind and that you feel the joy that makes your whole body light and elastic, opens your throat, and causes an easy, natural and sympathetic inspiration and retention of breath. Be sure that you do not try to establish these conditions directly by will, but that it is the pictures in your mind, the impressions you receive that cause these conditions of body and voice.

It 's ho! for a song as wild and free
As the swash of the waves in the open sea;
It 's ho! for a song as unconfined
As the hawk that sails in the summer wind;
A song for a gypsy's heart and brain,
Refreshing and sweet as the roving rain
That chants to the thirsty earth,
Yo ho!
A song of rollicking mirth,
Yo ho!
A song of the grass and grain!

It 's ho! for a stretch of the dusty road.
Or here a meadow, or there a lode;
It 's ho! to hear in the early morn
The yellow allegro of tasselled corn;
To sail in fancy the golden main
Where breezes billow the seas of grain,
And the swallows that skim the tips,
Yo ho!
Are richly cargoed ships,
Yo ho!
Outbound for the ports of Spain!

"A Vagabond Song." John Northern Hilliard

One of the greatest of all possessions is a good voice. Yet a good voice, is rare. It is strange how many fail to recognize the fact that all of us can have good voices,—pleasing voices, and that we need only patience and perseverance. By a study of exclamations we find the fundamental principle underlying the use of the voice — a certain

sympathetic expansion of the whole body, easy and noiseless taking of breath, an openness of the tone passage. These things take place more or less simultaneously in any extreme surprise. All right use of the voice is based upon them.

Practice not only exclamations but passages with strong individual ideas. Individualize the ideas, express them earnestly and notice that earnestness and exultation tend to establish conditions for voice, that is, they cause breathing to be frequent and the tone passage to open immediately before the giving of tone. The conditions of tone are like the lifting of a hammer as the preparation for the stroke.

Oh, come, for the lily is white on the lea,
Oh, come, for the wood-doves are paired on the tree;
The lark sings with dew on his wings and his feet;
The thrush pours his ditty loud, varied and sweet;
So come where the twin hares mid fragrance have been,
And with flowers I will weave thee a crown like a queen.

"Morning." Allan Cunningham

COME, CHEER UP!

Come, cheer up, my moody friend!
What 's the good of whining?
What 's the good of moping round
Sighing and repining?
See, the sky is bright and blue,
See, the sun is shining!
Let the sun shine in on you,
On your heart and spirit, too,
Let it bid you dare and do —
What 's the good of whining?
Come, cheer up!

Come, cheer up! Lift up your head!
What 's the good of whining?
Lo, the very darkest cloud
Has a silver lining!
Face your fate and do not stand
Peaking thus and pining;
Though your gift may not be grand,
Do what 's nearest to your hand,
Do it well and truly, and
You won't think of whining —
Come, cheer up!

Come, cheer up! Whate'er your lot,
What's the good of whining?
Griefs? Why, every grief you bear
Is of wise designing.
Cares? Why, every care is sent
Trying and refining.
Then be blithe of heart and strong,
Labor hard and labor long,
And amid your smile and song
Leave no place for whining —
Come, cheer up!

"A Round of Rimes." Denis A. McCarthy
By special permission of the author.

IX. EASE AND FREEDOM OF TONE

Home, home, thou bringest home O evening star,
Birds, bees and men; all who have wandered far,
The hermit-thrush intones his evening psalm,
The vesper-sparrow chants o'er pastures calm,
The bobolink has ceased his carols gay,
The crows fly home across the evening gray,
The robin sings his cheerful good-night call,
Home, home, thy signal light is seen by all.

Did you ever notice, when your heart seems full of joy and happiness, how easily and freely your tone will flow out? You seem full of breath, the whole passage opens and the tone appears to make itself. But when you are cross and discouraged how different is your tone. When you simply try to make tone without using your imagination and feeling, how cold and hard and labored it sounds. Faults of voice are often caused by our dispositions and feelings. These may constrict the body, the throat and, of course, the tone.

We should always make tone as easily as possible. To do so we must have joy and love within us.

BIRDS IN SUMMER

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about in each leafy tree!

In the leafy trees so broad and tall,
Like a green and beautiful palace hall
With its airy chambers light and boon,
That open to sun, and stars, and moon,

That open into the bright blue sky
And the frolicsome winds as they wander by.

They have left their nests in the forest bough,
Those homes of delight they need not now,
And the young and the old they wander out
And traverse their green world round about;
Hark! hark! at the top of this leafy hall
How one to the other they lovingly call;
"Come up! come up!" they seem to say,
"Where the topmost twigs in the breezes sway;

"Come up! come up! for the world is fair
Where the merry leaves dance in the summer air."
And the birds below give back the cry,
"We come! we come! to the branches high!"
How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about in a leafy tree!
And away through the air what joy to go
And to look on the bright green earth below.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be!
Skimming about on the breezy sea,
Cresting the billows like silvery foam,
Then wheeling away to its cliff-built home;
What joy it must be to sail upborne
By a strong, free wing through the rosy morn,
To meet the young sun face to face
And pierce like a shaft the boundless space.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be!
Wherever it listeth there to flee;
To go when a joyful fancy calls
Dashing adown 'mong the waterfalls,
Then wheeling about with its mates at play
Above and below and among the spray
Hither and thither with screams as wild
As the laughing mirth of a rosy child.

What joy it must be like a living breeze
To flutter about 'mong the flowering trees,
Lightly to soar and to see beneath
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath
And the yellow furze like fields of gold
That gladden some fairy regions old;
On mountain tops, on the billowy sea,
On the leafy stems of the forest tree,
How pleasant the life of a bird must be!

Mary Howitt

Observe how easily the birds sing and how full of joy they are. In this poem, express your own love for the birds. Show your delight and joy and let your tone be as open, free and hearty as their own. In speaking "come up" or "we come" or "hark" accentuate all the preparatory conditions and actions of tone.

"Yo ho, lads! Yo ho, yo ho!"
The captain calls to all below,
"Joy, joy to all, for we must go,
Yo ho, lads! yo ho! yo ho!"

Suppose you play the sailor. Imagine you are at sea in a boat, and like the boatswain, shout, "Yo, ho! Yo ho! lads!" full of heartiness and joy as if managing a boat on the sea.

Notice that in this case you should have a good deal of breath. To make your voice heard away up in the rigging through the roaring of the winds you would open your throat wide and send out your tone freely.

Can you imagine that you are on shore and anxious to get away, waiting for the captain's word, and that then the captain sings out: "Yo ho! lads!" You respond and call to your mates, full of joy that you are going out to sea.

PIRATE STORY

Three of us afloat in the meadow by the swing,
Three of us aboard in the basket on the lea.
Winds are in the air, they are blowing in the spring,
And waves are on the meadow like the waves there are at sea.

Where shall we adventure, to-day that we're afloat,
Wary of the weather and steering by a star?
Shall it be to Africa, a-steering of the boat,
To Providence, or Babylon, or off to Malabar?

Hi! but here's a squadron a-rowing on the sea —
Cattle on the meadow a-charging with a roar!
Quick, and we'll escape them, they're as mad as they can be,
The wicket is the harbor and the garden is the shore.

Robert Louis Stevenson

Joy and heartiness make us breathe, expand the body and open the throat. Hence, they help the voice. By reading naturally and feeling deeply the joy of such a poem as

Stevenson's "Pirate Story," you can make your tone true and easy. You can feel your tone becoming more and more a part of your feeling.

Tone is easy when there are no cramps or constrictions in the muscles. We often make our voices hard and tight in our throats when we are trying to do something or say something very earnestly. Sometimes we constrict the breathing muscles. Such constrictions are unnecessary and make the tone hard. When our lungs are sympathetically filled with breath and the tone passage is easily open, tone will be free.

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name.

"Robert of Lincoln" — William Cullen Bryant

You cannot force tone and at the same time make it free and full. Tone must be set free by your imaginative thinking and the natural response to this in feeling. This gives a gentle activity to the whole body which passes easily and naturally through all parts and brings them into harmony. Thus indirectly, but in the only possible way, the body modulates the vibrations of the tone.

The quality of the voice is not under the direct control of will except in certain abnormal tones. True resonance or richness in the vibrations of the voice must come through a diffusion of feeling. The body as a whole acts as an agent of resonance.

Home from his journey Farmer John
Arrived this morning, safe and sound.
His black coat off, and his old clothes on,
"Now I 'm myself!" says Farmer John;
And he thinks, "I 'll look around." . . .
Up leaps the dog: "Get down, you pup!
Are you so glad you would eat me up?"
The old cow lows at the gate, to greet him;
The horses prick up their ears, to meet him;
"Well, well, old Bay!
Ha, ha, old Gray!
Do you get good feed when I am away?"

J. T. Trowbridge

Observe, when we imagine ourselves some good-natured, hearty character, such as Farmer John in Mr. Trowbridge's poem, that our tones are open and free. Be Farmer John after coming from town, walk around among your horses and cows, and talk to them with his joyous and hearty tones. Feel how they know and love you, and how you love them. Be simple and natural. Do not introduce dialect or crude speech. A farmer speaks as well as anybody, even better, for he lives out of doors and develops deep feelings. At any rate, Farmer John was a true nobleman.

Give with great heartiness and joy this poem on whistling. Express the old man's fun and good nature in your body, your breathing and your tone.

If I could whistle like I used when I was just a boy,
And fill the echoes just plumb full of that old-fashioned joy,
I guess I would be willin' then to turn my back on things
An' say farewell to scenes down here and try my angel wings;
O just once more to pucker up an' ripple soft an' trill
Until the music seemed to fall against the far-off hill
Like dew falls on a half-blown rose, till it gets full an' slips
Like jewels twinklin', twinklin' down from pink bewitching lips.

Oh, yes, if I could whistle now like I could whistle then!
Just pucker up these grim old lips an' turn things loose again!
I 'd like to sit upon the knoll where trees was all around,
Just sit there punchin' my bare toes into the smelly ground
An' trillin' just the same old tune I used to trill of yore,
With all the fire and ecstasy that won't come back no more,
Until I 'd see old brown-throat thrush come stealin' from his bush
An' look around, like he would say, say to the whole world: " Hush! "

If I could whistle now as then, I 'd go along the road
Awakin' with my whistle all the scenes that once I knowed;
Just sendin' ripplin' music through the tamaracks an' pines
An' stirrin' all the blossoms on the mornin' glory vines;
Just go sendin' all about me, all behind me an' before,
Just loud an' shrill as anything an' then a-gettin' lower —
The same old whistle that was mine, the same old carol shrill
That used to bid the day good-night an' mock the whippoorwill.

I saw a boy go past just now — his cheeks was like balloons,
An' oh! the air was rendered sweet by old remembered tunes!
An' oh! the world sat lightly on that childish happy imp!
His troubles was all packed behind, his hat was torn an' limp,
While one big toe that had been stubbed was twisted in a rag;

But oh, that imp stepped high an' proud, with shoulders full of brag,
An' whistled in that same old way that I was wont to do,
Till my old heart was in the lines the little rascal blew.

If I could whistle like he did — but now there 's something gone!
The trill is gone, the skill is gone! Sometimes when I 'm alone
I pucker an' purse up my lips an' try, an' try, an' try,
An' then the noise my old lips make ain't nothin' but a sigh.
It ain't no thing of learnin', it can 't be contrived by art,
A boy must be behind it, an' a great big boyish heart;
A boy just out o' hearin' must go whistlin' of the song;
No use of tryin' when we 're old, we 've been away too long!

"A Boy's Whistle." J. M. Lewis

You have been to the woods after nuts. Imagine yourself now among the hills, feeling a desire to shout, sending your tone a long way. What do you do to send your tone afar? Do the same in the whole of Mr. Stedman's poem, — soften the loudness, but do not lessen the joy or the breath, or change the tone passage.

GOING A-NUTTING

No clouds are in the morning sky,
The vapors hug the stream, —
Who says that life and love can die
In all this northern gleam?
At every turn the maples burn,
The quail is whistling free,
The partridge whirs, and the frosted burs
Are dropping for you and me.
Ho! hilly ho! heigh O!
Hilly ho!
In the clear October morning.

Along our path the woods are bold,
And glow with ripe desire;
The yellow chestnut showers its gold,
The sumachs spread their fire;
The breezes feel as crisp as steel,
The buckwheat tops are red:
Then down the lane, love, scurry again,
And over the stubble tread!
Ho! hilly ho! heigh O!
Hilly ho!
In the clear October morning.

Edmund Clarence Stedman

THE JOY OF THE HILLS

I ride on the mountain tops, I ride;
I have found my life and am satisfied.
Onward I ride on the blowing oats,
Checking the field-lark's blowing notes —
Lightly I sweep
From steep to steep.
Over my head through the branches high
Come glimpses of a rushing sky;
The tall oats brush my horse's flanks,
Wild poppies crown the sunny banks;
A bee booms out of the scented grass,
A jay laughs with me as I pass.

I ride on the hills, I forgive, I forget
Life's hoard of regret,
All the terror and pain
Of the chafing chain.
Grind on, oh cities, grind;
I leave you a blur behind.
I am lifted, elated — the skies expand;
Here the world's heaped gold is a pile of sand.
Let them weary and work in their narrow walls;
I ride with the voice of waterfalls.

I swing on as one in a dream — I swing
Down the airy hollows I shout, I sing.
The world is gone like an empty word;
My body 's a bough in the wind, my heart a bird.

By permission of the author. Edwin Markham

Joy, love, patriotism, all true sympathy, all noble emotion, tend to make the voice easy, pure, free and open. We should express our heartiest admiration for things that please us.

Take a poem about things we love, such as Mr. Edwin Markham's poem on the mountain, and let us feel ourselves joyously and heartily climbing and looking out over the world. Let the feeling affect the breath and the whole body and let the tone come easily.

THE NATIONAL FLAG

There is the national flag! He must be cold, indeed, who can look upon its folds rippling in the breeze without pride of country. If he be in a foreign land, the flag is companionship and country itself with all its endearments. Who, as he sees

it, can think of a state merely? Whose eyes, once fastened upon its radiant trophies, can fail to recognize the image of the whole nation? It has been called a "floating piece of poetry," and yet I know not if it have an intrinsic beauty beyond other ensigns. Its highest beauty is in what it symbolizes. It is because it represents all, that all gaze at it with delight and reverence. It is a piece of bunting lifted in the air, but it speaks sublimely, and every part has a voice. Its stripes of alternate red and white proclaim the original union of thirteen states to maintain the Declaration of Independence. Its stars of white on a field of blue proclaim that union of states constituting our national constellation, which receives a new star with every new state. The two together signify union, past and present. The very colors have a language which was officially recognized by our fathers. White is for purity, red for valor, blue for justice; and all together, bunting, stripes, stars and colors blazing in the sky, make the flag of our country — to be cherished by all our hearts, to be upheld by all our hands.

Charles Sumner

X. TONE AND SPEECH

Speak gently! it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently! let no harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

You should distinguish between speech and mere sounds of the voice. When you make tone, your mouth assumes a certain shape and forms a certain vowel. There are two classes of elements in speech, vowels and consonants. The word "vowel" means voice. By the action of the tongue and somewhat by the lips also, you give your mouth chamber a certain shape. Tone passing through this is turned into a vowel.

If you speak a word like "Hurrah!" you will notice in the last syllable that the mouth is open as wide as possible and the tongue passive.

Can you open your mouth easily and freely by taking breath into the middle of the body? Then can you use the word "Hark!" or some word containing "ah"? Allow the whole tongue and throat to be perfectly relaxed and have plenty of breath in the lungs. This taking of breath

enables you to open your throat and relax your tongue. Then give " Hark " round, full and open.

Yoho! past hedges, gates, and trees; past cottages and barns, and people going home from work. Yoho! past donkey-chaises, drawn aside into the ditch, and empty carts with rampant horses, whipped up at a bound upon the little watercourse, and held by struggling carters close to the five-barred gate, until the coach had passed the narrow turning in the road.

Yoho! down the pebbly dip, and through the merry water-splash, and up at canter to the level road again. Yoho! Yoho!

Dickens

Read this passage from Dickens's description of the Stage Coach. Hear the big, hearty coachman, see the bounding of the horses, and notice the rumble of the wheels as they fly over the road. Then, full of breath with the glee of this wild, windy drive, shout out, " Yoho! Yoho! "

Always make your vowels as large and open as possible. Open your mouth easily but wide, and let the tongue have room to change and shape the vowels.

Can you give " Roll on! " with your mouth wide open? Give the sense of the great ocean and the roar of the waves. Have you sat on the shore and watched the breakers roll up, as if they would rush away over the country, and then roll back? Can you give the exultation, joy, and heartiness of the waves?

WAVES ON THE SEA-SHORE

" Roll on, roll on, you restless waves, that toss about and roar!
Why do you all run back again when you have reached the shore?
Roll on, roll on, you noisy waves — roll higher up the strand!
How is it that you can not pass that line of yellow sand?
Make haste, or else the tide will turn — make haste, you noisy sea!
Roll quite across the bank, and then far on across the lea."

" We do not dare," the waves reply. " That line of yellow sand
Is laid along the shore to bound the waters and the land;
And all should keep to time and place, and all should keep to rule —
Both waves upon the sandy shore, and children true at school."

Can you give the conversation and express the heartiness of the voices as the questions are asked and answered?

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank or titles, a hundred-fold,
Is a healthy body, a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please.

Alexander Smart

Now study how all vowels are made and give them as heartily and openly as possible, with great freedom. Remember always that it is the vowel in the word that makes the word. Study also the consonants and note that they are simply actions of the tongue, or lips or soft palate, and that these organs act very quickly and always in union with the vowel. In developing your articulation be sure to devote the first and the greatest attention to the vowels. Give them freely, and then observe that the word " consonant " means " something that sounds with," and that each consonant sounds with a vowel.

There is an almost universal custom of giving attention first to consonants. This cramps the voice and introduces constrictions and interferes with its ease, openness and freedom. In the work for ease and openness and freedom there should be work for large, open vowels. First " ah," taking the exclamation " Hark," " oh " in passages like " Yo ho," and finally all the other vowels should be studied. The respective shapes of the vowel chambers of the mouth should be noted.

Render passages full of sympathy and joy, love of home and heartiness, keeping the vowels as large and free as possible. Do not try to pull the mouth open, but allow it to relax and come open in response to the heartiness. This will accentuate the preparatory conditions for tone and sympathetic retention of breath and openness of the tone passage.

O the bells of Shandon, that sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

Mahoney

O, pleasantly the harvest moon,
Between the shadow of the mows,
Looked on them through the great elm-boughs!
On Mabel's curls of golden hair,
On Esek's shaggy strength, it fell,
And the wind whispered, " It is well! "

Whittier

May shall make the world anew;
Golden sun and silver dew, —
May shall make the wild-flowers tell
Where the shining snowflakes fell. . . .

"May." Frank Dempster Sherman

Give these words about the spring. Observe that you must breathe freely and your body must respond easily. Make open and large vowels, let the words and tones be simple and joyous.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have, and kist
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet Sprites, the burthen bear.
Hark, hark!
Bow-wow.
The watch-dogs bark:
Bow-wow.
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo!

Shakespeare

JOY MONTH

Oh, hark to the brown thrush! hear how he sings!
How he pours the dear pain of his gladness.
What a gush! and from out what golden springs!
What a rage of how sweet madness!

And golden the buttercup blooms by the way,
A song of the joyous ground;
While the melody rained from yonder spray
Is a blossom in fields of sound.

How glisten the eyes of the happy leaves!
How whispers each blade, "I am blest!"
Rosy Heaven his lips to flowered earth gives,
With the costliest bliss of his breast.

Pour, pour, of the wine of thy heart, O Nature!
By cups of field and of sky,
By the brimming soul of every creature; —
Joy-mad, dear Mother, am I.

Tongues, tongues for my joy, for my joy! more tongues! —
Oh, thanks to the thrush on the tree,
To the sky, and to all earth's blooms and songs!
They utter the heart in me.

David Atwood Wasson

SEASHORE

Hark to the roar,
On the rocky shore,
  Of the blue waves, bounding high;
How they foam and dash,
With a mighty crash,
  Where the tangled seaweeds lie!

Rising and dancing,
Like a war-steed prancing,
  And hurriedly rushing on,
The briny deep
Doth its roaring keep
  The frothy shore along.

When many a sail
That has weathered the gale,
  Is bathed in the pale moon-rays, —
On such a night
'T is a glorious sight
  O'er the boundless sea to gaze.

Author not known

XI. LAUGHTER AND VOICE

JOG ON, JOG ON

Jog on, jog on the foot-path way,
  And merrily hent the stile-a,
A merry heart goes all the day,
  Your sad tires in a mile-a.

Your paltry money-bags of gold —
  What need have we to stare for,
When little or nothing soon is told,
  And we have the less to care for.

Then cast away care, let sorrow cease,
  A fig for melancholy;
Let 's laugh and sing, or, if you please
  We 'll frolic with sweet Dolly.

First stanza by William Shakespeare in " Winter's Tale." Last two stanzas by an unknown author in " Antidote against Melancholy," 1661.

Did you ever notice how you laugh? If not, then the next time something funny happens observe yourself and see what you do just as you begin to laugh. Also observe what part of you moves most when you are laughing.

If you notice carefully, you will see that just as you begin to laugh — in fact, the instant before you begin — you take breath and open your throat. You do not suck in breath and you cannot force your throat open. You take breath naturally, and at the same time, as part of the joy that causes laughter, the throat opens of itself.

Just before you laugh there is also a smile which runs all over the face. This smile always precedes the laugh and does not go away till the laugh is over. You observe also an agitation in the middle of the body.

If you laugh with something in the mouth you may cough. Do you know the cause of this? When you are chewing food, the back of the tongue and soft palate are together, closing the back of the mouth, but laughter causes them to open, and when a crumb is near it may drop into the opening. Sometimes when speaking while eating you have had a similar experience, because you took breath and the throat opened for speech at that very moment.

We may learn a very important lesson from a study of swallowing.

If you will put your thumb under the chin and swallow you will find the muscles there become active and tighten, making the parts under your chin very firm; in laughter however all the muscles are free, soft and loose.

In the preceding lesson we found the latter to be the condition for good tone. When you make a good tone you take more breath than usual, retain it easily in the lungs, feeling a sense of activity about the centre of the body, and your whole throat becomes free and loose. By laughing out "ha, ha" or "ho, ho," for example, heartily, easily and naturally, imagining yourself the fox laughing at the donkey, you may exercise and strengthen your voice and make it more pleasing. Such practice is also of great advantage to your health.

THE DANCERS

I dance, ha, ha, ha! I dance and sing;
Above my head my arms I swing.
Ho, ho, ho! see another faun,
A black one, dances on the lawn.

He moves with me, and when I lift
My heels his feet directly shift:
I can 't outdance him though I try;
He dances nimbler far than I.
I toss my head, and so does he;
What tricks he dares to play on me!
I touch the ivy in my hair;
Ivy he has and finger there.
The spiteful thing to mock me so!
I will outdance him! Ho, ho, ho!

Adapted — Michael Field

Can you leap and dance joyously with your whole body, imagining your shadow as dancing with you while you recite these lines? Learn them by heart, — or a part of them, — so that you can be perfectly free in your movements and dance with your feet, arms, head and your whole body.

Some people when they laugh seem unconsciously to cramp their chests and throats. They seem to be afraid to laugh or to let themselves be heard laughing. In practicing exercises in laughter you must laugh freely and heartily, being sure also that the emotion that causes the laughter causes an expansion, not a tightening of the body.

Do not force laughter in order to laugh loud, but keep the good conditions for tone and joy. Let your whole body share in it, and allow yourself to laugh just as you want to.

THE DONKEY IN THE LION'S SKIN

The donkey put on a lion's skin, and went around frightening all the animals.

At last he saw a fox. " Ah," said he, " there is the fox, the master of cunning. I will give him the fright of his life. To frighten him more I will roar."

" Ah, Ha! Ha! Ha! " laughed the fox, " you look like a lion. I thought you were a lion until I heard you bray."

Did you ever observe how joyously the robin sings, especially in the early spring? Can you give " ha, ha, ha," with as bright a tone as the robin has in his song?

Can you laugh as the boys laughed at Frederick the Great when he playfully ordered them off to school, and

then give the children's hearty "ha ha! ho ho!" with the spirit of joy and gladness?

THE KING'S RIDE

Above the city of Berlin shines soft the summer day,
And near the royal palace shout the schoolboys at their play,
When suddenly the palace gates unclasp their portals wide,
And forth into the sunshine, see a single horseman ride!

A bent old man in plain attire! on him no courtiers wait,
No armèd guard attends the steps of Frederick the Great!
But boys have spied him, and with shouts the summer breezes ring;
The merry urchins haste to greet their well-belovèd king.

The frowning look, the angry tone, are feigned, full well they know;
They do not fear his stick — that hand ne'er struck a coward blow.
"Be off to school, you boys!" he cries. "Ho, ho!" the laughers say;
"A pretty king, you, not to know we 've holiday to-day!"

And so upon that summer day, those children at his side,
The symbol of his nation's love, did royal Frederick ride.
O kings! your thrones are tottering now! dark frowns the brow of Fate!
When did you ride as rode that day King Frederick the Great?

Lucy H. Hooper

OLD WILLIAM, THE GOAT

Once there was an old goat who was noted far and near for his shrewdness. Most people called him Billy, but he was so extremely wise, and had whiskers so very long, that his wife, Nannie, had great respect for him; so she called him William.

One day old William was a long distance from home, looking for a good feeding place for Nannie and the kids, when up came a sudden storm. A large opening in the cliffs near by promised shelter. Passing through the opening, he found himself in a small dry cave.

It was a minute or two before his eyes grew accustomed to the dim light, so that he could take note of his surroundings. Then he was horrified to see the floor strewn with the bones of animals, and he was not long in deciding that he had found his way into a lion's den! Turning to escape at once, he was stopped by a deep roar. The master of the house was coming, driven home by the rising storm.

"My horns, however sharp, will be of no avail whatever against this ferocious monster," thought William. "I must try what sharp wits can do."

In stalked the lion, hungry and surly. Seeing the goat, he paused, surprised, and then crouched to spring upon him.

"Oh, how lucky I am!" exclaimed old William.

"What!" roared the lion, astonished. "You mean how lucky I am; for it is indeed great luck that sends a fat goat into my very den when I am hungry."

"No," rejoined the goat, "I mean that I am lucky. I am a lion hunter, and it is great luck that sends me a lion just when my horns were aching for exercise — whoop!" and William capered with glee.

"A long-whiskered old goat a lion hunter? Nonsense! I never heard of such a thing."

"Oh, you have n't heard of everything! Maybe you never before met a lion-killing goat. You certainly will not live to see another one. You can't escape. This week has been a little dull for me so far, as I have killed only four lions. You will make the fifth one. Prepare to die this very instant."

Old Billy reared on his hind legs, shook his head till his long beard streamed out wildly; then, dropping on all fours, he lowered his horns and rushed fiercely at the amazed lion.

Daunted by the bold speech and unexpected onset, the enormous beast turned and fled. As soon as he had disappeared, the goat slipped out of the cave, and ran in the opposite direction as fast as his legs could carry him.

The lion had not gone far when he met a jackal. To him he told the story of his late encounter with the wonderful lion-killing goat that had attacked him so fiercely.

"You say he was an old whiskered, gray-eyed chap?" queried the jackal. "Why, I know him. That's old Billy. And he called himself a lion-killer? Ha! ha! ha! That's a good joke. Why, he couldn't kill a half-grown kitten! He scared you with his big talk. Hunt him up and slaughter him. Give his carcass to me if you do n't want it."

Back they went to the cave, but the goat was gone. Sniffing around among the rocks, they soon found his trail, and away they sped in pursuit. Old William, glancing back, caught sight of them, and, knowing that they would overtake him in a few minutes, feared that all was lost.

But he took heart and said to himself: "I can't run away from them and I can't fight them. All I can do is to try again the power of sharp wits." Facing about, he ran boldly toward his pursuers.

"Ha, jackal!" he called in angry tones, "how is this? I will discharge you if you do n't do better. You agreed to decoy three lions, leading them to me here, and you have brought only

one — and a small one at that. Start off for the other two at once! Stop! wait a minute till I kill this fellow."

As he finished speaking, old Billy rushed headlong at the lion. The great beast was again stricken with sudden fright. He gave an angry snap at the jackal and bounded down the valley. His cowardly companion sneaked away into the nearest thicket, while old William trotted home safe to his family.

Read this Hindu tale about the Billygoat, and act it out. Show William's pompous and courageous bluff to the lion. Then laugh as he did when he was alone, or laugh when you think of his pretended courage. How would he behave toward the lion when he pretended to be so brave and frightened him? Then laugh as he laughed when the lion and jackal ran, not making very much noise but chuckling to himself.

AN OLD ROAD

A host of poppies, a flight of swallows;
A flurry of rain and a wind that follows
Shepherds the leaves in the sheltered hollows
For the forest is shaken and thinned.

Over my head are the firs for rafter,
The crows blow south, and my heart goes after;
I kiss my hands to the world with laughter —
Is it Aidenn or mystical Ind?

Oh, the whirl of the fields in the windy weather;
How the barley breaks and blows together.
Oh, glad is the free bird afloat on the heather,
Oh, the whole world is glad of the wind.

By permission of the author. Edwin Markham

Actual laughter is not so important as the spirit of laughter that causes free, open tones to characterize the whole selection. Read some joyous poem full of great heartiness. Laugh out words, that is, give the words and tones in the spirit of laughter, with plenty of breath, open throat and rich and hearty tones. Read Mr. Markham's " Old Road," for example, giving joyous, laughing admiration for the poppies and swallows, leaves and bushes. Let the ideas awaken joy and all its responses, — expansion of the body and retention of breath and openness of the throat.

RAIN

Oh, the dancing leaves are merry,
And the blossoming grass is glad,
But the river 's too rough for the ferry,
And the sky is low and sad.

Yet the daisies shake with laughter,
As the surly wind goes by,
For they know what is hurrying after,
As they watch the dim gray sky.

The clovers are rosy with saying,
(The buttercups bend to hear)
" Oh, be patient, it 's only delaying;
Be glad for it 's very near."

The blushing pimpernel closes;
It is n't because it grieves,
And down in the garden the roses
Smile out from their lattice of leaves.

Such gladness has stirred the flowers;
Yet children only complain,
" Oh, what is the use of showers?
Oh, why does it ever rain? "

Margaret Deland

After practicing the laughter expressed in these passages, read some poem full of joy, such as this about the " Rain." Have plenty of breath in the lungs, keep the throat free and imagine the gladness of the grass and the daisies. Can you feel how they shook with laughter as they saw the rain coming? Do not, however, try too hard to laugh; imagine the grass and flowers. Do not giggle, for that is mechanical and silly. Only feel the joy that comes from seeing the pictures of the poem in your mind.

Contrast the spirit of the flowers with the children's tone. Be careful not to go too far with the children's whining, for the chief aim of the poem is to show the joy and brightness of the flowers and their welcome to the rain. We should always practice normal things, good things, true and noble emotions, and be careful that bad or negative things, such as whining, are introduced only to emphasize those that are normal.

Mark Twain has told a great many stories about an odd character called Jim Baker; or rather, he has let Jim

Baker tell his own stories in his own way. This is one about a jay bird that makes some people laugh. Possibly you are not affected that way, but if you are, observe carefully the impulses and actions. Then give way to these feelings or tendencies, and allow your breath and body to share in the fun and your vowels to reveal it.

JIM BAKER ON THE BLUEJAY

There 's more to a bluejay than to any other creature. He has more kinds of feeling than any other creature; and mind you, whatever a bluejay feels, he can put into words. No common words either, but out-and-out book-talk. You never see a jay at a loss for a word.

You may call a jay a bird. Well, so he is, because he has feathers on him. Otherwise, he is just as human as you are.

Yes, sir; a jay is everything that a man is. A jay can laugh, a jay can gossip, a jay can feel ashamed, just as well as you do, maybe better. And there 's another thing: in good, clean, out-and-out scolding, a bluejay can beat anything alive.

Seven years ago the last man about here but me moved away. There stands his house — a log house with just one big room and no more: no ceiling, nothing between the rafters and the floor.

Well, one Sunday morning I was sitting out here in front of my cabin, with my cat, taking the sun, when a bluejay flew down on that house with an acorn in his mouth.

" Hello," says he, " I reckon here 's something." When he spoke the acorn fell out of his mouth and rolled down on the roof. He did n't care; his mind was on the thing he had found.

It was a knot-hole in the roof. He cocked his head to one side, shut one eye, and put the other to the hole, like a " possum looking down a jug." Then he looked up, gave a wink or two with his wings, and says, " It looks like a hole, it 's placed like a hole — and — I do think it is a hole! "

Then he cocked his head down and took another look. He looked up with joy, this time winked his wings and his tail both, and says, " If I ain't in luck! Why it 's an elegant hole! "

So he flew down and got that acorn and dropped it in, and was tilting his head back with a smile when a queer look of surprise came over his face. Then he says, " Why, I did n't hear it fall."

He cocked his eye at the hole again and took a long look; rose up and shook his head; went to the other side of the hole

and took another look from that side; shook his head again. No use.

So after thinking awhile, he says, "I reckon it's all right. I'll try it, any way."

So he flew off and brought another acorn and dropped it in, and tried to get his eye to the hole quick enough to see what became of it. He was too late. He got another acorn and tried to see where it went, but he could n't.

He says, "Well, I never saw such a hole as this before. I reckon it's a new kind." Then he got angry and walked up and down the roof. I never saw a bird take on so.

When he got through he looked in the hole for half a minute; then he says, "Well, you 're a long hole, and a deep hole, and a queer hole, but I have started to fill you, and I'll do it if it takes a hundred years."

And with that away he went. For two hours and a half you never saw a bird work so hard. He did not stop to look in any more, but just threw acorns in and went for more.

Well, at last he could hardly flap his wings he was so tired out. So he bent down for a look. He looked up, pale with rage. He says, "I've put in enough acorns to keep the family thirty years, and I can't see a sign of them."

Another jay was going by and heard him. So he stopped to ask what was the matter. Our jay told him the whole story. Then he went and looked down the hole and came back and said, "How many tons did you put in there?" "Not less than two," said our jay.

The other jay looked again, but could not make it out; so he gave a yell and three more jays came. They all talked at once for awhile, and then called in more jays.

Pretty soon the air was blue with jays and every jay put his eye to the hole and told what he thought. They looked the house all over, too. The door was partly open, and at last one old jay happened to look in. There lay the acorns all over the floor.

He flapped his wings and gave a yell, "Come here, everybody! Ha! Ha! He's been trying to fill a house with acorns!"

As each jay took a look, the fun of the thing struck him, and how he did laugh. And for an hour after they roosted on the housetop and trees, and laughed like human beings. It is n't any use to tell me a bluejay has n't any fun in him. I know better.

Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain)

XII. THINKING, BREATHING AND STRENGTH OF VOICE

Beloved of children, bards and Spring,
O birds, your perfect virtues bring, —
Your song, your forms, your rhythmic flight,
Your manners for the heart's delight,
Nestle in hedge, or barn, or roof,
Here weave your chamber weather-proof,
Forgive our harms, and condescend
To man, as to a lubber friend,
And, generous, teach his awkward race
Courage and probity and grace!

"May-Day." Emerson

How do you send your voice across the playground or throw your words to a distance?

Your whole body expands; you take a full breath. Though you take the breath quickly and may not think of it, yet if you observe yourself you will find that just while you shout you are full of breath, your throat is open and your body expanded. That is, you increase the conditions of voice as you did in surprise and laughter.

We make voice out of breath and our voices are stronger in proportion to the control we have over our breathing and over the other actions that come with right thinking and feeling.

An exercise is an accentuation of some such fundamental actions and conditions as these.

Choose some sudden surprise and intensify the mental and emotional actions so that you increase the preparatory actions of body and voice, — that is, the taking and retaining of breath, opening and relaxing of the tone passage and sympathetic expanding of the body.

Imagine yourself shouting across a river or making your voice carry to a great distance.

Observe that in calling "Polly" your voice becomes more open and free, you have more breath, you project the tone farther. Be careful that your voice does not go to a high pitch or become hard. Observe in all cases when introducing extra effort, that there are certain abnormal tendencies, such as making tone hard, giving it on a high pitch, using mere loudness, speaking with jerks, or hurry.

These methods do project the tone, but they make it disagreeable.

A MIDSUMMER SONG

Oh, father 's gone to market-town: he was up before the day,
And Jamie 's after robins, and the man is making hay.
And whistling down the hollow goes the boy that minds the mill,
While mother from the kitchen-door is calling with a will,
" Polly! — Polly! — The cows are in the corn!
Oh, where 's Polly? "

From all the misty morning air there comes a summer sound,
A murmur as of waters, from skies and trees and ground.
The birds they sing upon the wing, the pigeons bill and coo;
And over hill and hollow rings again the loud halloo:
" Polly! — Polly! — The cows are in the corn!
Oh, where 's Polly? "

Above the trees, the honey-bees swarm by with buzz and boom,
And in the field and garden a thousand blossoms bloom.
Within the farmer's meadow a brown-eyed daisy blows,
And down at the edge of the hollow a red and thorny rose.
But " Polly! — Polly! — The cows are in the corn!
Oh, where 's Polly? "

How strange at such a time of day the mill should stop its clatter!
The farmer's wife is listening now, and wonders what 's the matter.
Oh, wild the birds are singing in the wood and on the hill,
While whistling up the hollow goes the boy that minds the mill.
But " Polly! — Polly! — The cows are in the corn!
Oh, where 's Polly! "

Richard Watson Gilder

Be sure to keep the throat relaxed and the breathing free; manage the breath by the diaphragm, that is, the large muscle at the base of the lungs. When this acts properly the tone will come out free and open, the throat will relax itself and all the conditions of tone will be normal.

TWICKENHAM FERRY

O-ho-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho,
Who 's for the ferry?
(The briar 's in bud, the sun going down.)
And I 'll row ye so quick, and I 'll row ye so steady,
And 't is but a penny to Twickenham Town;
The ferryman 's slim and the ferryman 's young,
And he 's just a soft twang in the turn of his tongue,

And he 's fresh as a pippin and brown as a berry,
And 't is but a penny to Twickenham Town.
O-hoi-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho!

O-hoi-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho
" I 'm for the ferry! "
(The briar 's in bud, the sun going down,)
" And it 's late as it is, and I have n't a penny,
And how shall I get me to Twickenham Town? "
She 'd a rose in her bonnet, and oh! she looked sweet
As the little pink flower that grows in the wheat,
With her cheeks like a rose and her lips like a cherry
" And sure and you 're welcome to Twickenham Town."
O-hoi-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho!

O-hoi-ye-ho, ho! You 're too late for the ferry,
(The briar 's in bud, and the sun going down,)
And he 's not rowing quick, and he 's not rowing steady,
You 'd think 't was a journey to Twickenham Town;
" O-hoi, and O-ho," you may call as you will,
The moon is a-rising on Petersham Hill,
And with Love like a rose in the stern of the wherry,
There 's danger in crossing to Twickenham Town,
O-hoi-ye-yo, Ho-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho!

Theophile Marzials

Notice that " O-ho-ye-ho " and " Ho-ye-ho " are calls either by the ferryman or by one who calls for the ferry. It is often the call from the other side of the river to the one who is to row.

The ferryman in our poem has gone off with the little girl alone. Speak the word " O-ho-ye-ho " as if you were calling far away to the man of the ferry, then laughingly say " you may call as you will," and give the reason.

Observe when calling to a distance that you take a great deal of breath and open your throat. You may use other calls like " ho ho " or " ha ha " to someone in a boat across the river.

Stand up and imagine a boy on the farther side of a river and shout " Ho! " to him. Speak carefully so that he can understand what you say.

Can you say " Hark! " as if you heard someone at a great distance and wished everybody to listen to what is said?

The reason that throwing tones or words to a distance strengthens the voice is that we take more breath and open the throat wider; in short, we accentuate the first conditions of tone.

Another way of improving the voice is to make exclamations, increasing the excitement and feeling.

Be sure to produce these easily and naturally; have more breath in the lungs than usual with a simultaneous opening of the tone passage, and make large, free open vowels. Give the exclamations with genuine imagination and emotional action, so as to accentuate these primary conditions of the voice.

COLUMBUS

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind, the Gates of Hercules,
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said, " Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone;
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say? "
" Why, say, ' Sail on! sail on! and on! ' "

" My men grow mutinous day by day,
My men grow ghastly wan, and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
" What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn? "
" Why, you may say, at break of day,
' Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on! ' "

They sailed and sailed as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
" Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say "
He said, " Sail on! sail on! and on! "

They sailed. They sailed. Then spoke the mate:
" This mad sea shows his teeth to-night;
He curls his lips, he lies in wait
With lifted teeth as if to bite;

Brave Admiral, say but one good word,
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leaped like a leaping sword,
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! and then a speck,
"A light! A light! A light! A light!"
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

Joaquin Miller

Repeat the word "on," spoken by Columbus, with all his resolution and intense feeling, being sure not to increase loudness so much as the conditions of voice.

To make our voices stronger, we must have the power to take and to reserve a greater amount of breath, and yet do so freely, not mechanically.

We must not only take more breath, we must also develop the power to breathe more frequently. We can control breath properly only by stimulating our thought and feeling, so that truth causes a sympathetic expansion over our whole body. So we take more breath and our thinking and feeling and taking of breath become one act.

When we merely count chairs or items we do not breathe often because all the things we count are alike, and the mind takes no different impression as we go from one to another. But when we receive a definite impression of each idea, we find that we breathe often.

You need to develop the power to take breath and to open the tone passage quickly in direct response to your thinking and feeling. But you do not need to think about breathing. Think about the ideas and you will breathe in spite of yourself. If, however, you form the habit of just calling words, as most people do in reading, then you will find that you breathe too seldom. It is an almost universal fault, yet it is easily corrected by thinking each phrase and idea definitely, giving one thing at a time and in the right relation to what you have already said.

"THAT 'S NOT THE WAY AT SEA"

He stood upon the fiery deck,
Our captain kind and brave!
He would not leave the burning wreck,
While there was one to save.
We wanted him to go before,
And we would follow fast;
We could not bear to leave him there,
Beside the blazing mast.
But his voice rang out in a cheery shout,
And noble words spoke he —
"That 's not the way at sea, my boys,
That 's not the way at sea!"

So each one did as he was bid,
And into the boats we passed,
While closer came the scorching flame,
And our captain was the last.
Yet once again he dared his life,
One little lad to save;
Then we pulled to shore from the blaze and roar,
With our captain kind and brave.
In the face of death, with its fiery breath,
He had stood, and so would we
For that 's the way at sea, my boys.
For that 's the way at sea.

Now let the noble words resound,
And echo far and free,
Wherever English hearts are found,
On English shore or sea.
The iron nerve of duty, joined
With golden vein of love,
Can dare to do, and dare to wait,
With courage from above.
Our captain's shout among the flames
A watchword long shall be —
"That 's not the way at sea, my boys,
That 's not the way at sea."

Frances Ridley Havergal

Observe that loud speaking or great excitement causes you to take more breath, and to breathe more frequently. These, however, are not the only causes of accentuated breathing. All genuine thinking will cause you to breathe frequently. Every time you take an idea you will tend to take breath. The way you think determines the number of times you breathe, and the common habit of not breath-

ing often enough results from lack of thinking and lack of attention to individual ideas. Think genuinely, think one thing at a time, and you will breathe frequently; and if you feel what you think you will breathe deeply and fully.

THE VOICE OF SPRING

I am coming, I am coming!
Hark! the little bee is humming;
See, the lark is soaring high
In the blue and sunny sky;
And the gnats are on the wing,
Wheeling round in airy ring.

See the yellow catkins cover
All the slender willows over;
And on banks of mossy green
Star-like primroses are seen;
And, their clustering leaves below,
White and purple violets blow.

Hark! the new-born lambs are bleating,
And the cawing rooks are meeting
In the elms — a noisy crowd;
All the birds are singing loud;
And the first white butterfly
In the sunshine dances by.

Look around thee — look around!
Flowers in all the fields abound;
Every running stream is bright;
All the orchard trees are white;
And each small and waving shoot
Promises sweet flowers and fruit.

Mary Howitt

Read some joyous or hearty passage, like "The Voice of Spring," taking one thing at a time, but genuinely thinking and feeling it. Give the phrase "I am coming" and observe that you take breath and open your tone passage just before you speak, as you enter into the deep feeling of the poem. Notice also in giving "Hark" that you pause and that these conditions are a part of your imagination of the idea, part of your discovery of the bee. Observe that you take even more breath before you speak the rest of the line. The same is also true of the word "see."

If, on the contrary, you speak the words in a continuous stream you will breathe only when you have to or when you

are out of breath. Such reading is meaningless. The number of times we breathe and the amount of breath we take must both be determined by the way we think and feel each successive idea. The right retention of the breath must be directly responsive to the impression.

Give " Hurrah! Hurrah! " or your class cheer with heartiness, as you would at a game. Carefully ascertain that conditions are secured and that the shout is not pushed out or made loud at the expense of the retained breath and open tone passage. College men often rasp their throats and become hoarse, if they do not ruin their voices, by misuse of the voice conditions in college " yells." Everyone in cheering should give, not a mere yell, but a free open tone letting hearty joy and exultation cause sympathetic expansion of the body, retention of breath by the harmonious action of the diaphragm and openness of the tone passage. Even in a cheer it is the quality of the tone that is of the most importance. When tone is husky or rasped it does not travel or make the volume of sound which you wish to produce. The cheer should be full of life, joy and heartiness. Then it does the voice good. Otherwise it may be very injurious.

THE SLEIGHING SONG

Away! away! the track is white,
The stars are shining clear to-night,
The winter winds are sleeping;
The moon above the steeple tall,
A silver crescent, over all
Her silent watch is keeping.

Away! away! our hearts are gay,
And need not breathe, by night or day,
A sigh for summer pleasure;
The merry bells ring gayly out,
Our lips keep time with song and shout,
And laugh in happy measure.

Away! away! across the plain
We sweep as sea-birds skim the main,
Our pulses gayly leaping;
The stars are bright, the track is white,
There 's joy in every heart to-night
While winter winds are sleeping.

Imagine yourself sleighing, gliding over the snow, and read these lines expressive of your joy as you shout through the night. Give " Away! away! " letting your spirits cause you to take a great deal of breath and take it frequently. Give also only a few words at a time, rapidly, from sympathy with the movement of the sleigh and from the intensity of your feeling.

GEM OF THE OCEAN

O Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the Red, White, and Blue.

Chorus

When borne by the Red, White, and Blue,
When borne by the Red, White, and Blue,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the Red, White, and Blue.

When war winged its wild desolation
And threatened the land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia rode safe thro' the storm,
With her garland of vict'ry around her
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the Red, White and Blue.

David T. Shaw

Read the " Gem of the Ocean " with great heartiness and patriotism, with the right response in freedom and openness of tone. Do not speak loudly but speak easily and with great fervor. Loudness is undignified, nor can we express feeling in loudness. Give greater variety and greater freedom to your tone to express your patriotism. Let the thrill of emotion reserve your breath, elevate and expand your body and support rather than force your tone or make it loud. This is the true method of making the voice strong.

OUR NATIVE LAND

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
  Through storm and night:
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save
  By thy great might!

For her our prayers shall rise
To God, above the skies;
  On Him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh
Guarding with watchful eye
To Thee aloud we cry,
  "God save the State!"

C. T. Brooks

This poem is less exultant, but it contains deep and prayerful patriotism. Observe that the tone is just as free and open as before and at the same time more rich and mellow.

XIII. SUMMARY OF VOICE CONDITIONS

Crowds of bees are giddy with clover,
  Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet,
Crowds of larks at their matins hang over,
  Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet.

"Divided." Jean Ingelow

Tell some of the reasons why people often read so differently from the way they talk. When people read as if they were just calling words, what is the trouble? How can you tell the difference between a person with a jumble of ideas and one who lives each separate idea while he reads it?

Can you give some surprise or exclamation and feel your body and your breath and your throat prepare for the tone immediately before you give it? Is your tone free and hearty? Can you read joyous passages and feel that your tone is easy, open and pleasant?

Can you laugh heartily and observe that your whole throat and breathing are free? Can you expand your whole body with excitement, joy or courage? Can you feel your chest and body sympathetically expanded while you laugh?

Can you keep the conditions of retained and reserved breath, open throat and expanded body while you speak some sentence full of heartiness?

THE MILLER OF THE DEE

There dwelt a miller hale and bold
  Beside the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn to night,
  No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
  Forever used to be:
"I envy nobody; no, not I,
  And nobody envies me."

"Thou 'rt wrong, my friend," said old King Hal,
  "As wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
  I 'd gladly change with thee.
And tell me now, what makes thee sing,
  With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I 'm the king,
  Beside the river Dee?"

The miller smiled, and doffed his cap,
  "I can earn my bread," quoth he;
"I love my wife, I love my friend,
  I love my children three;
I owe no penny I cannot pay,
  I thank the river Dee
That turns the mill that grinds the corn,
  To feed my babes and me."

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while,
  "Farewell! and happy be!
But say no more, if thou 'dst be true
  That no one envies thee.
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,
  Thy mill my kingdom's fee;
Such men as thou are England's boast,
  O miller of the Dee!"

Charles Mackay

Observe in this poem the dialogue between the Miller of the Dee and the King. Give it with all the hearty joy you can, and contrast the heartiness and happiness of the miller and the staid seriousness of the king.

Do you see vivid pictures when you read? Do you see things freely, naturally, and do you feel them while you are reading about them? Do you think and feel each idea just before you speak the phrase standing for it, and while giving the phrase? You must let your thinking cause you to breathe and see that the breath is taken easily and naturally by the harmonious action of the diaphragm or the muscle in the middle of your body. You must think one idea at a time in such a way as to make you breathe often. If you do these things your throat will be open, your tone will come out freely, and there will be no constriction.

Can you read many passages full of joy and heartiness, feeling the sympathetic expansion and elevation of the entire body and the retention of breath and openness of the tone passage all as part of your very thinking and feeling and of the act of expression? Do you breathe easily in the middle of your body, quickly, deeply and often? Does the rhythm of your breathing obey the rhythm of your thinking and feeling?

Avoid forcing the tone. Let your admiration of nature, your imagination and feeling, express themselves by sympathetic vibrations all over your body. Let your tone be tender, joyous and pure, free and rich in all of its vibrations. Do not force it, but allow your feeling to flow through your body and quicken your breathing and the conditions of tone.

Can you read these poems emphasizing all of the qualities you have gained? Show that they have become a part of you, and that you can live ideas as you give them, and give them in such a way as to show that they are part of you.

'T IS SPRING AGAIN

'T is Spring again and the woods are wet
With the gracious gift of the April rain,
The sign of the approaching summer is set
In the tender green of the plain,
The robin rests in his flight and shakes
A clinging drop from his shining wing,
And over the woodland silence breaks
The first sweet song of the spring!

'T is Spring again and the grasses hark
To the magic message the winds convey,
The flowers push through the damp and the dark
To star the meadows of May;
The rivers long in the winter's trance
Now over the rocks their waters fling,
Or softly steal where the sunbeams glance
Through blossoms and buds of Spring.

' Tis Spring again and the vagrant heart
Of the poet pent in the city's walls
Is flying far from the crowd apart
Where the voice of the young year calls.
For tired is he of struggle and strife,
Of thoughts that trouble, of cares that cling,
And dreams of a sweeter, simpler life.
Awake at the touch of Spring!

" Voices from Erin." Denis McCarthy

Notice the gentle feeling of early spring in Denis McCarthy's poem on " 'T is Spring Again." Read it with all the inner joy and the feeling of peace that come to us in the early spring. Let the poem bring a great variety of delicate pictures and a feeling for all the visions of springing life.

THE FIGHTING TÉMÉRAIRE

It was eight bells ringing,
For the morning watch was done,
And the gunner's lads were singing,
As they polished every gun.
It was eight bells ringing,
And the gunner's lads were singing
For the ship she rode a-swinging,
As they polished every gun.

Oh! to see the linstock lighting,
Téméraire! Téméraire!
Oh! to hear the round shot biting,
Téméraire! Téméraire!
Oh! to see the linstock lighting,
And to hear the round shot biting,
For we 're all in love with fighting
On the Fighting Téméraire.

It was noontide ringing,
And the battle just begun,
When the ship her way was winging,
As they loaded every gun.

It was noontide ringing
When the ship her way was winging,
And the gunner's lads were singing,
  As they loaded every gun.

There 'll be many grim and gory,
  Têméraire! Têméraire!
There 'll be few to tell the story,
  Têméraire! Têméraire!
There 'll be many grim and gory,
There 'll be few to tell the story,
But we'll all be one in glory
  With the Fighting Têméraire.

There 's a far bell ringing
  At the setting of the sun,
And a phantom voice is singing
  Of the great days done.
There 's a far bell ringing,
And a phantom voice is singing
Of renown forever clinging
  To the great days done.

Now the sunset breezes shiver,
  Têméraire! Têméraire!
And she 's fading down the river,
  Têméraire! Têméraire!
Now the sunset breezes shiver,
And she 's fading down the river,
But in England's song for ever
  She 's the Fighting Têméraire.

Henry Newbolt

III

IDEAS AND RESPONSIVE MODULATIONS

XIV. ATTENTION AND PAUSE

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave, and true,
Moment by moment, the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly errands to and fro —
Down humblest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful faces are those that wear —
It matters little if dark or fair —
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

"Beautiful Things." David Swing

Read the preceding lines first with only a vague, general idea; and then in a way to impress each separate idea upon others, so that they will think it with you. To do this what is needful?

You center your attention successively upon one idea at a time, and pause before each one. After such words as "hands," "earnest," "brave," "true," "feet," "faces" you also pause.

When you read it hurriedly or with the mind only upon the general thought you make few pauses, but when you try to lead somebody to think with you point after point, you make a great many pauses; you breathe often; you realize every successive idea.

We have already learned that we must not give words until the pictures or ideas for which they stand have come into the mind. We must not only see but must also feel these pictures, and feel them so intensely that they establish certain conditions, cause us to expand, take breath, and open the throat; only then can we speak the words in a way that will naturally and truly reveal their meaning.

Now, observe as the next step that in order to grasp the words, to think and feel what they awaken in us, and to cause an immediate response in our body, in breathing, and the tone passage, or to get others to think with us, a moment of time is necessary.

The time taken to allow the image and feeling to awaken right conditions of voice and body to respond is called a pause. A pause implies that we are thinking. If you did nothing but stop, such a hesitation would have no meaning. But a pause in union with thinking means attention.

VACATION-TIME

All the world is set to rhyme
Now it is vacation-time,
And a swelling flood of joy
Brims the heart of every boy,
No more rote and no more rule,
No more staying after school
When the dreamy brain forgets
Tiresome tasks the master sets;
Nothing but to play and play
Through an endless holiday.

Morn or afternoon, may all
Swing the bat and catch the ball;
Nimble-footed, race and run
Through the meadows in the sun,
Chasing wingèd scraps of light,
Butterflies in darting flight;
Or where willows lean and look
Down at others in the brook,
Frolic loud the stream within,
Every arm a splashing fin.

Where the thorny thickets bar,
There the sweetest berries are;
Where the shady banks make dim
Pebbly pools, the shy trout swim;
Where the boughs are mossiest,
Builds the humming-bird a nest; —
These are haunts the rover seeks,
Touch of tan upon his cheeks,
And within his heart the joy
Known to no one but a boy.

All the world is set to rhyme
Now it is vacation-time.

"A Boy's Book of Rhyme." Clinton Scollard

If we simply see words and speak them, one after another, without stopping, then our minds can receive no clear image; we can have no feeling and no response. Our

images or ideas will be confused; they will come after the words; we shall have no real enjoyment; the voice will be cold and hard and will not reveal the spirit or meaning of the passage. Without an impression, there can be no expression; hence, a pause is necessary, that we may think and feel before we speak.

Read this poem about "Vacation" from Mr. Clinton Scollard's "A Boy's Book of Rhyme." Take time to see and enjoy every successive picture. The lines are short, yet we can sometimes pause more than once in a line if some new thought, idea or picture is suggested by the words.

Try an experiment. Merely stop without thinking or receiving an image, without enjoying what the words should awaken. Now you observe that the most important thing is not the pause but the action of the mind during the pause. We may stop because we have nothing to say. We may stop because we meet with a difficult word. All such stops are hesitations and show weakness. They become no part of Expression, but are the death of Expression. A true expressive pause comes when we stop speaking in order to receive a deeper impression, in order really to think, to enjoy or to grasp something with the mind. We must take something before we can give it.

A genuine pause is like the lifting of the hammer before the stroke. We cannot make a good stroke without such a lift of the hammer. Good reading demands preparation. We must take before we show. We must live before we give.

Observe people carefully when you see them talking, and notice how many pauses they make in simple conversation. A genuine pause is part of the rhythm of thinking. In a true pause the talker not only thinks the idea himself but causes another to think it. A pause is either a sustaining of his own attention or the attention of another, or both.

This study of conversation shows us that we have two kinds of pauses. We often pause not merely to get an idea but to assure ourselves that the listener grasps the idea

that we have uttered, that he is thinking with us. This kind of a pause is called an Emphatic Pause.

IN THE FIELDS

The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday,
Among the fields, above the sea,
Among the winds at play;
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what may happen,
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay;
Among the rustling of the corn,
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born,
Out in the fields with God.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

When you are talking, if you say something that you consider important, you will give one word earnestly and forcibly, making an emphatic pause after this word before you give the other words belonging to the same idea, — to be sure that the one listening to you realizes it. This makes language forcible. The emphatic pause comes just before, or more frequently just after, the important word. This pause is sometimes longer than one in which you are merely getting the idea for yourself.

Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early, or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

John Fletcher

Read over some passage which interests you, or which you wish to impress upon others. Not only pause to receive ideas yourself, but pause in the very midst of phrases, keeping the whole thought in mind, and note how emphatic the passage becomes. In the preceding, for example, no-

tice the effect of a pause after the word "light," the word "influence," and the word "fate." Notice the effect of strong emphasis on "angels," giving the word lower in pitch, also on "shadows," with the remaining words on a lower key.

THE BOY

The Boy from his bedroom window
Looked over the little town,
And away to the bleak, black upland
Under a clouded moon.

The moon came forth from her cavern,
He saw the sudden gleam
Of a tarn in the swarthy moorland;
Or perhaps the whole was a dream.

For I never could find that water
In all my walks and rides;
Far-off, in the Land of Memory,
That midnight pool abides.

Many fine things had I glimpses of,
And said, "I shall find them one day."
Whether within or without me
They were, I cannot say.

William Allingham

Tell some simple story and be sure to pause until you receive a definite impression from every successive idea. Give each successive impression as great variety as you would in conversation. Take time to picture every event to yourself and give others time to create the scene and situation.

THE BEAR THAT PLAYED AT SOLDIER

"It was in a little country town," said the Moon, "I saw it last year. Down in the inn parlor sat a man who was traveling about with a bear. He was eating his supper. Bruin, poor fellow, who never did any harm to anybody, grim enough though he looked, — poor Bruin stood outside, tied up behind the stack of firewood. Up in the garret, in the light of my clear rays, three little children were playing: the eldest might be six years old, the youngest not more than two. 'Stump, stump.' Was a step coming up stairs? who could it be? The door flew open; it was Bruin, — great shaggy Bruin. He had become tired of standing down in the yard, and had now found his way up stairs. I saw it all," said the Moon.

"The children were so frightened at the great shaggy beast, they crept each of them into a corner; but he found them all three out, and touched them all over with his nose, but he did them no harm whatever. 'This is surely a big dog,' they thought, and so they began to stroke him. Then he laid himself down on the floor, and the youngest boy threw himself above him, and hid his head, with its golden curls, in the beast's thick black fur, playing at hide-and-seek. Now the eldest boy took his drum, and beat upon it till it thundered again. Then the bear rose up on his hind legs and began to dance. It was very charming, indeed. Next each boy took his gun, and the bear must have one also, and he held it quite properly; this was a splendid comrade that they had got. Then they marched — 'one, two; one, two.' Presently someone came to the door, and it opened. This was the mother of the children. You should have seen her dumb terror, her face as white as chalk, her mouth half open, her eyes fixed and staring. But the youngest boy nodded ever so joyfully and shouted at the top of his voice and said, 'We are just playing at soldiers!' And at this moment the bear's keeper came in."

Hans Christian Andersen

XV. SILENT READING AND READING ALOUD

The showers fall as softly
  Upon the lowly grass
As on the stately roses
  That tremble as they pass.

The sunlight shines as brightly
  On fern-leaves bent and torn
As on the golden harvest,
  The fields of waving corn.

The wild birds sing as sweetly
  To rugged, jagged pines,
As to the blossomed orchards,
  And to the cultured vines.

"High and Low." Dora Read Goodale

If you read this poem first silently, or for yourself alone, and then aloud, trying to make somebody understand you or think with you, what are some of the differences between the two readings?

When you read for yourself you generally read fast. When you read for others you read more slowly.

In both cases you find your attention stopping an instant and then moving onward. You must stop longer, however, when reading aloud because you not only take in the words and their meaning, but get such hold of the meaning, such definite thought pictures, such control of your body and breath, that you can speak words to others. In silent reading your eye goes forward rapidly, the mind immediately following it. When reading aloud your mind must hold only one idea at a time, grasping the words that belong to it, till you give this group of words. You must not let your mind run on and try to call the words after it, without regard to centres of attention.

Failure to make a distinction between silent reading and reading aloud is one of the chief causes of poor reading. When you read poorly you will find, if you observe yourself, that you are trying to read aloud just as you read silently. To read aloud you must pause often and longer.

TRIFLES

A raindrop is a little thing,
  But on the thirsty ground,
It helps to make the flowers of spring,
  And beauty spread around.

A ray of light may seem to be
  Lost in the blaze of day;
But its sweet mission God can see,
  Who sends it on its way.

Daniel Clement Colesworthy

It is a good exercise to read something silently, then talk about it, telling what you have read, and lastly, read it aloud trying to make it interesting to someone. Make it as pointed as you can and observe the difference in the three methods. In the first your attention almost skims along, taking in idea after idea very quickly. In the second you think and choose your words to tell what it is you read. In the third place your thinking is similar to your thinking when you talk. You first look over the words and think as definitely and forcibly as you did when you were talking, which necessitates many pauses. Finally you give the phrases, one at a time and definitely.

You should learn to make your silent reading very rapid. Hunt up good things to read. Try to read something silently every day and thus gain the power to read rapidly and to tell what you have read. This is an excellent method of training attention.

You will see that whether you talk or whether you read aloud, you must pay attention to one thing at a time, and let that thing fill your mind, just as you did in the first poems that you studied.

Always be careful, however, not to confuse silent reading with reading aloud. Take some simple story and after reading it through silently, see how much of the story you can tell. Then read it aloud and make it vivid and real to someone else. Make that person see and enjoy it just as you do. Notice carefully in what ways your reading aloud is different from silent reading.

XVI. WORDS AND THE EYE

Wrens and robins in the hedge,
Wrens and robins here and there;
Building, perching, pecking, fluttering,
Everywhere.

Christina Georgina Rossetti

In reading silently or aloud observe what your eye does. It should grasp a group of words at a time. Many people's eyes however, act slowly and sluggishly, and they must therefore be trained.

Read over some passage, such as this parable, genuinely thinking one thing at a time, and notice that the eye grasps at once a number of words which stand for a single idea.

THE TREE AND THE REED

"Well, little one," said a tree to a reed that was growing at its foot, "why do you not plant your feet deeply in the ground, and raise your head boldly as I do?"

"I am contented with my lot," said the reed. "I may not be so grand, but I think I am safer."

"Safe!" sneered the tree. "Who shall pluck me up by the roots or bow my head to the ground?"

Soon a hurricane arose which tore it up from the roots, and cast it a useless log on the ground, while the little reed, bending to the force of the wind, soon stood upright again when the storm had passed over.

Æsop

In reading aloud the action of the eye must be united to the attention of the mind. The eye must grasp a group of words while the mind thinks the idea, then stop while the idea or ideas are held in the mind and given. In a passage like the following let your eye take one, not more than one, line at a time, and stop while this is given; then take the next quickly during a pause.

THE HAPPY WORLD

The bee is a rover;
The brown bee is gay;
To feed on the clover,
He passes this way.
Brown bee, humming over,
What is it you say?
"The world is so happy — so happy to-day!"

The martins have nested
All under the eaves;
The field-mice have jested
And played in the sheaves;
We have played too, and rested,
And none of us grieves;
All over the wide world, who is it that grieves?

William Brighty Rands

We find that usually several words are required to give us a mental picture.

The training of the eye to obey the mind is one of the most important steps in reading. When this point has been neglected it is almost impossible for one to make a good reader. Many people who recite well cannot read well, because they have not received this training of the eye.

This action of the eye is a part of the work that we do during a pause, and must be co-ordinated with pause, while both obey attention.

Now read carefully some passage. Let your eye first take in the phrase quickly, hold it while the mind grasps the idea, and simply and naturally give the words that express

it. With every successive phrase let the eye obey attention in this way. Frequently the phrases will be very short, especially in great earnestness.

THE FLOWER

Once in a golden hour
I cast to earth a seed;
Up there came a flower,
The people said, a weed.

Then it grew so tall
It wore a crown of light,
But thieves from o'er the wall,
Stole the seed by night.

Sowed it far and wide
By every town and tower,
Till all the people cried,
"Splendid is the flower."

Alfred Tennyson

Again, select some passage of poetry or prose and draw a line after every complete idea. Let the eye take in at once each successive phrase; realize the idea and give it.

Oh, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues!

George Eliot

THE KING AND THE GOOSEHERD

Maximilian was one of the best beloved monarchs that ever sat upon the throne of Bavaria.

One summer morning, in plain walking dress, he had gone out for a walk in his park, taking a book as his companion.

After he had walked about half a mile homeward, the king fumbled in his pockets for his book, and, not finding it, remembered that he had left it under an oak. Unwilling to lose it, and not caring to go back for it, he looked all around for a messenger, but could see no one except a lad who was looking after a flock of geese.

So, calling the boy to him, the king promised him a florin if he would run for the book. The poor gooseherd cast an incredulous look on the stout gentleman who made him this handsome offer, and, thinking it was someone trying to send him on a fool's errand, turned away, saying, "I am not so stupid as you think."

"Stupid! who thinks you stupid?" asked the king.

"Why, who would be so foolish as to give me a real florin just for running half a mile for a book? No, no, you won't get me to believe that."

"Well, then," said the king, "you know 'seeing is believing.' Look! here is the florin for you."

"If I saw it in my own hand," said the unbelieving boy, "that would be a different matter."

Taking him at his word, the good-natured monarch laid the shining coin in the lad's palm; but instead of running off for the book the boy stood stock-still, and a cloud came over his face.

"What's the matter now?" asked the king: "why don't you go?"

"I only wish I could," he replied; "but what will become of the geese while I am away? If they should stray into the meadow over yonder, I should have to pay trespass-money, — more than a florin, — and lose my place besides."

By this time the king was quite interested in the frank, outspoken lad: so he promised to herd the geese for him in his absence.

"You herd the geese!" said the lad with a laugh: "a pretty gooseherd you would make! You are too fat and too old. Just look at the 'court gander' there, — him with the black head and wings; he is always trying to get me into a scrape; he is the ringleader whenever there is any mischief in the wind. He would lead you a pretty dance."

"Never mind the geese," said the king, with a smothered laugh: "I'll answer for them, and I'll pay all damages."

So at last the gooseherd placed the whip in the king's hand and set out. But scarcely had he gone a dozen footsteps when he turned back.

"What's the matter now?" called out the king.

"Crack the whip!" cried the boy.

The monarch tried to do as he was bid, but no snap came from the whip.

"Just as I thought," said the lad. So saying, he snatched

the whip from the king's hands, and made all the geese tremble to hear the dreaded sound, while showing the king how to produce it.

King Maximilian entered into the joke, and did his best to learn his lesson. At last the gooseherd started off, but not without many doubts and many shakings of his little head. The king sat down, and indulged in a hearty laugh, all forgetful of his charge; and the " court gander " was not slow in learning that the whip was in some other hand than his master's.

With one or two shrill calls to his companions, he took the lead into the forbidden meadow, and was followed by the whole flock. The king made a dash forward to prevent the flock from flying over, but his royal limbs were far from agile; he tried to crack the whip, but all his efforts were in vain. Away went the geese over the marshy meadow, leaving the royal herdsman alone in his glory.

The monarch was half amused and half ashamed on the return of the gooseherd with the book.

" Just as I expected," said the boy: " I have found the book, but you have lost the geese."

" Never mind," said the king smiling: " I will help you to get them together again."

The boy posted the monarch in a certain spot, and told him to wave his arms and to shout with all his might if the geese tried to pass him. The runaways heard the terrible whip, and ran together in fear. By one or two well-directed blows on the back of the " court gander," the ringleader was brought under control, and the whole cackling herd driven back.

As soon as the boy saw the flock feeding again in their own pasture, he scolded the king soundly for his neglect. Maximilian bore his scolding meekly, and said he hoped the boy would excuse his awkwardness, for, being the king, he was not used to the work.

The gooseherd thought the old gentleman was joking. " I was a simpleton," said he, " to trust you with the geese; but I am not such a simpleton as to believe you are the king."

" Well," said Maximilian, with a smile, " here is another florin as a peace-offering."

The boy took the florin with a doubtful gaze upon the benevolent face of the donor, and said, with a wise shake of the head, as the king was leaving, " You 're a kind gentleman, whoever you may be; but take my word for it, you 'll never make a gooseherd."

Author not known

XVII. IDEAS AND PHRASING

A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams and health and quiet breathing.

John Keats

In the preceding lesson we have learned that the eye does not look at one word at a time but skips quickly through a group of words in obedience to thinking. We do not give attention to one word at a time and speak that, but we give our attention through the words to the idea for which they stand.

In the preceding poem the eye will take in at one time a group of words standing for one idea. Sometimes the eye has taken in too many words and the mind then separates what is taken into two phrases and holds and gives them consecutively. The eye is apt, however, to go too far, the attention not stopping to focus upon one idea.

But did you ever notice that when talking we rarely speak each word by itself? Only now and then we give a word alone, such as "No" or "Yes" or "Well" or "What" or "Why," but usually we speak several words together.

Now, if we observe closely we find in natural reading that we speak the words in the same way. "By the deep sea," for example, you speak in the same way as you would the word "nevertheless."

Such a group of words is called a phrase. By a phrase you mean several words which express one idea. "By the brook," for example, is one picture. So "among the lonely pines," you simply have a picture of the pines and the word "lonely" helps you to know the pines a little better. Sometimes you may have many words and yet hold one picture—"In the joyous spring woods," or "under the beautiful red autumn trees." All these words go to express a single mental image.

The holding of one definite picture in the mind causes words to be gathered into such groups or phrases. When

you read passages without thinking, then the words and not their meaning are the objects of attention.

Breaking the phrases apart prevents the mind from making pictures or thinking. The beauty of reading consists not in pronouncing a printed page, but in giving single vivid ideas and letting the words fall into groups to express the mind's action.

In these lines how would Mary read " I-saw-a-boy " or " Thomas-have-you-seen-the-cat "? Her little brother or sister who is talking in the poem is supposed to have been able to observe the difference, and in fact it is very noticeable. In reading she doubtless took one word at a time and pronounced it as a word. She had a printed page before her and her eye did not act very freely for she was not familiar with the words or she was reading as a mere task. But when she told stories to " Bob and me " she saw real pictures in her mind, she gave attention to each one successively and then the words were gathered into natural groups.

WHEN MARY READS

When Mary reads at school, you know,
She speaks the words off very slow:
" I-see-a-boy," and things like that,
And " Thomas-have-you-seen-the-cat? "
And teacher says (don't ever tell),
That Mary can't read very well!

But when she reads to Bob and me,
We scarcely want to stop for tea.
She reads the most surprising things
Of birds that talk, and beasts with wings,
And mother always smiles to see,
When Mary reads to Bob and me.

Hannah G. Fernald

Right phrasing is one of the chief characteristics of good reading. Phrasing is the control of words by our attention, the speaking of the idea for which words stand. To phrase well we must really think the ideas before we speak them.

Can you speak the following words so as to bring sense out of them? People give it like this as a puzzle sometimes, and it is interesting because the problem of putting sense

into the words is really the problem of phrasing. Speaking one word at a time, it sounds like nonsense.

That that is is that that is not is not is that it?

If you take a sentence or a poem and give words without phrasing and but one word at a time it makes as much nonsense as you made in repeating the words of the puzzle. We must think, and one of the first effects of genuine thinking shows itself in the grouping of the words that we speak.

Did you observe when you solved the puzzle how you separated the words? Note how it is changed by phrasing and pauses. "That that is, is; that that is not, is not. Is that it?" Punctuation sometimes helps as here; but in a majority of cases it gives no aid whatever. Vocal expression must bring out the meaning.

THE ROBIN

When father takes his spade to dig,
  Then Robin comes along;
He sits upon a little twig
  And sings a little song.

Or, if the trees are rather far,
  He does not stay alone,
But comes up close to where we are
  And bobs upon a stone.

Laurence Alma-Tadema

Give some poem that you like very much, that your mind freely pictures, pausing frequently and gathering the words as closely as you can around your images. Let each phrase tell of a single thing.

AN EMERALD IS AS GREEN AS GRASS

An emerald is as green as grass;
  A ruby red as blood;
A sapphire shines as blue as heaven;
  A flint lies in the mud.

A diamond is a brilliant stone
  To catch the world's desire;
An opal holds a fiery spark;
  But a flint holds fire.

Christina Georgina Rossetti

Read a poem or story and give each successive idea not only in unison with the words that belong to it, but with natural movement in your thinking from idea to idea or group to group of words, and observe that this gathering of words together takes place in proportion to the definiteness and clearness with which you think. In right phrasing the words become transparent and a listener thinks only of the ideas.

HOW THE THRUSHES CROSSED THE SEA

In Egypt, not far from the pyramids, a mother thrush had spent a pleasant winter with a fine brood of young thrushes. But as the days began to grow warmer, a strange restlessness warned them that it was time to take their flight to a more northern country and a less sunny clime.

The mother thrush gathered her children together, and having joined a flock of friends from the banks of the upper Nile, they spread their wings and fluttered away toward the Mediterranean Sea. There in due time they arrived, and alighted not far from the shore.

"Where shall we go now?" asked one of the young birds, whose name was Songful.

"We must cross the great sea," said his mother.

"What!" cried another, who was called Thinklittle. "How can we do that? We shall drown before we are halfway across."

Then a third, whom everybody knew as Grumbler, began to complain. "Oh dear!" he cried. "You have brought us here only to drown us in the sea."

Then Songful, and Thinklittle, and Thankful, the rest of Mother Thrush's family, all joined in the cry of Grumbler. "You have brought us here only to drown us in the sea!"

"Wait a little while," said their mother, quietly. "We must find a ship to carry us across."

The very next day a strange sound was heard high up in the air: "Honk! honk! honk!"

"There are our ships!" cried Mother Thrush.

"What do you mean?" piped Thinklittle. And he hopped upon a twig, looked up into the sky, and shook his wings. "I see nothing but a flock of those clumsy storks that wade in the mud by the river banks."

But his mother only nodded her head and said, "Wait a little while!"

The storks settled down upon the shore, quite near to the little company of thrushes. There, for a while, they fed among the tall plants that grew by the margin of the water. But soon they began to make a great stir; and they called to one another among the reeds, "Honk, creek! Honk, creek!"

"There!" said Mother Thrush. "They're going! Get ready, my children! We must go with them."

"How are we going to do that?" cried Grumbler.

"Yes, how?" said Thinklittle. "We are not strong enough to keep up with those storks."

"Silence!" cried Mother Thrush, now much excited. "Say not a word, but do as I do."

The storks slowly raised their awkward bodies and spread their huge wings. Then they soared into the air, trailed their legs behind them, and crying hoarsely, took their course straight across the sea.

"Now!" cried Mother Thrush. "Be quick! Follow me, and do as I do!"

She darted into the midst of the flock of storks, with her four broodlings close beside her. For a moment or two, she fluttered over a gray-winged stork, and then settled down upon the bird's broad back and nestled between her wings. All her family followed, and cuddled down beside her. For a short time they felt so strange in their odd resting place that they kept very still. But after a while the young ones began to talk.

"This is a pleasant voyage, indeed," said Thinklittle. "How nice to ride on the backs of these big storks! The people who ride on camels, or on the little donkeys that trot to and from the pyramids, have not half so pleasant a time."

"Now I understand what mother meant when she spoke of ships," said Songful. "I wonder if she thinks our stork will carry us all the way across."

"Indeed, she will!" said Mother Thrush.

They rode on for many and many a mile, sometimes being a little frightened as the stork fluttered to and fro, or sank and rose again. But now and then they ventured to peep out between the widespread wings, and look down upon the green sea that rolled beneath them.

"Mother," at last said Thankful.

"Well, my dear."

"Do n't you think that the stork must be very tired, and that we ought to do something to comfort and cheer her as she flies?"

"Hush!" cried Thinklittle. "If the stork finds that we are here, she will toss us off of her back."

"Oh, who cares if the stork is tired," said Grumbler. "She can feel no worse than we do."

Thankful was silent for a little while. Then she crept close to her brother Songful, and the two twittered softly together for a moment. At last, without a word to the others, they lifted their heads and broke forth together into song. The notes of the duet rose sweet and clear above the fluttering of the stork's wings and the whistling of the shrill north wind.

"Ah!" cried Thinklittle, as he heard the song; "it is very sweet, indeed, and I feel almost like singing too. But what if the old stork should hear us!"

"Yes, indeed," said Grumbler. "It is very foolish to let her know that we are here."

But the stork listened to the song with pleasure and was not at all angry. More that once she turned her head backward, and out of her deep round eyes looked kindly upon the singers.

"Thank you," she said when the song was ended. "You have cheered the way with your pleasant song. I am so glad that you chose to come with me."

At last the northern shore was reached, and the thrushes rose from the back of the great bird that had carried them so far and so safely. Then breaking into a chorus of song, with sweet words of farewell, they flew away to make the rest of the journey home upon their own wings.

When they reached the green fields and broad canals of Holland, they found the good stork and her friends already at home on the tall chimneys of an old town; and after friendly greetings they set to work building their own nests.

Henry C. McCook

XVIII. THINKING AND THE PHRASE ACCENT

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.

Longfellow

If you speak the word "superintendent" and then the phrase "in the tall pine tree" what is the difference in your utterance? There is very little difference. In speaking the word "superintendent" we have one syllable which we call the accented syllable. In the same way,

in such a phrase as " in the tall pine tree " or " down in the meadow," there is one syllable, the accentuated syllable of the central word, which receives special force.

This phrase accent, which may be named in one word, touch, is very important in reading. The accented syllable of the central word of the phrase is given with a strong stroke of the voice. This stroke is strong in proportion to the length of the pause before it, to the vividness of your impression, or to the intensity of your feeling.

The phrase accent brings the words of the phrase into relation with one another. Words gather into groups through the concentration of the mind.

A word is not accented exactly as is a phrase, for a word is a fixed thing, and the accent must always be given at a certain place, while in the phrase the accent may be in different places according to our thought. For example, in the phrase " in the oak tree " we might accentuate " oak " if we were contrasting it with " in the apple tree," or " in " if we were contrasting it with " under the oak tree." This is what distinguishes phrase accent and word accent.

TO THE VIOLET

Dear little Violet,
  Don't be afraid!
Lift your blue eyes
  From the rock's mossy shade.

All the birds call for you
  Out of the sky;
May is here waiting,
  And here, too, am I.

Come, pretty Violet,
  Winter 's away;
Come, for without you
  May isn't May.

Down through the sunshine
  Wings flutter and fly;
Quick, little Violet,
  Open your eye!

Author not known

Suppose you read naturally this poem about the Violet. If you pause after "dear" or after "little" we do not know what "dear" or "little" mean, but if you speak the whole first line together the mind makes a picture. Read the whole poem thinking ideas before speaking. Make as prominent as you can the important words, the central words in each phrase. You can safely trust your ideas to gather around them the proper words if your thinking is genuine.

In ordinary talking the words gather into groups spontaneously, and whenever words obey our thought we give the phrase accent in the right place. If it is in the wrong place, then our thinking is not genuine or true. When we have the right idea in our mind and give it as we speak in every-day life, the grouping of the words and the phrase accent naturally follow.

CLOVERS

The clovers have no time to play:
They feed the cows and make the hay,

And trim the lawns and help the bees,
Until the sun sinks through the trees.

And then they lay aside their cares,
And fold their hands to say their prayers,

And drop their tired little heads,
And go to sleep in clover beds.

Then when the day dawns clear and blue
They wake and wash their hands in dew;

And as the sun climbs up the sky
They hold them up and let them dry;

And then to work the whole long day:
For clovers have no time to play.

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Can you read this poem, "Clovers," so earnestly as to get someone to think it or feel it, and give all the ideas with life and force? Your vigorous thinking and your definite picturing will gather the words into groups with pauses between and with a decided stroke in the centre of each phrase.

THE JOYS OF THE ROAD

Now the joys of the road are chiefly these:
A crimson touch on the hard-wood trees;

A vagrant's morning wide and blue,
In early fall, when the wind walks, too;

A shadowy highway cool and brown,
Alluring up and enticing down

From rippled water to dappled swamp,
From purple glory to scarlet pomp;

The outward eye, the quiet will,
And the striding heart from hill to hill;

The tempter apple over the fence;
The cobweb bloom on the yellow quince;

The palish asters along the wood, —
A lyric touch of the solitude;

An open hand, an easy shoe,
And a hope to make the day go through, —

Another to sleep with, and a third,
To wake me up at the voice of a bird;

The resonant far-listening morn,
And the hoarse whisper of the corn; . . .

An idle noon, a bubbling spring,
The sea in the pine-tops murmuring;

A scrap of gossip at the ferry;
A comrade neither glum nor merry,

Asking nothing, revealing naught,
But minting his words from a fund of thought,

A keeper of silence eloquent,
Needy, yet royally well content, . . .

Never heart-whole, never heart-sick,
(These are the things I worship in Dick)

No fidget, and no reformer, just
A calm observer of ought and must,

A lover of books, but a reader of man,
No cynic and no charlatan,

Who never defers and never demands,
But, smiling, takes the world in his hands, —

Seeing it good as when God first saw
And gave it the weight of his will for law.

And O, the joy that is never won,
But follows and follows the journeying sun,

By marsh and tide, by meadow and stream,
A will-o'-the-wind, a light-o'-dream,

Delusion afar, delight anear,
From morrow to morrow, from year to year,

A jack-o'-lantern, a fairy fire,
A dare, a bliss, and a desire!

The racy smell of the forest loam,
When the stealthy, sad-heart leaves go home;

(O leaves, O leaves, I am one with you,
Of the mould and the sun and the wind and the dew!)

The broad gold wake of the afternoon;
The silent fleck of the cold new moon;

The sound of the hollow sea's release
From stormy tumult to starry peace;

With only another league to wend;
And two brown arms at the journey's end!

These are the joys of the open road —
For him who travels without a load.

Bliss Carman

Observe that when you are earnest or want people to get exactly what you mean, you increase your attention to the ideas, and in proportion to the increase of this attention you give more force to your phrase accent. Read what Bliss Carman says about "The Joys of the Road"; give each successive idea with great force, with wonder at the different things he speaks of, and with great change of tone as he passes from one to the other. Observe the fluttering action of the boy's mind in talking about such things.

Whenever we have great feeling the vigor of the phrase accent increases. In fact, it increases in direct proportion to the intensity of the feeling. Touch shows control of the emotion. Whenever there is great intensity of patri-

otism, admiration, or other emotion, the successive touches are very strong.

SHIRAKAMI GENJIRO

Easy in other times than this
  Were Anjou's stream to cross;
But, now, beneath the storm of shot,
  Its waters seethe and toss,
Other time to pass that stream
  Were sport for boys at play;
But every man through blood must wade
  Who fords Anjou to-day.
The bugle sounds; — through flood and flame
  Charges the line of steel; —
Above the crash of battle rings
  The bugle's stern appeal.

Why had that bugle ceased to call?
  Why does it call once more?
Why sounds that stirring signal now
  More faintly than before?
What time the bugle ceased to sound
  The breast was smitten through; —
What time the blast rang faintly, blood
  Gushed from lips that blew.
Death-stricken, still the bugler stands!
  He leans upon his gun, —
Once more to sound the bugle-call
  Before his life be done.

What though the shattered body fall?
  The spirit rushes free
Through Heaven and Earth to sound anew
  That call to Victory!
Far, far beyond our shores the spot
  Now honored by his fall; —
But forty million brethren
  Have heard that bugle-call.
Comrade! — beyond the peaks and seas
  Your bugle sounds to-day
In forty million loyal hearts
  A thousand miles away.

[1] Kokoro."

Lafcadio Hearn

After the Japanese military ballad, Rappa-no-hibiki.

At the battle of Song-Hwan, a Japanese bugler named Shirakami Genjiro was ordered to sound the charge (suzume). He had sounded it once when a bullet passed through his lungs, throwing him down. His comrades tried to take the bugle away, seeing the wound was fatal. He wrested it from them, lifted it again to his lips, sounded the charge once more with all his strength, and fell back dead.

It is again suggested that the student review pause at this point. Observe that pause and touch are in proportion. The longer the pause the more vigorous the touch. These two in alternation constitute rhythm or the pulsation of force. As thinking is rhythmic, expression must be rhythmic. Give one thing at a time with the right pause, not with hesitation, but a pause filled with thought, a preparation for speech and the touch or phrase accent directly following. The right proportion of these in some vigorous passage demands a great deal of work. It will correct many evils.

Observe in this poem the Japanese bugler who, though dying, tries to blow his bugle as a signal for the Japanese army to cross the stream and make a charge. We feel intense sympathy for his courage and noble deed. It is no wonder that his conduct has made the poem very popular among Japanese people.

Observe in reading it that deep and intense feeling causes deep breathing and long pauses which are followed by vigorous phrase accents with touch on the central word of each phrase. Hence, intense passages always accentuate the phrase accent and the length of the pause and all the conditions for tone.

XIX. CHANGE OF IDEAS AND PITCH

Ye lispers, whisperers, singers in storms,
Ye consciences murmuring faiths under forms,
Ye ministers meet for each passion that grieves,
Friendly, sisterly, sweetheart leaves,
Oh, rain me down from your darks that contain me
Wisdoms ye winnow from winds that pain me, —

Hymns of the Marshes. Lanier

When we take one idea or one impression and realize it fully, and then another which implies a change of attention, if there is a sense of difference between them in our minds the change in the mind causes also a change in pitch in the voice.

In the preceding, for example, if we call the words of the first line as if for someone to spell them they will follow

on the same pitch, but if every phrase or word requires such attention as to cause a specific image in the mind then each is given on a different pitch.

Pansies, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises;
Long as there 's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory;
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story:
There 's a flower that shall be mine,
'T is the little Celandine.

" To the Small Celandine." William Wordsworth.

If you name the flowers in the first line of the above extract, giving one word after another as if you were counting them, you will observe that your words follow each other on the same pitch. If, however, you definitely picture in your mind each of these flowers and see them as if you were introducing them to someone's attention you will change your pitch as you pass from one to another. Observe also that as you present other flowers mentioned in the poem they will each be upon a different pitch. " Primroses " and " violets " will be in a separate part of your voice because you see them as different things. Then when you come to the flower which the poet especially chooses as the object of admiration there will be a still greater change.

This happens in conversation. In talking, our voices seem to leap up and down at random. It does not make much difference whether we go up or whether we go down; it seems sometimes that one direction is as good as another, but we must change. When the voice stays on one pitch we are not natural.

We need to contrast the pictures of the mind. We must move or progress from one idea to another. This life of the mind, this skipping and varying, gives a meaning to the voice.

If you render naturally this poem by Nixon Waterman you find in giving " drip, drip, drip," as if you in your imagination really hear the rain, you will give the words " drip " on one pitch because you do not make any new picture in speaking the successive words. You merely repeat the

same word in a way to sustain the same picture in the mind.

In the short lines of the poem observe moreover that each successive phrase is so well chosen as to express definitely the distinct picture, and that if you realize each of these individually you are naturally led to express them upon a different pitch.

THE DREAM-SONG

Oh, the drip, drip, drip of the rain, the rain,
The drip, drip, drip of the rain;
The sweet, sad song the whole night long
Is sung in my drowsy brain.
In a dream I rest in the old home nest,
And my mother comes again
As came she oft with a step as soft
As the drip, drip, drip of the rain,
The rain,
The drip, drip, drip of the rain.

Oh, the drip, drip, drip of the rain, the rain,
The drip, drip, drip of the rain;
As it weaves the woof of the song on the roof
With the warp of the sound at the pane.
And my dream-ship sails with the happy gales
That ripple the broad, blue main,
While the waves, soft-tossed, in my dreams are lost
Mid the drip, drip, drip of the rain,
The rain,
The drip, drip, drip of the rain.

Oh, the drip, drip, drip of the rain, the rain,
The drip, drip, drip of the rain;
Like the drowsy croon of bees in June
Is the song and the soft refrain.
And I drift away through a golden bay
By the shores of my castled Spain,
While my soul grows young in the dream-song sung
Mid the drip, drip, drip of the rain,
The rain,
The drip, drip, drip of the rain.

"A Book of Verses," by permission of the author. Nixon Waterman

In general, when you pass from one picture to another, each being definite, your discrimination in passing from one to another causes a change of pitch.

WINGS

Wings that flutter in sunny air;
Wings that dive and dip and dare;
Wings of the humming bird flashing by;
Wings of the lark in the open sky;
Wings of the eagle aloft, aloof;
Wings of the pigeon upon the roof;
Wings of the storm bird swift and free,
With wild winds sweeping across the sea;
Often and often a voice in me sings, —
Oh for the freedom, the freedom of wings!

Oh to winnow the air with wings;
Oh to float far above hurtful things, —
Things that weary and wear and fret;
Deep in the azure to fly and forget;
To touch in a moment the mountain's crest,
Or haste to the valley for home and rest;
To rock with the pine tree as wild birds may;
To follow the sailor a summer's day;
Over and over a voice in me sings, —
Oh for the freedom, the freedom of wings!

Softly responsive a voice in me sings, —
Thou hast the freedom, the freedom of wings;
Soon as the glass a second can count,
Into the heavens thy heart may mount;
Hope may fly to the topmost peak;
Love its nest in the vale may seek;
Outspeeding the sailor, Faith's pinions may
Touch the ends of the earth in a summer's day;
Softly responsive a voice in me sings, —
Thou hast the freedom, the freedom of wings!

Mrs. Mary Frances Butts

An example of this can be found in any sentence we speak. Observe, in reading "Wings," the change from "dip" to "dare." Notice still greater changes with "humming bird," "lark," "eagle," "pigeon," storm bird." Read and try how widely your change of ideas makes you vary pitch. At the same time your reading grows more natural and forceful.

Read this poem about November. Speak about the crops, the apples, and pumpkins. Observe that as you pass from object to object, whenever you allow a spontaneous picture, your voice also changes with your mind.

Sing a song of drear November,
Sing of birds and blossoms lost,
Sing of leafless branches tossed;
Sing a song of chill November,
Snapping, sparkling with the frost.
Sing of grapes and apples sweet,
Sing of sheaves of golden wheat;
Do n't forget the pumpkins yellow,
With their pulpy hearts so mellow,
Sing a song of dear November,
To music glad and gay;
'T is the merriest month, — remember!
For it brings Thanksgiving Day!

Author not known

Can you read something, allowing your mind great freedom, to see whatever comes up before it? Let one thing come and give that, and then let another come into your mind, and give that as something different from what you gave before.

You observe that the more playful the mind is, the more we change pitch. You must allow your ideas and feelings to vary playfully and to dominate your words. If you do this then your tones will be filled with meaning and your words will be given with care, not in a mechanical way.

THE BOY AND THE ROBIN

Once a sweet boy sat and swung on a limb:
On the ground stood a robin-bird looking at him.
Now the boy he was good, but the robin was bad,
So he shied a big stone at the head of the lad,
And it killed the poor boy, and the robin was glad.

Then the little boy's mother flew over the trees —
" Tell me, where is my boy, little robin-bird, please? "
" He is safe in my pocket," the robin-bird said,
And another stone shied at the fond mother's head,
And she fell at the feet of the wicked bird, dead.

You imagine, no doubt, that the tale I have mixed,
But it was n't by me that the story was fixed;
'T was a dream a boy had after killing a bird,
And he dreamed it so loud that I heard every word,
And I jotted it down as it truly occurred.

Adapted from " Good Works."

Author not known

Take something of a playful nature and give it with great enjoyment. Observe, for example, the boy and the robin that got mixed. Make the robin talk like the boy who thinks it manly to kill little birds. Think and feel it genuinely. Let every action of your mind really affect your voice. Notice that you make an unusual change in pitch as you begin stanza three. This is because your mind changes greatly at that point.

THE STORMY PETREL

A thousand miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea;
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast:
The sails are scatter'd abroad, like weeds,
The strong masts shake like quivering reeds,
The mighty cables, and iron chains,
The hull, which all earthly strength disdains,
They strain and they crack, and hearts like stone
Their natural hard, proud strength disown.

Up and down! Up and down!
From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,
And midst the flashing and feathery foam
The Stormy Petrel finds a home, —
A home, if such a place may be,
For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
And only seeketh her rocky lair
To warm her young, and to teach them to spring
At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing.

O'er the Deep! O'er the Deep!
Where the whale, and the shark, and the sword-fish sleep,
Outflying the blast and the driving rain,
The Petrel telleth her tale — in vain;
For the mariner curseth the warning bird
Who bringeth him news of the storms unheard!
Ah! thus does the prophet, of good or ill,
Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still:
Yet he ne'er falters: — So, Petrel! spring
Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing!

Bryan Waller Proctor (Barry Cornwall)

The stormy petrel is a bird which flies over the waves and seems to live on the sea. He goes before a storm, and sailors know that a storm is coming when they see him.

In this "Stormy Petrel," take the last stanza where the "whale" and the "shark" and the "sword-fish" sleep. Notice how "whale," "shark" and "sword-fish" all are given differently, likewise "blast" and "rain." Then notice how we make a more extreme change of pitch and pause longer before or after the words "in vain," for one would expect the sailor to thank the little bird for telling of the storm, instead of blaming him as if he brought it.

Read this description and let your voice swing freely up and down between your phrases as you introduce point after point. Give these wide changes of pitch quite naturally. The degree with which you change pitch is always in proportion to the degree of the change in the mind.

Observe also that as you increase the number of pauses as well as their length you must also introduce more changes of pitch in direct union with them. There is even a natural proportion between the length of the pause and the extent of the change of pitch.

In your conversation, you will find that these pauses and changes of pitch in response to your thinking are signs of naturalness. They show that you mean what you say. In proportion as you use pauses, phrase accent and changes of pitch you show that you really think and feel what you are saying. By these we know that you are reading naturally. To read as you talk you must think in reading as you think in talking.

Read these lines, not only lengthening the pauses and gathering your words into groups with definite phrase accent, but accentuating as much as you can changes of pitch between phrases; and notice how much more natural, pleasing and intelligible will be your reading.

For flowers that bloom about our feet,
For tender grass so fresh, so sweet,
For song of bird and hum of bee,
For all things fair we hear or see,
For blue of stream and blue of sky,
For pleasant shade of branches high,
For fragrant air and cooling breeze,
For beauty of the blooming trees,

For mother-love and father-care,
For brothers strong and sisters fair,
For love at home and here each day,
For guidance lest we go astray,
For this new morning with its light,
For rest and shelter of the night,
For health and food, for love and friends,
For everything His goodness sends,
Father in heaven, we thank thee.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

XX. RHYTHMIC PULSATION IN THINKING AND FEELING

Oh! blest art thou whose steps may rove
Through the green paths of vale and grove.
For thee the stream in beauty flows,
For thee the gale of summer blows,
And, in deep glen and wood-walk free,
Voices of joy still breathe for thee.

Felicia Hemans

Pause in itself means nothing. It may show that we are stopping because we have nothing to say or to do. We may stop for lack of a word, or for lack of a thought. A pause, to mean something, must be associated with the taking of an idea, and we can know that it has a meaning only from what follows it. The phrase accent which follows it shows that we were thinking in the period of silence.

The length of the silence and the vigor of the phrase accent are in proportion, and this proportion between pause and phrase accent or their necessary union gives both their meaning. This meaning comes indeed from the fact that in thinking there are peculiar beats or pulsations. In thinking your mind pauses upon one thing and pictures that; then moves and takes another. That is to say, attention goes by a series of alternations or rhythmic pulsations, and this causes the union and proportion of pause and touch and makes them reveal thinking. Hence, the necessity of the pause in order to centre the mind's attention and get the idea, and hence also the need of the phrase accent to assert it.

On the other hand, if you pause at random, you break the whole current of your own thought and that of anyone

listening to you. But, if you read again, this time concentrating your attention, and using pauses and phrase accents in order to make the words correspond with the rhythm of your thinking, you will discover that the pulsation of your expression, the very taking of your breath, the force which you give to the central word of your phrase, directly reveal your thinking and feeling. This is the first thing to master: to think, and then to use a group of words to express your thought. Live an idea and then give it; live another one and give that. This union of pause and touch illustrates an important thing in reading. When you write a letter or when you are talking you search for just the word or phrase to stand for an idea in your mind. You reject at the same time all others because they will not give just what you mean. In reading, however, a pause brings with it a phrase accent as well as a change of pitch. You cannot eliminate either of them. If the pause means something alone it means ten times as much united with phrase accent. If "one can chase a thousand, two can put ten thousand to flight."

You never choose a pause instead of a touch or instead of any other modulation, but you choose pause and touch together. One introduces the other; they imply each other, or both may be meaningless.

Rhythm expresses life. Your heart beats rhythmically; you breathe rhythmically; you must speak and read in rhythm.

If you really live each successive idea there will be a continual rhythmic alternation between the pause during which you receive your idea and the touch by which you give it. The living of each idea causes a pulsation of force which gives a vigorous accent to the centre of each phrase, which is the necessary expression of true force.

In the first of the two following passages we shall pause less frequently than in the second, especially if we try, in reading them, to realize their true spirit.

Again, in the stanza by Edgar Fawcett you find that you pause longer in the third and fourth lines, in proportion to your earnestness, in proportion as you realize the force of the thought.

When the humid showers hover
Over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness
Gently weeps in rainy tears,
'T is a joy to press the pillow
Of a cottage chamber bed,
And to listen to the patter
Of the soft rain overhead.

Coates Kinney

Here is a lesson that he who runs may read;
Though I fear but few have won it, —
The best reward of a kindly deed
Is the knowledge of having done it!

Edgar Fawcett

We may pause frequently or seldom. The frequency of the pause depends on the number of things we find to interest us, the number of points to rouse our attention. The more genuine we are, the more we wish to have people think with us, the more frequently we pause.

JUST YOU AND I

If you and I — just you and I —
Should laugh instead of worry;
If we should grow — just you and I —
Kinder and lighter hearted,
Perhaps in some near by and by,
A good time might get started;
Then what a happy time 't would be,
For you and me, for you and me.

In the preceding you can hurry along and not breathe frequently or very fully. Then you may meditate upon it and definitely impress it upon yourself and upon the one to whom you are speaking. When you do this you will breathe more frequently and deeper and the rhythm will be more pronounced.

We find also that there is a striking variation in the force of the stroke or phrase accent, and that the force of this phrase accent will increase in proportion to the length of the pause.

Fill these lines of Mr. Markham's with great enjoyment, intensify the feeling and read them over slowly with long

pauses and vigorous touches, expressing all your feeling and allowing yourself time to see and enjoy every word.

A PRAYER

Teach me, Father, how to go
Softly as the grasses grow;
Hush my soul to meet the shock
Of the wild world as a rock.
But my spirit propt with power
Make as simple as a flower.
Let the dry heart fill its cup
Like a poppy looking up;
Let life lightly wear her crown
Like a poppy looking down,
When its heart is filled with dew
And its life begins anew.
Teach me, Father, how to be
Kind and patient as a tree.
Joyfully the crickets croon
Under shady oak at noon;
Beetle on his mission bent
Tarries in that cooling tent.
Let me also cheer a spot —
Hidden field or garden grot —
Place where passing souls can rest
On the way and be their best.

From "Man with the Hoe," and other poems. By permission of the author. Edwin Markham

By hurry, that is, by slighting the pauses, slighting these rhythmic pulsations, or alternations of pause and touch, we find we can render a very fine passage indifferently and flippantly.

O suns and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye can not rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather.

"October." Helen Hunt Jackson

We can run together in reading the words of the whole first line of the preceding, as careless readers will do; or we can make "suns" stand out as a definite picture and idea, and "skies" and "clouds" and "June" and "flowers." Then we shall pause long after "October" to let that idea sink in and to show its contrast with the other.

Observe the effect of reading the last line all together in a jumble; then, of making two pulsations in your mind, a strong one upon " October " and, after pausing intensely and joyously, another upon the last three words. This gives you a chance to put feeling into the last three words and to bring out an admiration for October even greater than that for June.

FROM " THE POET "

Let me go where'er I will
I hear a sky-born music still:
It sounds from all things old,
It sounds from all things young,
From all that 's fair, from all that 's foul,
Peals out a cheerful song.

It is not only in the rose,
It is not only in the bird,
Not only where the rainbow glows,
Nor in the song of woman heard,
But in the darkest, meanest things
There alway, alway something sings.

'T is not in the high stars alone,
Nor in the cups of budding flowers,
Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,
But in the mud and scum of things
There alway, alway something sings.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

Give these words from Emerson with all of his intense earnestness, his deep love for nature, his discovery of beauty in small things. Read them not as one who found every little thing disagreeable, but as one who discovers in the very smallest flower, even in the mud by the brookside or in the road, something that calls for our deep wonder.

In rendering something that is intensely beautiful, that we feel deeply, we often pause and give a very vigorous touch in the centre of each successive phrase. Observe in the poem by Phillips Brooks, how we move from idea to idea with decision and vigor. Note in the last stanza how we go more slowly in the intensity of prayer.

BETHLEHEM

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wond'ring love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in;
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emanuel!

Phillips Brooks.

IV

IDEAS AND THEIR CONNECTIONS

XXI. THINKING AND INFLEXION

Do not look for wrong and evil, —
  You will find them if you do;
As you measure for your neighbor,
  He will measure back to you.

Look for goodness, look for gladness,
  You will meet them all the while;
If you bring a smiling visage
  To the glass, you meet a smile.

Alice Cary

In talking and in the natural reading of such lines as the preceding, if you bring out one idea after another, you show where your attention is located by the phrase accent; and in passing from idea to idea you indicate the genuineness of your thinking by changes of pitch.

Is there anything else which you find in the modulations of your voice in speaking a single sentence?

In addition to showing attention (by pause and touch), and discrimination (by change of pitch), you show the connection of each idea with other ideas.

Try reading a sentence with the voice on a dead level and observe whether you bring out the relations of words. Then genuinely think each idea, letting your voice act freely to convey the full meaning of your sentence. What are these leaps and skips or free actions of your voice that show the relation or connection of your ideas with one another?

In battles the eye is the first to overcome.

You will find that as you read naturally any sentence or passage your voice changes pitch not only between phrases and words, but also during the utterance of the central vowel of a word. We find such a bend of the voice on the central vowel of practically every word we speak. This modulation of the voice is called inflexion.

If you speak words indifferently or without thinking, these bends or inflexions are less marked. In proportion

to the genuineness of your thinking and to your earnestness they become more pronounced.

Truth alone makes life rich and great.

Emerson

For another illustration, observe a group of children who hear a distant train. One of them makes a sound like a whistle. This is on one pitch and is like singing. But another calls to his companions " Run " or " Train " and gives a decided falling inflexion upon that word.

Repeat a college yell as you have heard it on the ball field. Note as you say it that the " rahs " are practically on one pitch, but that the name of the college receives a very definite falling inflexion.

It is very important that you should give attention to sounds in nature and to the way people speak, that you may know through your ear what your own voice does.

You ought to study to distinguish:

1. Between the tones in singing and in speaking, or song and inflexion.
2. Between rising and falling inflexions.
3. Between long and short rising or falling inflexions.
4. Between gradual and abrupt rising or falling inflexions.
5. Between straight rising and straight falling inflexions and compound rising or falling inflexions. (Sometimes called circumflex.)
6. Between a narrow range in speaking and a wide reach of the voice; and all the elements of a wide range of voice.

Listen quietly and make illustrations and all kinds of marks to stand for these. Let your voice follow these until you can distinguish all of them. Study to find the meaning of all these. Search for the mental cause of every one. Speak some short sentence in twenty ways and note that the subtlest modulation has its source in the way you think. Such observation will enable you to enjoy music, the songs of birds, the murmuring of brooks, and the beautiful speech of educated and refined people. You can learn also to please people and to interest them by your talking, reading or telling of stories.

What do these bends of the voice in talking mean? Lis-

ten to a newsboy calling his papers. He has said the words many times, and he speaks them without thinking. He calls so as to be heard at a long distance. He does not think of the meaning of what he says, but calls to make a noise. There are not many bends in his voice.

Then observe him as he sees someone coming toward him. " Paper? " and he pulls one out and presents it. His voice bends decidedly, for now he means something. He is asking a question to earn his penny.

Whenever you have something you wish very much to say your voice skips about, not only changing pitch between phrases, but giving definite inflexions in the centre of every word. These changes in pitch and inflexion are never meaningless; rather they are direct signs of your thinking, and although they are natural and cannot be made by rule they help you to think with definiteness and force. The more earnestly and spontaneously you speak, the more of these inflexions will you have and the longer or more pronounced will the inflexions be.

When you are just making sounds or calling words for someone to spell, or counting, or imitating some sound that you hear, your voice bends very little but keeps straight ahead on about the same pitch. But if you suddenly begin to speak directly to someone to give or ask for information you will observe a great difference. How do you tell without seeing a person whether he is reading or talking?

The modulation of inflexion that is most noticeable, and the one the meaning of which is possibly most easy to understand is direction of inflexion.

In talking we have two chief attitudes of mind; we seek information or give it. We are doubtful or positive; we question or affirm.

We must notice, however, that we may affirm a question or give an affirmation with doubt. You cannot go by the punctuation or by the grammatical structure.

Oh, tell me, where did Katy live?
And what did Katy do?
And was she very fair and young,
And yet so wicked, too?

Did Katy love a naughty man,
Or kiss more cheeks than one?
I warrant Katy did no more
Than many a Kate has done.

O. W. Holmes

In this stanza from Dr. Holmes on The Katydid, we have two questions, which, according to old elocutionary rules, must be given with rising inflexions, and an affirmation which must be given falling. But anyone by giving these directly with opposite inflexions can prove the absurdity of such mechanical rules. The passage is better when given with a variety of inflexions. All must depend on the attitude of the mind. Even the last sentence printed with a period may be spoken with a rise. One thing only must be said: the aim or attitude of the mind must be definite and not vague. The worst fault in inflexion is a meaningless purpose, an absence of decided rises and falls. If the attitude of the mind be definite and the inflexion expressed this, the direction of the inflexion is of less consequence.

KATY-DID — KATY-DIDN'T

Who was Katy, who was she
That you prate of her so long?
Was she just a little lassie
Full of smiles and wiles and song?

Did she spill the cups of dew
Filled for helpless thirsty posies?
Did she tie a butterfly
Just beyond the reach of roses?

Slandered she some sweet dumb thing?
Called a tulip dull and plain,
Said the clover had no fragrance
And the lily had a stain?

Did she mock the pansies' faces,
Or a grandpa-longlegs flout?
Did she chase the frightened fireflies
Till their pretty lamps went out?

Well whatever 't was, O Katy,
We believe no harm of you
And we 'll join your stanch defenders
Singing " Katy did n't " too.

Mary E. Wilkins

In Mary E. Wilkins's delightful talk to the Katy-did observe the great variety of inflexional changes, as you read it with true appreciation of its spirit.

We perceive from these illustrations that inflexions indicate thinking, and that definite inflexions are caused by definite thinking. When you make words stand for an idea in your mind and do not merely utter sound, you will make an inflexion.

Now, take some short word like "No" and make it mean something definite by the way you speak it. Make it mean a positive refusal; then make it mean a question as if you were incredulous. Give "Yes," "No," or any short word many meanings and note each time the bend of your voice.

Then try some short sentence such as "I never saw him." How many things can you imply by the way you utter this?

Wisdom is better than riches.

In beginning a reading or opening a discussion the mind is looking forward, and we usually have a rising inflexion. Notice the way we speak the word "wisdom" in the preceding as if we would awaken the explanation of what it is, while we affirm an answer with a falling as in "riches."

If, however, we try to dominate attention or to put wisdom in opposition to something else it may be falling. If on the other hand we had been talking about riches a long fall would come on "better."

A lie which is all a lie, may be met and fought with outright;
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.

"The Grandmother." Tennyson

Note one thing particularly, that in a phrase one way of showing where the mind is focussed is the change to a falling inflexion. Notice the way you speak "all" in the second clause of the preceding.

Two ears, one mouth: heed this, I pray —
Much should we hear, but little say.

Two eyes, one mouth: O, mark this well —
Use both your eyes, but little tell.

Two hands, one mouth: this oft repeat —
Two hands for work, one mouth to eat.

Again, when we contrast one idea with another, or one word with some other word, the first might be given a rising inflexion, and the second a falling. In the preceding, for example, we may thus contrast " ears " and " mouth," " hear " and " say."

Be like the sun that pours its ray;
Be glad, and glorify the day;
Be like the moon that sheds its light
To bless and beautify the night;
Be like the stars that sparkle on,
Although the sun and moon are gone;
Be like the skies that steadfast are,
Though absent sun and moon and star.

Author not known

If I ask " who were with you " you might answer " Tom, Dick and George." The first two would be given with a rising and the last with a falling inflexion because the mind takes them all together, and is looking forward on the first two and back, or is closing the list, on the last. But if I have nearly forgotten and call up one at a time each will have a falling inflexion.

From all this we can see that inflexion is a peculiar language; that it is not symbolic like words, but that in its multitudinous modulations it is a sign of the way we think, of our attitude or relation to what we say. An understanding of inflexion is consequently of great help in awakening our thinking and making it more definite. Without inflexions how can we make our ideas clear to others?

In reading aloud think as definitely as you can. Give everything with decision, with a definite relation to your purpose, with a decided looking forward or backward, with clear relationship to the central point, which will bring a long definite inflexion on the word standing for the idea which is the centre of your attention.

Speak what you say as if you wished some person to think with you. If, on the contrary, you try to think of the form of words, that a rising inflexion, for example, should be given where there is an interrogation point, if you en-

deavor to obey some rule, you will not awaken thinking. Your attention will be taken from the thought where it belongs, to mere words, and your reading will become superficial. Such mechanical rules cause artificial reading and and have led students in many cases to regard reading as mere pronunciation.

Who taught the bird to build her nest
Of wool, and hay, and moss?
Who taught her how to weave it best,
And lay the twigs across?
Who taught the busy bee to fly
Among the sweetest flowers,
And lay her store of honey by
To last in winter hours?

Author not known

Look up and not down;
Look forward and not back;
Look out and not in; —
Lend a hand!

Edward Everett Hale

If we study thinking and inflexion and earnestly try to make someone think, we discover that inflexion is a very great help to our own thinking. A knowledge of how we think and of how inflexion reveals the way we think will help us not only to read naturally, but to think more carefully and more forcibly.

TWO FOXES

Once there were two foxes who lived together in a great forest. They had never spoken a cross word to each other in their lives.

So one day, one of them said, in the politest fox language, "Let's quarrel."

"Very well," said the other, "just as you please, my dear. But how shall we begin?"

"Oh, it cannot be hard," said the first fox. "The two-legged people fall out and have good times. Why should not we?"

So in all sorts of ways they tried to quarrel, but it could not be done. You see, they were such polite foxes that each would give up to the other.

At last one of them brought two round, smooth stones. "Now," said he, "you say they are yours, and I'll say they are

mine. Then we can quarrel about them, and fight and scratch and have a lovely time. I will begin. Those stones are mine."

"Very well," answered the other, gently, "you are welcome to them."

"But you must talk back. We shall never quarrel at this rate," cried the first fox. "Don't you know it takes two to make a quarrel? Let us start once more."

So they tried again.

"I own the whole of this forest," said the first fox.

"You do!" exclaimed the other fox. "Well, then, how do I happen to be here? Of course, I'll get out," he added politely.

"No, indeed, you won't," said the first fox, "for you are my brother, and we share equally. What is yours is mine, and what is mine is yours."

So they gave up the quarrel and never tried to play the silly game again.

XXII. STRONG IDEAS AND LONG INFLEXIONS

Hie away, hie away,
Over bank and over brae,
Where the copsewood is the greenest,
Where the fountains glisten sheenest,
Where the lady-fern grows strongest,
Where the morning dew lies longest,
Where the black-cock sweetest sips it,
Where the fairy latest trips it:
Hie to haunts right seldom seen,
Lovely, lonesome, cool, and green,
Over bank and over brae,
Hie away, hie away!

Sir Walter Scott

If you observe how you say "I saw George last night," you will find not only change of direction of inflexion but a longer inflexion on the word "George." In the preceding selection notice that you not only change the direction of inflexion at the word "copsewood" to indicate the centre of attention but that you give that word a much longer inflexion than any other word in the line.

If you observe the every-day conversation of people you will find that inflexions are constantly varying not only in direction but in length. Both are necessary elements of naturalness. We give long inflexions to convey our central

ideas. In fact, the length of an inflexion indicates the importance of an idea or word.

A short inflexion is one that goes through a small part of the voice, while a long one comes through a much wider range. Make a very short mark and a very long one, sloping downward toward the right. Now do you notice that in following a short mark you go through only about three notes of the scale while in a long one you may go through five notes or even a whole octave?

Everyone should try to realize not only the difference in direction of inflexion but also the difference in length of inflexion. We can do so by making marks, short and long for rising or for falling inflexions, and making our voices follow them. We can do this also by listening to people as they read or talk.

The point has already been noticed that in giving a phrase we usually change the direction of our inflexion just where we fix our attention. If I say " I saw George last night " " I " and " saw " have a rising inflexion because the mind is looking forward. I have not arrived at the point where my attention is centred. But on the word " George," on which the mind has been resting while speaking the other words, a falling inflexion is given, and more than that, it passes through a wider range of voice than the other words. " Last " and " night " both have a short falling inflexion on a lower pitch. This makes the word George the centre of the phrase.

If the sentence, on the other hand, means " I " not you — saw George, this longer fall would come on the word " I "; if " I saw " — not heard— him, the long fall would come on saw, if " last night " — not the night before, — it would come on " last "; if " last night " — not this morning — the long fall would come on " night."

In every sentence there is something asserted while the rest is assumed or included. Your attention is focussed on the word as near as possible to the idea which you are asserting, and you reveal this assertion by the length of your inflexions, as well as by their direction.

Again, if I say " the robins have come," " the " will have

a short rise and the word " robins " a long falling inflexion, while " have " and " come " will have short falling inflexions on a lower pitch. For another instance, in this sentence " Did you see a bluebird this morning? " the words before " bluebird " have a short rising and there is a long rising inflexion on " bluebird " because this is the point which I want to introduce as the centre of the question. " This " and " morning " have shorter rising inflexions on a higher pitch. In all cases the short subordinate inflexion follows the emphatic one, and the change of pitch in the direction of the long inflexion follows also, that is, the " have " and " come " are not only falling and short but are on a lower pitch.

It will be observed in the last sentence that the attitude of the mind changes the direction of the governing inflexion and of course of the inflexion following this in the same clause. The inflexion, however, that precedes the central inflexion is usually the same in both the affirmative and the questioning sentence.

We see therefore, that either a rising or a falling inflexion may be lengthened and serve as the logical accent. Lengthened inflexion whatever may be its direction denotes an increase in the relative importance of an idea from a logical point of view.

If you give this sentence indifferently or as a trivial statement, and then as a deep thought of great importance, the direction of inflexion may remain the same but the length will greatly differ.

The first test of a truly great man is his humility.

From this we learn a most important lesson, — that the degree of earnestness is naturally revealed by the degree in the length of the different inflexions. We find also that it is the central inflexion that increases in length. Subordinate inflexions may be given with more decided touch or more abruptly but without additional length, while the length of the important inflexion may be greatly increased.

Observe all these facts in giving some emphatic passage with a great many degrees of emphasis or of earnestness.

LETTERS

Every day brings a ship,
Every ship brings a word;
Well for those who have no fear,
Looking seaward well assured
That the word the vessel brings
Is the word they wish to hear.

Emerson

You are made to be kind, boys, generous, magnanimous. If there is a boy in school who has a club-foot, do n't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a boy with ragged clothes, do n't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, give him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lesson. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him.

Horace Mann

In such a passage the pauses are increased in number and length, the touch is more vigorous, changes of pitch are more extended and still other modulations of the voice are involved, yet length of inflexion seems to be the primary agent for expressing intellectual earnestness.

A general misconception is that earnestness is shown by loudness. Volume is in proportion to the degree of demonstration. A man trying to be earnest will speak with great volume; but genuine intellectual earnestness and intensity will tend rather to lessen the volume, and to cause very long straight inflexions. Great earnestness makes contrast at times between the length of inflexion on certain words and the shortness on others.

Observe how some thoughtful passage may be made very earnest and emphatic without the least increase of loudness. Observe especially in such cases the tendency to accentuate the length of the inflexions on certain words.

Physical excitement, great resolution or endeavor, lack of control or abandon to emotion, may cause increase in volume, while on the contrary, control, dignity and intensity may decrease volume and extend the range. In every case, however, the length of the inflexion will indicate the degree of genuine earnestness.

If ye are beasts, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's knife! If ye are men, — follow me! Strike down yon guard, gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody work, as did your sires at old Thermopylæ!

"Spartacus to the Gladiators." E. Kellogg

And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.

Bible

Observe also the dignity imparted by long inflexions. In the preceding passage loudness would be discordant and antagonistic to the spirit, but the pause, touch, change of pitch and length of inflexion may be increased to any extent without marring its dignity.

Dare to do right! Dare to be true!
You have a work that no other can do;
Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,
Angels will hasten the story to tell.

As a further proof of the difference between loudness and length of inflexion render the preceding first with great loudness, declaiming it, and then with great quietness and intensity, and observe some of the differences. Especially note the necessity of long definite inflexions, long pauses, wide changes of pitch and a decided touch in the word.

The first is undignified, declamatory, empty. The second is earnest, emphatic, intense. People will listen to the second. It makes them think and feel. The first is a pretence of earnestness and will tend to eliminate inflexions and all the other modulations. The second will make it necessary to bring all of these elements into unity.

From all these illustrations we can see that the direction of inflexion indicates the attitude of your mind. The length of inflexion shows the degree of your earnestness, your seriousness or positiveness.

Render many passages, taking short extracts from them or single lines, and work out your inflexions as definitely as possible. Let them be long and free. Increase also changes of pitch between words and between phrases. Lengthen your pauses and changes of pitch naturally and sympathetically. Do not work mechanically, but give your

inflexions easily and freely, connecting them directly with increase of your earnestness.

Not mighty deeds make up the sum
Of happiness below;
But little acts of kindness,
Which anyone may show.

A man's ledger does not tell what he is worth. Count what is in a man, not what is on him, if you would know whether he is rich or poor.

Henry Ward Beecher

SOMEWHERE

Somewhere the spirit will come to its own,
Through tear-mist or star-dust, from circle to zone;
In the scent of dead roses, in winds, or in waves,
From the gold of the sunset to flower-kissed graves.
Sing on and trust ever! be steadfast! for, see!
The true and the lovely are allies with thee.
Stretch up to the heights the brave toilers have trod;
Somewhere there is recompense — everywhere God!

Helen Hinsdale Rich

You may also observe other modulations of inflexion. Inflexions vary, for example, in abruptness. You may call George who is at a distance, and there will be in your tone not only volume but also inflexion. If George is inclined not to come you may give his name a very abrupt fall. Degrees of abruptness of inflexion denote the different degrees of excitement, also the element of control. In strong command the inflexions are apt to be more abrupt, while in quiet deliberation and gentleness the inflexions are inclined to be more gradual.

We find also another modification. Inflexions may be straight or crooked. If you speak a sentence sarcastically, or as a joke, or patronizingly, or very familiarly, your inflexions will be apt to be crooked. If you give anything with great dignity, earnestness, importance or frankness your inflexions, on the contrary, will be straight.

As a rule, in reading we must have inflexions as definite as possible, as long as possible, as abrupt and straight as possible. Each of these elements adds an important contribution to the weight of what you say. Length expresses

your earnestness; abruptness, your decision and control; straightness, your dignity and frankness.

Illustrate the various modulations of inflexion by some short passage. Read, for example, these four lines in many ways, as in trivial conversation, then as trying to make people think with you, very emphatically, with an endeavor to dominate your hearers' attention. Give it with sarcasm, with colloquialism, or as a joke, mischievously; then give it with great dignity. If you read this without inflexion, it will be without thought, for with every change in the attitude of mind there must come a change in the inflexion. How many of these modulations of inflexion can you note? What modulation of inflexion is the language of clear thinking, of indifference, of sarcasm, mischief or joke, of great dignity, of great earnestness?

Whoever you are, be noble;
Whatever you do, do well;
Whenever you speak, speak kindly, —
Give joy wherever you dwell.

Ruskin

The student should not only read one passage in many ways to discover the language of the inflexional modulations, but should also contrast a variety of passages and note the difference of their spirit.

There is nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

The habit of looking on the bright side of things is worth more than a thousand pounds a year.

Samuel Johnson

Be strong!
We are not here to shirk, to dream, to drift,
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift;
Shun not the struggle; face it. 'T is God's gift —
Be strong.

It is the far sight, the calm and confident patience, that more than anything else, separate man from man and near him to his Creator, and there is no action or art that we may not measure by this test. Therefore when we build, let us think that we build forever.

Ruskin

One knows the spring is coming;
There are birds; the fields are green;
There is balm in the sunlight and moonlight,
And dew in the twilights between.

From "Springtime." William Dean Howells

KNIGHTS AND KING

The knights rode up with gifts for the king,
And one was a jeweled sword,
And one was a suit of golden mail,
And one was a golden Word.

He buckled the shining armor on,
And he girt the sword at his side:
But he flung at his feet the golden Word,
And trampled it in his pride.

The armor is pierced with many spears,
And the sword is breaking in twain;
But the Word has risen in storm and fire
To vanquish and to reign.

William Watson

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages, princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions. I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps over a cold decree.

Shakespeare

XXIII. THINKING, INFLEXION, AND CHANGE OF PITCH

I met a little Elf-man, once,
Down where the lilies blow.
I asked him why he was so small
And why he did n't grow.

He slightly frowned, and with his eye
He looked me through and through.
"I 'm quite as big for me," said he,
"As you are big for you."

"The Little Elf." John Kendrick Bangs

There is still something more to discover in relation to inflexion which is of great importance. You may have discovered it already, though most students overlook it.

It concerns the relation of change of pitch to inflexion. If you speak a sentence without changes of pitch you will observe its unnaturalness at once. It will sound stiff and monotonous.

Inflexion and change of pitch are not antagonistic but necessary to each other. They can hardly be separated in speech. Change of pitch is an interval between words. It implies the cessation of speech. Inflexion, on the contrary, is a change of pitch during the emission of an emphatic vowel. It implies the continuance of speech.

Deeper than this, if you will mark on the blackboard or on a piece of paper the direction in which the voice bends while speaking the first line of "The Little Elf" and will indicate not only the inflexions but the changes of pitch, you will discover that the two go together. They are the chief elements of naturalness and constitute conversational form, and they are always in unity. Together they reveal the relative value of our words and ideas. They indicate the genuineness and freedom of our thinking. By their union we give form and meaning to phrases and sentences.

In speaking a simple clause such as " I met your father yesterday morning " you find a short rising inflexion on the first three words and a long fall on the fourth, a short fall on the last two. But you find also that the first word begins on a low pitch, and that there is a change of pitch between each word in the direction of the inflexions until you come to a long fall on " father." You begin this word very much higher, according to the degree of emphasis and the length of your inflexion and the last two words have short falling inflexions on a much lower pitch. You find that these changes of pitch are not only necessary elements of naturalness but are also elements of which you can so gain command that you will be able to make a simple sentence emphatic without losing its dignity or its conversational force.

Pick out, for example, simple elemental clauses and observe how sympathetically and harmoniously and naturally change of pitch blends with inflexion.

There is no crown in the world
So good as patience; neither is any peace
More worthy love's own praise,
Than that sweet-souled endurance which makes clean
The iron hands of anger.

" The Queen Mother." Swinburne

Take some short sentence, and give it with volume, or loudness alone, with direction of inflexion alone, then give it accentuating direction and length. Especially give it with a great many long inflexions and very wide changes of pitch. Observe the effect.

What we must do let us love to do.

Coleridge

If you read again " The Little Elf " you will find something else which is also of great importance. Each successive clause is given on a different pitch.

What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!

Hamlet. Shakespeare

How can you suggest the dignified and princely character of Hamlet? How suggest the deep thoughtfulness of his mind? By giving long and straight inflexions and wide changes of pitch. Try to give this speech first with volume and then with circumflex inflexions. You will at once see the necessity of straight inflexions, wide intervals and range in enabling you to express dignity and weight.

Close observation enables us to discern the necessity not only of changes of pitch or intervals between words, but inflexions during the utterance of the central vowel of words. The changes of pitch between successive phrases express divergence of ideas or the discriminative action of the mind in thinking. The inflexions express the relation or connection of ideas. These seem to be antithetic but they unite and constitute conversational form, the basis of all natural melodies.

Between phrases and clauses and sentences, we have still wider changes, showing still greater contrasts or discrimination between the larger divisions of thought, and constituting with length of inflexion the language of earnestness. This gives rise to wide range of voice or what has been called melody.

Observe also that the whole clause may be given lower

in pitch and thus be subordinated to something preceding or to something following. The greater the emphasis, the more the central word is given saliency from a higher pitch, while the subordinate clause following is given on a lower pitch. This opposition between the emphatic parts and the unemphatic parts, or the putting of the unemphatic parts into the background, not only gives greater naturalness but greater clearness and force to the thought.

Later, we shall find wide changes which indicate transitions in the imaginative situation and indicate feeling and contrast in different situations or points of view. Change of pitch, in fact, is found associated with all true voice modulations. Since all vocal expression is change of voice expressing change of thought or emotion we should naturally expect this, but it is strange how frequently the importance of change of pitch has been entirely overlooked.

Range of voice or the ability to change pitch, enables the voice to reveal more clearly the larger relations of ideas and of argument in thinking. It brings out different actions and thus prevents the over use of certain muscles or certain degrees of attention. It helps auditors also to gain the perspective of ideas or the distinction between what is foreground and what is background.

The student may imagine from all this that delivery is a very complicated thing and extremely difficult. Although there is some truth in this the subject when rightly understood is not beyond our comprehension.

Take any passage, a simple one at first, and definitely think about it. Do not hesitate and calculate how long the inflexion is to be, and whether it is to be rising or falling, and how wide is the interval, but trust instinct and the vigor of the thought and discover at once how natural and how easy expression is. Take animated conversation of something you are interested in. Observe the great possibilities in your own voice of revealing as by a perfect mirror all the varieties of contrasts in your thinking. Then render some simple passage like "Trees." How easily you introduce in different parts of the voice the name of each tree, the characteristic of the name, and the characteristics

of the different trees. You introduce each tree with long inflexion and with change of pitch from what precedes.

Do not hesitate; do not try to think up rules or propositions which you grasp intellectually. "Knowledge," said George Inness, "must be only a soil for instinct." This is especially true of the art of reading.

TREES

The Oak is called the King of Trees,
The Aspen quivers in the breeze,
The Poplar grows up straight and tall,
The Pear-tree spreads along the wall.
The Sycamore gives pleasant shade,
The Willow droops in watery glade.

Sara Coleridge

You can introduce all these names of trees with a falling inflexion or you can introduce some with rising and some with falling. Or you may give all the trees with falling and all their characteristics with falling. Of course, you will have different lengths of inflexion and they must all be various pitches in order to be clear. You will observe that length of inflexion is something about which you can lay down no rules; straightness of inflexion and change of pitch are also independent of any possible elocutionary rule, and all are more important than the question of what direction your inflexion may take. One elocutionist laid down 86 rules about direction of inflexion. Throw these aside as absolutely useless; eliminate such ingenious and mechanical endeavors to make people read alike. They produce reading that is mechanical and artificial.

Be simple and genuine and free. Let your main aim be to intensify so deeply your own thinking and feeling that your voice will directly obey your mind. No one can read without intensity and earnestness and enjoyment Mrs. Ewing's "Our Friend in the Garden." Idea will follow idea simply. The law of association of ideas needs to be obeyed only instinctively, though, of course, "gardener," "cat," "dog," "blackbird" and "toad" demand long falling inflexions, and "toad" will be aided by a long pause. Do not think because no rule is laid down, that there are no principles to follow.

OUR FRIEND IN THE GARDEN

He is not John, the gardener,
  And yet the whole day long
He makes himself quite useful
  The flower beds among.

He is not Tom, the pussy cat,
  And yet the other day,
With stealthy stride and glistening eye,
  He crept upon his prey.

He is not Dash, the dear old dog,
  And yet, perhaps, if you
Took pains with him and petted him,
  You 'd come to love him too.

He 's not a blackbird, though he chirps,
  And though he once was black;
Yet now he wears a loose, gray coat,
  All wrinkled on the back.

He has a very dirty face,
  And very shiny eyes;
He sometimes sits beside our door,
  And looks — perhaps is — wise.

But in a sunny flower bed
  He has his fixed abode;
He eats the things that eat my plants —
  He is a friendly toad.

Juliana H. Ewing

Read such a poem many times, giving it more and more freedom, more and more variety, and yet with a conscious realization of the instinctive meaning of direction and length of inflexion, in union with pause and touch, and especially with change of pitch.

Some people do not appreciate toads, and therefore may not like this beautiful little poem. They do not stop to think that we could not have any peas, beans, potatoes or other vegetables without the help of the toad. He is really the chief gardener.

If you think " Our Friend in the Garden " is too easy and that this freedom comes only from the simplicity of the poem then try something more difficult, as these lines from Dr. Holmes. Give greater vigor and greater earnest-

ness and observe, as was said by Professor Munroe, that "earnestness covers a multitude of elocutionary sins." It not only covers them but prevents them.

If to embody in a breathing word
Tones that the spirit trembled when it heard;
To fix the image all unveiled and warm,
And carve in language its ethereal form,
So pure, so perfect, that the lines express
No meagre shrinking, no unlaced excess;
To feel that art, in living truth, has taught
Ourselves, reflected in the sculptured thought; —
If this alone bestow the right to claim
The deathless garland and the sacred name;
Then none are poets, save the saints on high,
Whose harps can murmur all that words deny. . . .

So every grace that plastic language knows
To nameless poets its perfection owes.
The rough-hewn words to simplest thoughts confined
Were cut and polished in their nicer mind:
Caught on their edge, imagination's ray
Splits into rainbows, shooting far away;
From sense to soul, from soul to sense, it flies,
And through all nature links analogies;
He who reads right will rarely look upon
A better poet than his lexicon.

Oliver Wendell Holmes

XXIV. RELATIVE VALUE OF IDEAS AND WORDS

For want of a nail, the shoe was lost;
For want of a shoe, the horse was lost;
For want of a horse, the rider was lost;
For want of a rider, the battle was lost;
For loss of the battle, the country was lost, —
And all for the want of a twopenny nail.

First three lines, Prefix to "Poor Richard's Almanac."

We are brought naturally to that subject which many regard as the most difficult, and which some consider as containing the whole problem of reading. It is usually called emphasis. Many persons endeavor to formulate rules regarding the emphatic word and think that finding what they call the emphatic word is the basis of all intelligent reading. The word "emphasis" is given too many meanings. The word is best avoided entirely. Certainly

no rules can be laid down for the finding of the emphatic word. When the giving of certain words is regarded as the key to reading, reading becomes mechanical, cold, and loses its freedom. Emphasis is the accentuation of any modulation or any means of making more salient an idea. There are many ways of doing this. There are many degrees of emphasis.

The first point to note is that the central ideas in successive phrases and the logical accent of sentences are rendered chiefly by long inflexions. Pauses introduced before and after the words which are given with long inflexions greatly enhance the emphasis.

That which determines where the long inflexions are to be located is the logical or methodic action of the mind. When we think logically, when we trust our methodic instinct or the sense of value in our successive ideas and the orderly progression of our thought and when the voice is flexible the length of the inflexions, emphatic pauses and the range of the voice will tend to respond. We must, however, study the action of our minds and practice the rendering of emphatic passages until this instinct of valuation and relationship is developed. No rule, no amount of reasoning can compensate for the lack of an instinctive logical method.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

This is the house that Jack built.

This is the malt, that lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the rat, that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cat, that killed the rat, that ate the malt that lay in the houe that Jack built.

This is the dog, that worried the cat, that killed the rat, that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cow with the crumpled horn, that tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that killed the rat, that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the maiden all forlorn, that milked the cow with the crumpled horn, that tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that killed the rat, that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

Now, the cumulative story is a child-like way of holding one simple centre of attention firmly in the mind, then moving to another and putting the previous one in the background, adding the background to the center of the picture. We do this in all thinking, and though usually the cumulative points are implied, all reference to them is omitted. Yet this cumulative element is found in all stories.

Take " The House that Jack Built "; it may be called a cumulative story. There are many such stories and they have existed for ages.

Observe that you introduce " house," possibly also " Jack " with longer inflexions; then you introduce " malt," the words before it having short rising inflexions, while " malt " has a long falling inflexion, and the words following are low in pitch and have very short inflexions. Then you introduce " rat " and add the ideas you have had, putting them still lower in pitch, with short inflexions. In the same way you introduce " cat," " dog " and the rest.

We bring one idea into the foreground of the mind and assert it while we imply and subordinate others that have already been introduced or that naturally follow. Inflexions and changes of pitch unite in a salient conversational form and signify that a new idea on the one hand is introduced, or on the other, is now in the background. The cumulative story shows us what is true of all stories and of all thinking. Though we may not always speak the words belonging to a phrase but repeat or assume ideas, as is the case in a cumulative story like " The House that Jack Built," yet we always imply the ideas. They are more or less in the background of the mind. Gradually we learn to assume things and to be silent about what has already been introduced and become familiar. The value of the cumulative story to awaken or train this logical instinct has not as yet been properly appreciated. Its value to young minds cannot be over-estimated.

Notice carefully the method of introducing these successive points and the long falling inflexion which you give. And observe that what has already been introduced

you now subordinate, — that is, put below by giving with a shorter inflexion and on a lower pitch. Practice and greatly accentuate both of these points.

AN ANCIENT CUMULATIVE STORY

A kid, a kid, my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.
Then came the cat, and ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.
Then came the dog, and bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.
Then came the staff, and beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid,
Then came the fire, and burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.
Then came the water, and quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.
Then came the ox, and drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

Then came the butcher, and slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.
Then came the angel of death, and killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.
Then came the Holy One, blessed be He!
And killed the angel of death,
That killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

(As early as the Sixth Century) Halliwell's English Nursery Rhymes

1. The kid, which was one of the pure animals, denotes the Hebrews. The father, by whom it was purchased, is Jehovah, who represents himself as sustaining this relation to the Hebrew nation. The two pieces of money signify Moses and Aaron, through whose mediation the Hebrews were brought out of Egypt.
2. The cat denotes the Assyrians, by whom the ten tribes were carried into captivity.
3. The dog is symbolical of the Babylonians.
4. The staff signifies the Persians.
5. The fire signifies the Grecian empire under Alexander the Great.
6. The water betokens the Roman, or the fourth of the great monarchies to whose dominion the Jews were subjected.
7. The ox is a symbol of the Saracens, who subdued Palestine and brought it under the caliphate.
8. The butcher that killed the ox denotes the Crusaders, by whom the Holy Land was wrested out of the hands of the Saracens.
9. The angel of death signifies the Turkish power by which the land of Palestine was taken from the Franks and to which it is still subject.
10. The commencement of the tenth stanza is designed to show that God will take signal vengeance on the Turks, immediately after whose overthrow the Jews are to be restored to their own land.

THE STORY OF THE NEW DRESS

Here is a dress of cloth so blue
For a dear little girl to wear.
This is the mother loving and true,
Who made a dress of cloth so blue,
For a dear little girl to wear.
Wool that was very fine and soft
Here in this mill they wove into cloth,
That was sold to the mother loving and true,
Who made a dress of cloth so blue
For a dear little girl to wear.

Here are the shears so sharp and bright,
That cut from the backs of the sheep so white
Wool that was very white and soft,
Which in the mill they wove into cloth,
That was sold to the mother loving and true,
Who made a dress of cloth so blue
For a dear little girl to wear.

Here is the meadow where they were at play
When the farmer came one warm June day
And with his shears so sharp and bright
Cut from the backs of the sheep so white
The wool that was very fine and soft,
Which in the mill they wove into cloth,
That was sold to the mother loving and true,
Who made a dress of cloth so blue
For a dear little girl to wear.

Here is the food the sheep liked to eat,
The new green grass so fresh and sweet,
That grew in the meadow where they were at play
When the farmer came one warm June day
And with his shears so sharp and bright
Cut from the backs of the sheep so white
The wool that was very white and soft,
Which in the mill they wove into cloth,
That was sold to the mother loving and true,
Who made a dress of cloth so blue
For a dear little girl to wear.

By permission of Primary Education. Helen Beckwith

Here we have a very beautiful cumulative story. We have first the dress, the little girl and the mother. Next, are introduced " wool " and " mill," then " shears " and " sheep " and " meadow," " food " and " grass."

In reading these cumulative stories the longer the in-

flexion you give to the additional or cumulative word, that is the name of the successive objects in the cumulation, and the shorter the inflexion you give all the words which are repeated from the previous clauses, the more forcible and interesting the story and the easier it will be for the child to understand it and to move on from point to point. The ease with which the child can do this is possibly the chief cause of the interest of such stories. The running over of these words not only with very short inflexions but very rapidly, the making of the cumulative word extravagantly prominent, awakens great interest in the young child.

This is true of all stories. Each added point is given a long inflexion and is brought prominently before the mind to win our attention and interest, while those things already introduced have a low pitch with short inflexions because they are familiar. They are put into what we might call the background; but the new point that we want to introduce is put into the foreground.

I sell you the key of the king's garden:
I sell you the string that ties the key, etc.
I sell you the rat that gnawed the string, etc.
I sell you the cat that caught the rat, etc.
I sell you the dog that bit the cat, etc.

Can you make a cumulative story of your own?

HOW DID HE DO IT

There was once a boy who had three goats.

All day long the three goats ran and played upon the hill. At night the boy drove them home.

One night the frisky things jumped into a turnip field. He could not get them out.

Then the boy sat down on the hillside and cried.

As he sat there a hare came along.

"Why do you cry?" asked the hare.

"I cry because I cannot get the goats out of the field," said the boy.

"I'll do it," said the hare.

So he tried, but the goats would not come.

Then the hare, too, sat down and cried.

Along came a fox. "Why do you cry?" asked the fox.

"I am crying because the boy cries," said the hare. "The boy is crying because he cannot get three goats out of the turnip field."

"I'll do it," said the fox.

So the fox tried to get them out of the field. But the goats would not come.

Then the fox, too, began to cry.

Soon after a wolf came along.

"Why do you cry?" asked the wolf.

"I am crying because the hare cries," said the fox. "The hare cries because the boy cries. The boy cries because he cannot get the three goats out of the turnip field."

"I'll do it," said the wolf.

He tried, but the goats would not leave the turnip field.

So he sat down with the others and began to cry, too.

After a little, a bee flew over the hill and saw them all sitting there crying.

"Why do you cry?" said the bee to the wolf.

"I am crying because the fox cries. The fox is crying because the hare cries. The hare cries because the boy cries. The boy cries because he cannot get the goats out of the turnip field."

"I'll do it," said the bee.

Then the big animals and the boy stopped crying a moment to laugh at the tiny bee.

But the bee flew away into the turnip field and alighted upon one of the goats, and said,

"Buz-z-z-z-z!"

And out ran the goats, every one!

Emilie Poulsson

Take a very easy little story, such as the preceding by Mrs. Poulsson, who has written some very delightful things for young people.

At first you may not notice the cumulative or building-up element in other stories, but you will observe it as you study more carefully. The first line introduces a boy and his three goats with certain other points in the background. The turnip field, the hare, the fox, the wolf, follow, and at last the little bee. Side by side with them, however, you have the boy's crying and the failure; and at last, as a climax, the success of the little bee.

The cumulative story teaches us two things of great importance: first, the long inflexion upon the cumulative point, and second, that which is necessary in all story-telling and also in the expression of all thinking, namely, subordination.

We are enabled to subordinate certain parts chiefly through change of pitch. In addition the subordinated parts receive shorter inflexions in the same direction as the emphatic or central inflexion, i. e., short rising inflexions follow a long rising and short falling follow a long falling; but in addition to this the short rising must be still higher in pitch and the short falling must be still lower in pitch if there is to be a definite indication of the process of thinking. This marks still another step in the training of the ear.

But the ear alone is not sufficient, for inflexion belongs directly to thinking. Inflexion has the power of revealing forcible concentration of attention upon one idea and the holding itself while bringing other ideas as background to it. That is the fundamental element in subordination. We must, in fact, work from both points of view. We must work from the point of view of inflexion and the ear in order to know when subordination is right, but we must work still more upon the vigorous action of mind which this subordination expresses.

Thus you gradually progress through "The House that Jack Built" and stories which are strictly cumulative to those less and less cumulative until the cumulation seems to disappear, although the principle, in fact, is always there.

To read clearly we must introduce additional points, those things that are new, or the central ideas necessary to the sense of what we read. In every clause there is some central idea; then in every sentence there is also a central idea; in every paragraph some idea which is more important still. In the relation of paragraphs you cumulate or rise by natural progression to something important. This is always the case in any well written passage. You do the same when you tell a story simply and naturally.

There is a kind of instinct which will penetrate to the heart of what you have to say and realize that which is necessary and important. This instinct you must train.

The insight which it gives is necessary for all success in life. It distinguishes between what is fundamental and what is accidental, what is important and what is of little consequence; and enables you to utter your thoughts in such a natural way that you can leap from one thing to another and avoid confusion of thought. Clear thinking and forcible expression of definite ideas enable people to understand you, while if you are confused they may not even hear you.

HELPING A FRIEND

A gentlemen of position in London had, some years ago, a country-house and farm about sixty miles from the metropolis. At this country residence he kept a number of dogs, and among them a very large mastiff and a Scotch terrier; and, at the close of one of his summer residences in the country, he resolved to bring this terrier with him to London for the winter season. There being no railway to that particular part of the country, the dog traveled with the servants in a post-carriage, and, on his arrival at the town house, was brought out to the stable, where a large Newfoundland dog was kept as a watch-dog. This latter individual looked with anything but pleasure on the arrival of the little intruder from the country; and the Scotch terrier had not been very long in his new home when this canine master of the stable attacked him, and gave him a sound thrashing.

The little animal could, of course, never hope by himself to chastise his host for this inhospitable welcome, but he determined that by some agency chastisement should come. Accordingly, he lay very quiet that night in a remote corner of the stable, but when morning had fully shone forth he was nowhere to be found. Search was made for him high and low but without success; and the conclusion reluctantly arrived at was that he had been stolen. On the third morning after his disappearance, however, he again showed himself in London, but this time not alone; for to the amazement of every one, he entered the stable attended by the big mastiff from the country.

This great brute had no sooner arrived than he flew at the Newfoundland dog, who had so badly treated his little terrier friend, and a severe contest ensued, which the little terrier himself, seated at a short distance, viewed with the utmost dignity and satisfaction. The mastiff gave his opponent a tremendous beating. When he had quite satisfied himself as to the re-

sult, this great rural avenger scarcely waited to receive the recognition of his master, who had been sent for immediately on the dog's arrival, but at once marched out of the stable, to the door of which the little terrier accompanied him, and was seen no more.

Some few days afterward, however, the gentleman received a letter from his steward in the country, informing him of the sudden appearance of the terrier there, and his as sudden disappearance along with the large mastiff. The latter had remained away three or four days, during which they had searched in vain for him, but had just returned home again. It then, of course, became quite clear that the little dog, finding himself unable to punish the town bully, had thought of his "big brother" in the country, had traveled sixty miles in order to gain his assistance, and had recounted to him his grievance. It was plain, also, that the mastiff had consented to come and avenge his old friend, had traveled with him to London, and, having fulfilled his promise, had returned home, leaving the little fellow free from annoyance in the future.

From "Chamber's Journal." Johonnot

Try in some simple story, such as "Helping a Friend," to arrange a few of the more important ideas.

THREE WORDS OF STRENGTH

There are three lessons I would write,
Three words, as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds are gathered round,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put off the shadow from thy brow:
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith. Where'er thy bark is driven, —
Through sullen calm, or tempest's mirth, —
Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love. Not love alone for one,
But man, as man, thy brother call;
And scatter, like a circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Read with feeling, and bring out "lessons" and "words," but especially the words, "Hope," "Faith,"

and "Love." Give each of these a very long falling inflexion. If you give a good inflexion upon "lessons" and "words" and then upon "Hope," "Faith," and "Love," you will have your thought so awakened that you can trust it to give just the right value to the lesser clauses and the other words.

Just to be tender, just to be true;
Just to be glad the whole day through!
Just to be merciful, just to be mild;
Just to be trustful as a child;
Just to be gentle and kind and sweet;
Just to be helpful with willing feet;
Just to be cheery when things go wrong;
Just to drive sadness away with a song.
Whether the hour is dark or bright,
Just to be loyal to God and right!

If we trust our instinct, if we really think and give ideas to people, how easily and naturally we can distinguish between our prominent and our subordinate ideas! Observe how inflexions will vary in length and how many changes of pitch will come in.

AUTUMN FANCIES

The Maple is a dainty maid,
The pet of all the wood,
Who lights the dusky forest glade
With scarlet cloak and hood.

The Elm a lovely lady is,
In shimmering robes of gold,
That catch the sunlight when she moves,
And glisten, fold on fold.

The Sumach is a Gypsy queen,
Who flaunts in crimson drest,
And wild along the roadside runs,
Red blossoms in her breast.

And towering high above the wood,
All in his purple cloak,
A monarch in his splendor is
The proud and princely Oak.

Author not known

Can you read this, introducing the maple, the elm, the sumach and the oak? Present each one of the four stanzas

very clearly and forcibly, so that all will be related to one central word.

HIGH AND LOW

A Boot and a Shoe and a Slipper
Lived once in the Cobbler's row;
  But the Boot and the Shoe
  Would have nothing to do
With the Slipper, because she was low.

But the king and the queen and their daughter
On the Cobbler chanced to call;
  And as neither the Boot
  Nor the Shoe would suit,
The Slipper went off to the ball.

John B. Tabb

You must tell things often in your own words and make stories clear. After a trip to the woods or along a brookside, try to tell in order what you noticed, one thing at a time, so as to interest people.

It is a good exercise to take some passage, a poetic passage for example, printed as prose, some story or some essay, and observe that paragraphing is primarily determined by emphasis; at any rate, that the two are closely related. In studying the subject of emphasis it is also well for the student to make an outline of a talk and then give a talk, then let it be completed and be criticized in regard to the insight and the centres of each paragraph and the argument of the whole. A good outline should be a record only of the emphatic points.

XXV. FACILITY IN RANGE OF VOICE

Faster than fairies, faster than witches,
Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches;
And charging along like troops in a battle,
All through the meadows the horses and cattle;
All of the sights of the hill and the plain
Fly as thick as driving rain;
And ever again in the wink of an eye,
Painted stations whistle by.

Here is a child who clambers and scrambles,
All by himself and gathering brambles;
Here is a tramp who stands and gazes;

And there is the green for stringing the daisies!
Here is a cart run away in the road
Lumping along with man and load;
And here is a mill and there is a river
Each a glimpse and gone forever!

From "The Railway Carriage," Child's Garden of Verse. — Robert Louis Stevenson

It can be easily seen that to give ideas and words the right relation to one another and to use all these modulations, the voice must respond easily and naturally to thinking. Thinking alone is not enough; there must also be great facility in changing pitch and in varying the length of inflexion. Upon this as well as mental action depends the range or extent of the play of your voice.

The first step in gaining agility of voice is a spontaneous variation of the mind. Think one thing at a time and allow your mind to enjoy it; and then take another in the same way, and so on. But sometimes the voice becomes rigid and does not easily respond. Making voice by will may destroy its power of simple and direct response to thinking.

Simple scales are helpful exercises to give facility in change of pitch, but even in practicing these, the certain joyous exaltation, with imaginative sense of a lyric situation causes the exercises to be much more helpful.

We must be sure that our voices are able to change pitch and respond easily and freely to every change in idea.

Practice short passages, increasing inflexions, and exaggerating the changes in pitch, and the decision and vigor of the phrase accents. To make a very definite change in the attitude of the mind and a corresponding change in the inflexion, always remember that expression is a change in voice or body directly caused by a change in mind, and that both must always go together. If we make a more vigorous change in mind, if we assure ourselves that the voice responds or is part of the mental action, we are forming an exercise. For this it is necessary to take exclamations or short lines in which attention may be more definitely focussed upon the mode of thinking and the response of the voice.

RING OUT THE OLD

Ring, New-Year bells, ring loud and clear,
With merry peals so full of cheer.
Ring in the boy that 's first at school;
Ring out the dunce-block and the fool.
Ring in the boy that 's bright as day,
That loves to work and loves to play.
Ring out the idler and the drone;
Ring out the grumblers, every one;
Ring out the boy who will not lend
A willing hand to help a friend.
Ring in new school-books and new toys;
Ring out all things that ruin boys;
Ring out the smoker and the smoke;
Ring out old habit's ugly yoke.
Ring out the swearer from the street;
Ring out the fighter and the cheat;
Ring out the child that does n't care;
Ring in good children everywhere.

Observe in these lines on the ringing out of the old year, that you can give the central idea in each phrase on a very different pitch from that of the preceding. Read it in this way, and give as great a variety as you can, not only in length of inflexion but in changes of pitch, range of voice, pause and touch. Repeat it naturally and simply, but observe that you express joy not by loudness but by these variations and by the sympathetic texture of your voice.

ADVICE TO BOYS

Whatever you are, be brave;
The liar 's a coward and slave;
    Though clever at ruses
    And sharp at excuses,
He 's a sneaking and pitiful knave.

Whatever you are, be frank;
'T is better than money and rank.
    Still cleave to the right,
    Be lovers of light,
Be open, above board, and frank.

Whatever you are, be kind;
Be gentle in manners and mind.
    The man gentle in mien,
    Words, and temper, I ween,
Is the gentleman truly refined.

Render this passage with great earnestness. Say what you mean, making the inflexions of your voice reveal it. Be very pointed and definite. Give as great variety in direction and length of inflexion, in the length of your pauses, and the vigor and intensity of the phrase accents, and in changes of pitch between words and phrases, as you possibly can. Do not make these changes mechanical, but direct your attention to your ideas. Make thinking more vigorous, ideas more in contrast, and more varied. Let your feeling distribute your words and ideas in such a way that someone else can understand them.

THE BRASS BAND

It makes me feel so fine and gay
When drums are beat and bugles play:
I think I'd like to be a king
And rule the earth and everything.

The big bass-drum
Goes dum, dum, dum,
The horns play tweedle dee,
And every toot and every beat
Just catches hold of my two feet
And makes them run away from me.
And this is what I hear them say
As down the street they march away:
Te dum, ratta dum, ratta dum dum dee,
Te dum, ratta dum, shout "hurrah," boys, with me!
Tweedle twee twee twee, tweedle anything you can,
For I'm going to be a soldier when I get to be a man!

By permission of the Author. Charles Keeler

Do you respond to a drum as Mr. Keeler says he does? Can you read this piece as if you gave your successive ideas a decided drum beat? Observe that the strong beat is really your phrase accent increased. Make your pauses and your touches very decided. Observe that the vigorous drum beat will not prevent you from changing pitch and from making inflexions.

I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

Alfred Tennyson

One passage may be chosen that will call for more changes of pitch, another that will vary more the direction of inflexion, a third that will vary more the length of inflexion, a fourth that will increase the vigor of the rhythmic pulsations and the phrase accents; but as a rule, any selection demands all of these. We increase any one of them only in order to correct our faults and develop the power of the voice to respond to our thinking and feeling.

Many people cramp the mind and repress it in reading, pronouncing the words only and not thinking or feeling at all. We must enjoy what we read and enter sympathetically into every situation. When we quote from someone we must think and speak as he did. When telling about some event we must imagine ourselves to be witnesses of it, naturally and easily participating in the scene.

Rigidity of the voice is intensified through our repressive habits in imagination, feeling and thinking.

To develop agility of the voice, we must practice on bright and joyous themes, on serious passages, also giving thoughts that are weighty, but with the greatest possible earnestness.

THE BROOK

Little brook! little brook!
You have such a happy look —
Such a very merry manner, as you swerve and curve and crook —
And your ripples, one and one,
Reach each other's hands and run
Like laughing little children in the sun!

Little brook, sing to me:
Sing about a bumblebee
That tumbled from a lily-bell and grumbled mumblingly,
Because he wet the film
Of his wings, and had to swim,
While the water bugs raced round and laughed at him!

Little brook — sing a song
Of a leaf that sailed along
Down the golden-braided centre of your current swift and strong,
And a dragon fly that lit
On the tilting rim of it,
And rode away and was n't scared a bit.

And sing — how oft in glee
Came a truant boy like me,
Who loved to lean and listen to your lilting melody,
Till the gurgle and refrain
Of your music in his brain
Wrought a happiness as keen to him as pain.

Little brook — laugh and leap! —
Do not let the dreamer weep:
Sing him all the songs of summer till he sink in softest sleep;
And then sing soft and low
Through his dreams of long ago —
Sing back to him the rest he used to know!

From "The Brook" in The Bobbs-Merrill "Rhymes of Childhood." Copyright, 1900. James Whitcomb Riley

Sprightliness, joyousness, admiration and exultation will cause more changes of pitch; while seriousness, earnestness and intensity will cause more inflexion. The two, however, are united in all true natural speaking, and we should endeavor to unite them more vitally to enable us to speak with as wide a range as possible.

In Mr. Riley's little poem on "The Brook" can you let your fancy play and talk and laugh with it. In the second stanza especially observe the touch of humor. Can you laugh at the bumble-bee who fell in and did not like at all to swim to the shore to dry his wings? Introduce in the other stanzas the leaf and the dragon fly and different topics with as great variation of your voice as possible.

This method develops not only flexibility in the voice, but also a certain life and movement in your thinking. Many people think lazily. The mind drags from idea to idea and the voice becomes monotonous. We need to think with sprightliness, with intensity, and express with sincere earnestness, exercising our voices in direct response to every action of voice and mind, and then both will become free and flexible.

Read some poem with short lines such as "Jack in the Pulpit," and with an upright line mark each phrase of a prose passage. Try to make as wide changes of pitch as you can with every phrase; and make a long, definite inflexion on the principal word in each phrase. You will find that however greatly accentuating these, if you really

think and make your modulations expressive of your thinking, you will be interesting.

JACK IN THE PULPIT

Jack in the pulpit
  Preaches to-day,
Under the green trees
  Just over the way.
Squirrel and song-sparrow,
  High on their perch,
Hear the sweet lily-bells
  Ringing to church.
Come, hear what his reverence
  Rises to say,
In his low painted pulpit
  This calm Sabbath-day.
Fair is the canopy
  Over him seen,
Penciled by Nature's hand,
  Black, brown, and green.
Green is his surplice,
  Green are his bands;
In his queer little pulpit
  The little priest stands.

In black and gold velvet,
  So gorgeous to see,
Comes with his bass voice
  The chorister bee.
Green fingers playing
  Unseen on wind-lyres,
Low singing bird voices, —
  These are his choirs.
The violets are deacons
  I know by the sign
That the cups which they carry
  Are purple with wine.
And the columbines bravely
  As sentinels stand
On the look-out with all their
  Red trumpets in hand.

Meek-faced anemones,
  Drooping and sad;
Great yellow violets,
  Smiling out glad;
Buttercups' faces,
  Beaming and bright;

Clovers, with bonnets, —
Some red and some white;
Daisies, their white fingers
Half-clasped in prayer;
Dandelions, proud of
The gold of their hair;
Innocents, children
Guileless and frail,
Meek little faces
Upturned and pale;
Wild-wood geraniums,
All in their best,
Languidly leaning
In purple gauze dressed: —
All are assembled
This sweet Sabbath-day
To hear what the priest
In his pulpit will say.

Look! white Indian pipes
On the green mosses lie!
Who has been smoking
Profanely so nigh?
Rebuked by the preacher
The mischief is stopped,
But the sinners, in haste,
Have their little pipes dropped.
Let the wind, with the fragrance
Of fern and black birch,
Blow the smell of the smoking
Clean out of our church!
So much for the preacher:
The sermon comes next, —
Shall we tell how he preached it,
And where was his text?
Alas! like too many
Grown-up folks who play
At worship in churches
Man-builded to-day, —
We heard not the preacher
Expound or discuss;
But we looked at the people,
And they looked at us.
We saw all their dresses,
Their colors and shapes;
The trim of their bonnets,
The cut of their capes.

We heard the wind-organ,
The bee, and the bird,
But of Jack in the Pulpit
We heard not a word!

Clara Smith

A passage characterized by intensity, that is, one marked by very deep feeling and thought, has more pauses and its touch has great vigor. Read such passages, contrasting indifference with a sense of great weight and importance, as in the following.

THE KING

They rode right out of the morning sun —
A glimmering, glittering cavalcade
Of knights and ladies, and every one
In princely sheen arrayed;
And the king of them all, O he rode ahead,
With a helmet of gold, and a plume of red
That spurted about in the breeze and bled
In the bloom of the everglade.

And they rode high over the dewy lawn,
With brave, glad banners of every hue,
That rolled in ripples, as they rode on
In splendor, two and two;
And the tinkling links of the golden reins
Of the steeds they rode rang such refrains
As the castanets in a dream of Spain's
Intensest gold and blue.

And they rode and rode; and the steeds they neighed
And pranced, and the sun on their glossy hides
Flickered and lightened and glanced and played
Like the moon on rippling tides;
And their manes were silken, and thick and strong,
And their tails were flossy, and fetlock-long,
And jostled in time to the teeming throng,
And their knightly song besides.

Clank of scabbard and jingle of spur,
And the fluttering sash of the queen went wild
In the wind, and the proud king glanced at her
As one at a wilful child, —
And as knight and lady away they flew,
And the banners flapped, and the falcon, too,
And the lances flashed, and the bugle blew,
He kissed his hand and smiled. —

And, then, like a slanting sunlit shower,
The pageant glittered across the plain,
And the turf spun back, and the wildweed flower
Was only a crimson stain.
And a dreamer's eyes, they are downward cast,
As he blends these words with the wailing blast:
"It is the King of the Year rides past!"
And Autumn is here again.

From "Afterwhiles." Copyrighted. By permission of the Bobbs-Merrill Co., Publishers. — James Whitcomb Riley

XXVI. UNION OF THE PRIMARY VOICE MODULATIONS

Thou must be true thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow if thou
Another's soul wouldst reach!
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

Horatio Bonar

We have found that the beginning of thinking is attention. We pause while realizing our ideas, and give a certain phrase accent or touch to that word which shows to what our attention is given.

Pause and touch must necessarily be found together. One denotes the receiving of a picture; the other its affirmation or positiveness.

If we think definitely pictures arise in the mind with each phrase, and the change of passing from one idea to another causes change of pitch. This change may be either upward or downward; it comes of itself as does the picture. Every change of the mind is shown by an easy and natural change in the body or voice.

In proportion to the vigor of our thinking, our natural expression and intervals in pitch are wide and numerous. A change of pitch in passing from one phrase to another shows the modification or divergence of the second idea from that which preceded it. Inflexions, on the contrary,

as has already been shown, show the connection of the ideas with the preceding or the following, the attention of the speaker's mind, or his valuation or relation of an idea to his purpose. When there are many intervals or changes of pitch there will also be frequent inflexions in great variety, rising or falling, short or long, each expressive of some attitude or action of the mind.

Read a passage which you like, and observe all these modulations or elements of vocal expression. Notice that they all imply one another and that as long as you are not mechanical, the more you accentuate them all, the more pleasing and full of meaning each becomes. The law regarding inflexions, and every other voice modulation, is: Think every idea so intensely and feel it so deeply that variations of the voice directly respond as the natural signs of what goes on in your mind.

THE WORLD

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast —
World, you are beautifully drest!

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree;
It walks on the water and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the top of the hills.

You friendly Earth, how far do you go,
With the wheat-fields that nod and the rivers that flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah, you are so great and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper inside me seemed to say,
" You are more than the Earth, though you are such a dot;
You can love and think, and the Earth can not."

From the " Lilliput Levee." W. B. Rands

The union of these various modulations is like the mixture of colors. When we mix red and blue we have purple, a very different color; when we mix yellow and blue we have green, also a very different color. In the same way,

when we put Pause and Touch together they make something still more important and still stronger than one of them alone. When we put Change of Pitch and Inflexion together we make something more beautiful and more forcible than either can be of itself.

The analogy does not hold perfectly, however, for the blue and the red are lost in the purple, while the inflexion still retains its original meaning, as does also change of pitch. Moreover, the mixing of colors makes them weak, while a right union of all the modulations of speech gives each more power.

Read some short passage and give the widest possible changes of pitch, and observe that your reading becomes more natural on account of this wideness.

If it were always rain,
  The flowers would be drowned;
If it were always sun,
  No flowers would be found.

Changes of pitch will be wide in proportion to the length of the pauses in receiving pictures, and to the degree of changes in each picture. We can prove this by reading a passage and making long pauses, and then justifying them by wide changes of pitch.

Locate in some simple, short passage or sentence these four modulations and endeavor to realize their meaning. Then note some of the chief combinations of these modulations. It is impossible to find all of them. They are implied instinctively and we must not analyze too severely, but it is helpful to realize how spontaneously they respond to our thinking. They come of themselves if we let our voices sympathize with our thinking and feeling. When we begin to realize what a wonderful language we are speaking every moment, what deep feeling and intense degrees of conviction we reveal in every sentence and every clause, our ordinary conversation must take on more dignity.

If wisdom's ways you 'd wisely seek,
  Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
  And how and when and where.

THE GUINEA AND THE PENNY

Side by side on the counter of a Bank, lay a new gold guinea and a copper penny. Said the proud gold piece to the penny:

"You are brown copper only, but I am shining gold. No one will care much for you, but when I go out into the world, every one will want me. I shall pass into the hands of lords and ladies; and, at last, the gold of which I am made may be used to form the crown of some emperor."

Just then an old miser came into the bank, and the gold piece was paid out to him. He thrust it into a little bag, carried the bag home and put it into his money chest in the cellar. But he was afraid that his money would not be safe there, so he buried it in the earth. Soon afterward he died, and no one knew where his money was hidden; so the gold piece was lost, and to this day has never been seen.

The man who had charge of the penny saw a poor boy helping an old woman who had fallen down in the street and he called him in, and gave him the new penny. The boy carried it home and gave it to his little sister.

Just then a beggar came limping along the road, and asked for help. The little girl gave him the penny, and told him where it had come from, and why it had been given to her brother.

Before long the beggar met an old man who carried a pilgrim's staff in his hand. He was selling pictures of the city of Jerusalem, to get money to ransom his brother, who had been taken prisoner by the Turks.

The beggar was moved by the pilgrim's story; he gave him the new penny, and told him its story, as he had heard it from the little girl.

The pilgrim set out for Constantinople, and, as soon as he arrived at that city, he went at once to the Turkish governor, and offered him all the money he had gathered for his brother's freedom. The governor, however, wanted more money than he had gathered, and would not let the brother go.

The pilgrim said: "This is all that I have except one copper penny," and then he told the story of the penny. The governor asked for the humble coin that had done so many good actions. "I will keep it," he said, "and wear it next my heart, and perhaps a blessing will come with it." Then he gave back to the pilgrim all the rest of his money, and let his brother go free.

Soon afterward the governor took part in a great battle. An arrow struck him on the breast, but glanced off without hurting

him. It had been turned aside by the coin. He owed his life to the penny.

When the war was over, the governor went to his master, the emperor. As they talked together, the governor told how the penny had preserved him from death. As the emperor listened, he exclaimed, "Wonderful! Wonderful!"

The governor, noting his master's interest, gave him the penny, and the emperor fastened it with a golden chain to the hilt of his favorite sword. One day the monarch was about to drink a cup of coffee, when the empress asked to see his sword. As he held it up, the penny dropped into the cup.

When he took the coin out, he saw that the copper had become green in color. Some one had mixed poison with the drink. But the change in the color of the penny warned the emperor in time.

Then the emperor had the penny put in his crown, amid the diamonds and other jewels which adorned it. To him the penny seemed the brightest gem of all, for when he looked at it he was reminded of the good deeds it had done.

So, you see, not the golden guinea, but the copper penny was set at last in a royal crown.

They might not need me; but they might.
I'll let my head be just in sight;
A smile as small as mine might be
Precisely their necessity.

Emily Dickinson

A SONG OF THE SLEIGH

Oh, swift we go o'er the fleecy snow,
When moonbeams sparkle round;
When hoofs keep time to music's chime,
As merrily on we bound.

On a winter's night, when hearts are light,
And health is on the wind,
We loose the rein and sweep the plain,
And leave our cares behind.

With a laugh and song we glide along
Across the fleeting snow!
With friends beside, how swift we ride
On the beautiful track below!

Oh, the raging sea, has joys for me,
When gale and tempests roar;
But give me the speed of a foaming steed,
And I'll ask for the waves no more.

James T. Fields

V

SPONTANEOUS ELEMENTS OF EXPRESSION

XXVII. SPONTANEOUS AND DELIBERATIVE ACTIONS OF THE MIND

I know a valley in the summer hills
Haunted by little winds and daffodils;
Faint footfalls and soft shadows pass at noon;
Noiseless, at night, the clouds assemble there;
And ghostly summits hang below the moon —
Dim visions lightly swung in silent air.

"The Valley." Edwin Markham

If we analyze our thinking we find that we can control attention by holding it on one idea, and also that as the mind passes from point to point we can often select many points on which the attention is to rest. We can also give certain value to these points of interest. All such mental actions are conscious; we can make ourselves dwell on them. Aside from these deliberative actions however, there are other processes of the mind which come of themselves, which are stimulated and controlled indirectly rather than directly.

Naturalness in reading is dependent on both of these classes of actions. In fact, they must be brought into co-operation and unity. The elements that come to us of themselves as a result or a part of our concentration are fully as important as the deliberative elements of thinking.

THE ROBIN

The robin is the one
That interrupts the morn
With hurried few express reports
When March is scarcely on.

The robin is the one
That overflows the noon
With her cherubic quantity
And April but begun.

The robin is the one
That speechless from her nest
Submits that home and certainty
And sanctity are best.

Emily Dickinson

Among these spontaneous or creative actions of the mind is the forming of a picture. When we speak the word "rose" the mind makes whatever rose it pleases, whatever color it pleases.

In speaking or writing we should choose such words as will cause the minds of our listeners to make pictures freely. Well written poems, stories or fables cause us to make images in our minds. In reading them aloud, we should simply keep our minds awake and allow them to act.

Now twilight lets her curtain down,
And pins it with a star.

Another spontaneous action of the mind is feeling. When we see something which interests us, or which is beautiful, we admire and enjoy it. Feeling responds immediately to the pictures in our minds. We cannot make ourselves feel. We can direct our attention and awaken feeling but it must come of itself in order to be natural. We can control feeling, and at times we can repress it, but we should not try to keep from feeling. We must be sure that we feel what we see and see what we feel.

DORCAS

One day a woman, gently bowed,
As with His easy yoke,
Stood on the borders of the crowd
Listening as Jesus spoke.

She saw the garment knit throughout;
Forgot the words he spake;
Thought only, "Happy hand that wrought
The honored robe to make!"

Her eyes with longing tears grew dim:
She never can come nigh
To do one service poor for Him
For whom she glad would die.

Across the crowd, borne on the breeze,
Comes — "Inasmuch as ye
Did it unto the least of these,
Ye did it unto me."

Home, home she went, and plied the loom,
And God's dear poor arrayed.
She died — they wept about the room,
And showed the coats she made.

George Macdonald

The most important of the spontaneous actions of the mind has been called Imagination. It is the power of the mind that sees things alive. It sees things beautiful, sees them in their rightful place with other things. It helps us to see everything as a living part of nature. When we picture a bird, the imagination does not let us see it as a stuffed bird. It shows us this bird out among the trees. We see it flying; we hear it singing. Just so when we imagine a wild rose, we see it out by the wayside or on the border of some field. A background is given. We see where it grows, and then we feel that we are growing there with it.

AN ACCIDENT IN HIGH LIFE

The man in the moon, who sails the skies,
Is a most courageous skipper;
But he made a mistake
When he tried to take
A drink of milk, from the dipper.

He dipped it into the milky way
And slowly, cautiously filled it;
But the little bear growled
And the great bear howled
And frightened him, so he spilled it.

From "St. Nicholas." Eleanor Hunter

There is one kind of image-making power which paints very extravagant things sometimes. This is called fancy, and is often laughable and full of playfulness.

. . . . Thou in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace,
With thy mellow breezy bass. . . .
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat. . . .

From "The Bumblebee." Emerson

Imagination, on the contrary, is most apparent when we are quiet and thoughtful. It enables us to see things which

otherwise we should not see at all. It shows the inner truths that make us understand things.

Go out alone on a sunny morning where everything is still. Sit down on the grass by the side of the road and feel the solitude, the sweet loneliness of the place. Everything is perfectly quiet. All at once a low, deep hum breaks into the silence. If you know the kind of place the bumblebee visits you will know what "green silence" means; you will picture the "underwoods" low, bushy weeds, clover, plants and blossoms. How vividly Emerson's lines cause us to create a beautiful scene, and put us there in the enjoyment of a beautiful world.

Thanks untraced to lips unknown
Shall greet me like the odors blown
From unseen meadows newly mown,
Or lilies floating in some pond,
Wood-fringed, the wayside gaze beyond;
The traveller owns the grateful sense
Of sweetness near, he knows not whence,
And, pausing, takes with forehead bare
The benediction of the air.

Closing lines of "Snow-bound." — John Greenleaf Whittier

In reading these lines do you realize the odors from unseen meadows? Do you see the pond with floating lilies, fringed around with woods and "the wayside gaze beyond"?

THE WIND

The wind has a language I would I could learn;
Sometimes 't is soothing, and sometimes 't is stern;
Sometimes it comes like a low, sweet song,
And all things grow calm, as the sound floats along;
And the forest is lulled by the dreamy strain;
And slumber sinks down on the wandering main;
And its crystal arms are folded in rest,
And the tall ship sleeps on its heaving breast.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

A first step in the training of the imagination is to hold our attention upon things and allow ourselves to see their beauties and to admire them. The Imagination is the faculty that gives us insight, but we never can have insight without sympathy, without admiration. Whatever we hate

or dislike is ugly. What we admire becomes more and more attractive and beautiful.

The sustaining of our attention, the deeper or higher realization of truth, is the foundation of what is called poetry. Poetry has been defined as " the intense realization of truth."

Some may think that science is also an intense realization of truth. Yet an abstract conception of truth is hardly realization. The word " realization " implies imagination and feeling. The scientific apprehension of a subject is an understanding of the explanation of its nature. It implies a conception of abstract or general truth gained by analysis, while poetry is a complete truth gained by synthesis. It is always a co-ordination of thinking, imagination and feeling. Science tends to eliminate imagination and feeling. When a scientific truth is felt and realized in the imaginative, creative or complete sense, it becomes poetic.

We are spontaneously poetic when we have not been perverted by too much repression and abstract thinking. If we wish to see things beautiful we need only give them attention and think about them. They will become more and more beautiful and will stir us more deeply.

All the steps so far tend to awaken the faculties of the mind and bring them into union, because our first aim is definite attention, and concentration. Always as we hold a thing in our minds we enjoy it. This holding the mind is the foundation not only of correct ideas and impressions, but of the creative imagination which penetrates to the heart of things, and it is the foundation also of all genuine feeling. Correct ideas and true feeling are necessary to expression. We cannot express without creating ideas, without deep insight; without a sympathetic or emotional response.

I guess the pussy-willows now
Are creeping out on every bough
Along the brook; the robins look
For early worms behind the plough.
The thistle-birds have changed their dun
For yellow coats, to match the sun. . . .

I think the meadow-lark's clear sound
Leaks upward slowly from the ground,
While on the wing the blue-birds ring
Their wedding-bells to woods around. . . .
And, best of all, through twilight's calm
The hermit-thrush repeats his psalm. . . .

From "An Angler's Wish." Henry Van Dyke

Sweet bird, that shun'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chantress, oft, the woods among,
I woo, to hear thy even-song:
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

John Milton

Have you ever heard the hermit thrush singing its evening psalm? Can you read these beautiful words from Henry Van Dyke or the poem by Milton and observe the moon wandering in the highest part of the sky through a fleecy cloud? Have you ever observed the effect of the poem? Why is this imagination?

HIGH AND LOW

The showers fall as softly,
Upon the lowly grass
As on the stately roses
That tremble as they pass.

The sunlight shines as brightly
On fern-leaves bent and torn
As on the golden harvest,
The fields of waving corn.

The wild birds sing as sweetly
To rugged, jagged pines,
As to the blossomed orchards,
And to the cultured vines. . . .

Dora Read Goodale

To see truly and to enjoy deeply such pictures, our higher faculties must be awake, and we must seem to be there ourselves.

Boats sail on the rivers
And ships sail on the seas;
But clouds that sail across the sky
Are prettier far than these.

There are bridges on the rivers
As pretty as you please,
But the bow that bridges heaven
And overtops the trees
And builds a road from earth to sky
Is prettier far than these.

Christina Rossetti

Look at a bridge over a river, then sometime observe a rainbow. Imagination is not an extravagant faculty. It is just the power to see truth, to look into the heart of things and to discover our kinship with them and their hidden meaning. It is the power to discover the kinship of the rainbow with our rough, clumsy bridges.

To have genuine imagination, we ourselves need to be sympathetically attentive, to look at things, and to enjoy them.

Here is a poem different from the preceding. Note how familiar are the facts observed. How the white sand and dust of the road " turns a muddy brown." The cows are munching the grass. We do not have to think about rainbows and exalted things in order to use our imagination. We must look at the simplest objects and events, enjoy the facts and objects observed and see that they are alive and beautiful.

IN THE RAIN

The black clouds roll across the sun,
Then shadows darken all the grass:
The songs the sweet birds sang are done,
And on the wings the minstrels pass.

There comes a sudden sheet of rain
That beats the tender field flowers down,
And in the narrow fragrant lane
The white road turns a muddy brown.

And then the clouds roll slowly back,
The sun again shines fierce and hot,
The cows come down the sodden track
And munch the wet grass in the lot.

The flowers their moistened faces raise,
  The wet leaves in the sunbeams gleam,
The birds, refreshed, resume their lays,
  The children paddle in the stream.

How like to life such days as this!
  The brightness and the storm of tears;
So much to gain, so much to miss,
  The sudden overflow of fears.

Yet though the song be hushed a while,
  We know 't will break forth by-and-by,
We know behind the clouds the smile
  Of radiant glory still doth lie.

Oh, let the sudden storm beat low
  Our tender blossoms as it may!
And let our sweetest song-birds go,
  They will return some other day.

We shall forget the sheet of rain
  And all that looks so dark and drear,
Just as we have forgot the pain
  That seemed so hard to us last year.

"In the King's Garden and Other Poems." James Berry Bensel
Lothrop, Lee & Shepherd, Boston.

When beechen buds begin to swell,
  And woods the bluebird's warble know,
The yellow violet's modest bell
  Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

"The Yellow Violet." William Cullen Bryant

In these four lines you hold your attention upon the buds on the beech trees. You see them as they are beginning to swell. Then you hear the bluebird, and see the woods as a kind of peculiar background. Then you see something very different — a small yellow violet growing out of last year's leaves.

WHAT WOULD YOU SEE?

What would you see if I took you up
  To my little nest in the air?
You would see the sky like a clear blue cup
  Turned upside downwards there.

What would you do if I took you there
  To my little nest in the tree?
My child with cries would trouble the air,
  To get what she could but see.

What would you get in the top of the tree
For all your crying and grief?
Not a star would you clutch of all you see —
You could only gather a leaf.

But when you had lost your greedy grief,
Content to see from afar,
You would find in your hand a withering leaf,
In your heart a shining star.

George Macdonald

Once when a boy I stood on Mt. Pleasant at Amherst and saw a summer thunder storm enter the valley of the Connecticut from the north. Before it all was bright; centre-wise it was black as midnight, and I could see the fiery streaks of lightning striking down through it; but behind the cloud — for I could see the rear — it was bright again. In front of me was that mighty storm hurtling through the sky; before it I saw the sunlight and behind it I saw the sunlight. But to those that were in the centre of it there was no brightness before or behind it. They saw the thunder gust and felt the pelting rain, and were enveloped in darkness, and heard the rush of mighty winds, while I, who stood afar off, could see that God was watering the earth and washing the leaves, preparing the birds for a new outcome of jubilee, and giving to men refreshment and health. So I can see that our human life here, with its sorrows and tears, as compared with the eternity we are going into, is no more than the breath of a summer thunder storm; and if God sees that our experience in this world is to work out an exceeding great reward in the world to come, there is no mystery in it — to Him.

Beecher

The power that makes us see these things is not strange, it is just simple attention to things about us. When we rightly see them we enjoy them. Imagination does not change things to make them beautiful, it only gives us insight into their true spirit. If we see rightly, we shall learn to understand the beautiful. If we see wrongly, nothing will be beautiful. Imagination makes us feel interest and enjoyment in everything. It gives us the power to see things not as on the surface or isolated, and to understand the spirit of nature, the true relationship of all things with one another.

THE WAY TO FAIRY-LAND

What is the way to fairy-land?
Which is the road to take?
Over the hills, or over the sand
Where the river ripples break?

The hills stand listening night and day
As if to a wonderful tale;
The river whispers along its way
Secrets to every sail.

They must be listening and whispering there
With the fairy folk, I know;
For what but this is the sound in the air
So sweet and soft and low? —

The sound that floats o'er the misty hills
And runs with a little shiver,
As of a thousand musical trills,
Over the running river.

O hills, that stand so lofty there
Listening night and day,
Listen to me and show me where
The fairy-folk do stray.

And river, river, whisper low,
Whisper me low and sweet,
Tell me the secrets, that you know
Of the fairy-folks' retreat.

Norah Perry

In this little poem, "The Way to Fairy-land," by Miss Perry, you may think of fairies, or you may think of the beauty of the road. There may not be any actual fairies; in fact, when we talk about fairies or see fairies in every breeze, it is in fancy, through which some minds invent little beings all alive and joyous, running in the grasses and among the flowers. But imagination sees things living, and does not need to make the little creatures outside of the flowers, leaves and birds. Flowers, leaves, buds, brooks, may all be felt by us to be alive. We may hear the brooks talk as well as the birds sing. Indeed, there is a special time in our life when we seem to awaken and see the world; when the rocks fill us with love, the trees dance in the breezes, and our hearts sing with the birds. This is only natural. We need the friendship with nature which it brings us.

Read this poem with all the enjoyment of a real trip out through the woods and over the hills. We want to feel as if the hills stood and listened to the whispering river, and to hear the musical trills and feel that everything is enjoying itself, that the trees, the breezes and the birds are all happy together.

THE GRASS

The grass so little has to do, —
A sphere of simple green,
With only butterflies to brood,
And bees to entertain,

And stir all day to pretty tunes
The breezes fetch along,
And hold the sunshine in its lap
And bow to everything;

And thread the dews all night, like pearls,
And make itself so fine, —
A duchess were too common
For such a noticing.

And even when it dies, to pass
In odors so divine,
As lowly spices gone to sleep,
Or amulets of pine.

And then to dwell in sovereign barns,
And dream the days away, —
The grass so little has to do,
I wish I were the hay.

Emily Dickinson

Observe Miss Dickinson's feeling for the simple grass. Though it seems to many people common, her imagination sees its beauty. In the simplest thing there is loveliness if we allow our hearts to see it.

PETER PAN

When Peter Pan was seven days' old he flew out by the window, which had no bars. He entirely forgot that he was a little boy in a night-gown, and flew right over the houses to the open sward, where the first thing he did was to lie on his back and kick. He was quite unaware already that he had ever been human, and thought he was a bird, and when he tried to catch a fly he did not understand that the reason he missed it was because he had attempted to seize it with his hand, which, of course, a bird never does. He saw, however,

that it must be past Lock-out time, for there were a good many fairies about, all too busy to notice him.

So Peter called out that he was not an ordinary human being and had no desire to do them displeasure, but to be their friend. Whereupon they straightway loved him, and henceforth Peter could go whither he chose, and the fairies had orders to put him in comfort.

Peter's heart was so glad that he felt he must sing all day long, just as the birds sing for joy, but, being partly human, he needed an instrument, so he made a pipe of reeds, and he used to sit by the shore of the island of an evening, practicing the sough of the wind and the ripple of the water, and catching handfuls of the shine of the moon, and he put them all in his pipe and played them so beautifully that even the birds were deceived.

The fairies are a grateful little people, too, and at the princess's coming-of-age ball they gave him the wish of his heart.

"If I chose to go back to mother," he asked, "could you give me that wish?" Were he to return to his mother they should lose his music, so the Queen tilted her nose contemptuously and said, "Pooh, ask for a much bigger wish than that."

"Is that quite a little wish?" he inquired.

"As little as this," the Queen answered, putting her hands near each other.

"What size is a big wish?" he asked.

She measured it off and it was a very handsome length.

Then Peter reflected and said, "Well, then, I think I shall have two little wishes instead of one big one."

Of course the fairies had to agree, though his cleverness rather shocked them, and he said that his first wish was to go to his mother, but with the right to return to the Gardens if he found her disappointing. His second wish he would hold in reserve.

"I can give you the power to fly to her house," the Queen said, "but I can't open the door for you."

"The window I flew out at will be open," Peter said confidently. "Mother always keeps it open in the hope that I may fly back."

"How do you know?" they asked, quite surprised, and really Peter could not explain how he knew.

"I just do know," he said.

So as he persisted in his wish, they had to grant it. The way they gave him power to fly was this: they all tickled him

on the shoulder, and soon he felt a funny itching in that part and then up he rose higher and higher and flew away out of the Gardens and over the house-tops.

It was so delicious that instead of flying straight to his old home he skimmed away over St. Paul's to the Crystal Palace and back by the river and Regent's Park, and by the time he reached his mother's window he had quite made up his mind that his second wish should be to become a bird.

The window was wide open, just as he knew it would be, and in he fluttered, and there was his mother lying asleep. Peter alighted softly on the wooden rail at the foot of the bed and had a good look at her. She lay with her head on her hand, and the hollow in the pillow was like a nest lined with her brown wavy hair. He was very glad she was such a pretty mother.

But she looked sad, and he knew why she looked sad. One of her arms moved as if it wanted to go round something, and he knew what it wanted to go round.

"Oh, mother," said Peter to himself, "if you just knew who is sitting on the rail at the foot of the bed."

Very gently he patted the little mound that her feet made, and he could see by her face that she liked it. He knew he had but to say "Mother" ever so softly, and she would wake up. Then she would give such a joyous cry and squeeze him tight.

But why does Peter sit so long on the rail; why does he not tell his mother that he has come back? Sometimes he looked longingly at his mother, and sometimes he looked longingly at the window. Certainly it would be pleasant to be her boy again, but on the other hand what times those had been in the Gardens! Then he had a great adventure. His mother woke up, for he heard her say "Peter," as if it was the most lovely word in the language. He held his breath, wondering how she knew that he had come back. If she said "Peter" again, he meant to cry "Mother" and run to her. But she spoke no more, and she made little moans only, and when next he peeped at her she was once more asleep, with tears on her face.

It made Peter very miserable, and what do you think was the first thing he did? Sitting on the rail at the foot of the bed, he played a beautiful lullaby to his mother on his pipe. He had made it up himself out of the way she said "Peter," and he never stopped playing until she looked happy.

As for the second wish, not to ask for a second wish seemed wasteful, and of course, he could not ask for it without returning to the fairies.

And in the end he flew away. Twice he came back from the window, wanting to kiss his mother, but he feared the delight of it might waken her, so at last he played her a lovely kiss on his pipe, and then he flew back to the Gardens.

The fairies were most anxious that he should remain in the Gardens to play to them, and to bring this to pass they tried to trick him into making such a remark as "I wish the grass was not so wet," and some of them danced out of time in the hope that he might cry, "I do wish you would keep time!" Then they would have said that this was his second wish. But though on occasions he began, "I wish—," he always stopped in time. So when at last he said to them bravely, "I wish now to go back to mother for ever and always," they had to tickle his shoulders and let him go.

He went in a hurry in the end because he had dreamt that his mother was crying, and he knew what was the great thing she cried for, and that a hug from her splendid Peter would quickly make her to smile. Oh, he felt sure of it, and so eager was he to be nestling in her arms that this time he flew straight to the window, which was always to be open for him.

But the window was closed, and there were iron bars on it, and peering inside he saw his mother sleeping peacefully with her arm round another little boy.

Peter called, "Mother, mother," but she heard him not; in vain he beat his little limbs against the iron bars. He had to fly back, sobbing, to the Gardens, and he never saw his dear mother again. What a glorious boy he had meant to be to her. Ah, Peter, we who have made the great mistake, how differently we should all act at the second chance. But there is no second chance, not for most of us. When we reach the window it is Lock-out Time. The iron bars are up for life.

From "The Little White Bird." James M. Barrie

XXVIII. DRAMATIC INSIGHT

Mother Earth is sound asleep,
Who, oh, who will wake her?
"I will," said the mild South wind;
"I will gently shake her."

Mother Earth is wide awake,
Who will bring her flowers?
"I will," said the beaming sun,
Helped by April showers."

"Asleep and Awake." Author not known

There is another phase of imaginative enjoyment which is just as natural as this power of seeing truth, and one which comes easier to many people. This is the power of putting ourselves in another person's place, or of making believe that somebody else is in ours. It makes us also speak of animals as if they were human beings. We can hear animals talk and can turn them into human characters, or can talk to birds, leaves and flowers as if they understood.

THE COCK AND THE FOX

A cock, perched high among the branches of a tree, crowed aloud. This well-known note soon brought a prowling fox to the spot. Seeing that the cock was where he could not reach him, he set his wits to work to bring him down.

In his gentlest voice, he said, "Have you not heard of the proclamation of universal peace and harmony among all beasts and birds? No? We will prey upon one another no longer, but be governed by love. Do come down, and we will talk over this great news." The cock, who knew that the fox was at one of his old tricks, pretended to be watching something in the distance. At length the fox asked him, "What are you looking at so earnestly?"

'Why," said the cock, "I think I see a pack of hounds coming."

"O, then," said the fox, "your humble servant must be gone."

"No," said the cock, "pray, do not go. I am just coming down. You are surely not afraid of dogs these peaceful times."

"No, no," said the fox, "but ten to one they have not yet heard of the proclamation."

Imagine the cock and the fox talking together. Be yourself a part of the story just as if you were there, and speak as the crafty fox did, — see, feel and show just what he said. Identify yourself also with the cock and show the difference between the two.

SIR LARK AND KING SUN: A PARABLE

"Good morrow, my lord!" in the sky alone,
Sang the lark as the sun ascended his throne
"Shine on me, my lord; I only am come,
Of all your servants, to welcome you home.
I have flown right up, a whole hour, I swear,
To catch the first shine of your golden hair."

"Must I thank you then," said the king, " Sir Lark,
For flying so high and hating the dark?
You ask a full cup for half a thirst:
Half was love of me, and half love to be first.
There 's many a bird makes no such haste,
But waits till I come! that 's as much to my taste."

And King Sun hid his head in a turban of cloud,
And Sir Lark stopped singing, quite vexed and cowed;
But he flew up higher, and thought, "Anon
The wrath of the king will be over and gone;
And his crown, shining out of its cloudy fold,
Will change my brown feathers to a glory of gold."

So he flew — with the strength of a lark he flew;
But, as he rose, the cloud rose too;
And not one gleam of the golden hair
Came through the depths of the misty air;
Till, weary with flying, with singing sore,
The strong sun-seeker could do no more.

His wings had had no chrism of gold;
And his feathers felt withered and worn and old;
He faltered, and sank, and dropped like a stone.
And there on her nest, where he left her, alone
Sat his little wife on her little eggs,
Keeping them warm with wings and legs..

Did I say alone? Ah, no such thing!
Full in her face was shining the king.
"Welcome, Sir Lark! You look tired," said he;
"Up is not always the best way to me.
While you have been singing so high and away,
I 've been shining to your little wife all day."

He had set his crown all about the nest,
And out of the midst shone her little brown breast;
And so glorious was she in russet gold,
That for wonder and awe Sir Lark grew cold.
He popped his head under her wing, and lay
As still as a stone, till King Sun was away.

George Macdonald

Children put a little board in the pond and play that it is a great steamer. They make up plays and games out of their imagination. It is no trouble for them to dramatize a fairy tale. Can you read, enjoy and realize by your imagination what little Eddie thought about the hen?

REMINDING THE HEN

"It 's well I ran into the garden,"
Said Eddie, his face all aglow,
"For what do you think, Mamma, happened?
You never will guess, I know.

"The little brown hen was there clucking;
'Cut-cut,' she 'd say quick as a wink,
Then 'cut-cut' again, only slower;
And then she would stop and think.

"And then she would say it all over —
She did look so mad and so vext;
For Mamma, do you know, she 'd forgotten
The word that she ought to cluck next.

"So I said 'Ca-daw-cut,' 'Caw-daw-cut'
As loud and as strong as I could,
And she looked 'round at me very thankful;
I tell you it made her feel good.

"Then she flapped, and said 'Cut-cut-ca-daw-cut.'
She remembered just how it went then.
But it 's well I ran into the garden —
She might never have clucked right again."

Bessie Chandler

THE WIND'S SONG

O winds that blow across the sea,
What is the story that you bring!
Leaves clap their hands on every tree
And birds about their branches sing.

You sing to flowers and trees and birds
Your sea-songs over all the land,
Could you not stay and whisper words
A little child might understand?

The roses nod to hear you sing;
But though I listen all the day,
You never tell me anything
Of father's ship so far away.

Its masts are taller than the trees;
Its sails are silver in the sun;
There 's not a ship upon the seas
So beautiful as father's one.

With wings spread out it flies so fast
It leaves the waves all white with foam.
Just whisper to me, blowing past,
If you have seen it sailing home.

I feel your breath upon my cheek,
And in my hair, and on my brow,
Dear winds, if you could only speak,
I know what you would tell me now.

My father 's coming home, you 'd say,
With precious presents, one, two, three;
A shawl for mother, beads for May,
And eggs and shells for Rob and me.

The winds sing songs where'er they roam;
The leaves all clap their little hands;
For father's ship is coming home
With wondrous things from foreign lands.

Gabriel Setoun

Here is a child who talks to the winds, tells them about the leaves clapping their hands, the birds singing, and talking to the flowers and trees. Then she asks about her father's ship. Her voice must be resonant and tenderly express love for her father. How she must expand and give heartiness of tone when she proudly describes her father's vessel with masts " taller than the trees! "

Possibly the most important characteristic of sympathetic attention or of this dramatic insight and realization of experience is found in the fact that it is needed to appreciate the spirit of poetry and literature. We must not only see and feel each successive object and event but create a complete whole. Dramatic insight demands that we receive a living impression from each object of attention. It is the aim of all poetry and true literature to convey a true impression and our dramatic imagination is needed to penetrate to the heart and to see things as living.

Generally the impressions we receive and the feelings that are awakened are our own. We must first be ourselves and feel everything in our own way. The first poem of fancy is lyric. From this we may rise to an appreciation of all other kinds of poetry.

For dramatic insight, however, this is not enough. We must see things as others see them. We must even see

ourselves as others see us. We must take the point of view of others. We must realize that every person sees something peculiar to himself and that the motives and characters of people differ. If we see things for ourselves alone, we become narrow and selfish. Only as we see things as others see them do we have enlarged sympathy and enter into participation with the life of our fellowman.

The necessity of dramatic insight is illustrated in the sympathetic story. Observe the following in the fifth chapter of II Kings.

THE CAPTIVE MAID

Now Naaman, captain of the host of the king of Syria, was a great man with his master, and honored, because by him the Lord had given victory unto Syria: he was also a mighty man of valor, but he was a leper. And the Syrians had gone out in bands, and had brought away captive out of the land of Israel a little maid; and she waited on Naaman's wife. And she said unto her mistress: Oh would that my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! Then would he recover him of his leprosy.

And one went in, and told his lord, saying: Thus and thus said the maid that is of the land of Israel. And the king of Syria said: Go now, and I will send a letter unto the king of Israel. And he departed, and took with him ten talents of silver, and six thousand pieces of gold, and ten changes of raiment. And he brought the letter to the king of Israel, saying: And now when this letter is come unto thee, behold, I have sent Naaman my servant to thee, that thou mayest recover him of his leprosy. And it came to pass, when the king of Israel had read the letter, that he rent his clothes, and said: Am I God, to kill and to make alive, that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy? but consider, I pray you, and see how he seeketh a quarrel against me.

And it was so, when Elisha the man of God heard that the king of Israel had rent his clothes, that he sent to the king, saying: Wherefore hast thou rent thy clothes? let him come now to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel.

So Naaman came with his horses and with his chariots, and stood at the door of the house of Elisha. And Elisha sent a messenger unto him, saying, Go and wash in the Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean. But Naaman was wroth, and went away, and said:

Behold, I thought He will surely come out to me, and stand, and call on the name of Jehovah his God, and wave his hand over the place, and recover the leper. Are not Abanah and Pharpar, the rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? may I not wash in them and be clean? So he turned and went away in a rage.

And his servants came near, and spake unto him, and said: My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it? how much rather then, when he saith to thee: Wash, and be clean? Then went he down, and dipped himself seven times in the Jordan, according to the saying of the man of God; and his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean.

And he returned to the man of God, he and all his company, and came, and stood before him: and he said, Behold now, I know that there is no God in all the earth, but in Israel; now therefore, I pray thee, take a present of thy servant. But he said: As the Lord liveth, before whom I stand, I will receive none. And he urged him to take it; but he refused.

And Naaman said: If not, yet I pray thee let there be given to thy servant two mules' burden of earth; for thy servant will henceforth offer neither burnt offering nor sacrifice unto other gods, but unto Jehovah. In this thing Jehovah pardon thy servant: when my master goeth into the house of Rimmon to worship there, and he leaneth on my hand, and I bow myself in the house of Rimmon, when I bow myself in the house of Rimmon, Jehovah pardon thy servant in this thing. And he said unto him, Go in peace. So he departed from him a little way.

But Gehazi, the servant of Elisha, the man of God, said: Behold, my master hath spared this Naaman the Syrian, in not receiving at his hands that which he brought: as the Lord liveth, I will run after him, and take somewhat of him. So Gehazi followed after Naaman. And when Naaman saw one running after him, he lighted down from the chariot to meet him, and said: Is all well? And he said: All is well. My master hath sent me, saying: Behold, even now there are come to me from the hill country of Ephraim two young men of the sons of the prophets; give them, I pray thee, a talent of silver, and two changes of raiment. And Naaman said: Be pleased to take two talents. And he urged him, and bound two talents of silver in two bags, with two changes of raiment, and laid them upon two of his servants; and they bare them before him. And when he came to the hill, he took them from their hand, and bestowed

them in the house; and he let the men go, and they departed. But he went in, and stood before his master.

And Elisha said unto him: Whence comest thou, Gehazi? And he said: Thy servant went no whither. And he said unto him: Went not my heart with thee, when the man turned again from his chariot to meet thee? Is it a time to receive money, and to receive garments, and oliveyards and vineyards, and sheep and oxen, and menservants and maidservants? The leprosy therefore of Naaman shall cleave unto thee, and unto thy seed for ever. And he went out from his presence a leper as white as snow.

Here you find a story of a little maiden whose name is not given, who had been saved by her master from captivity. We can easily imagine how the bands of Syrians carried off this little girl. The General, we can see the great General, discovering and sympathizing with the beautiful little girl. He bought her from the rough soldiers, the robbers, and brought her home to wait upon his wife. Naturally, she would be grateful to her benefactor and would sympathize with his misfortune — his leprosy. We realized this, not as we would feel, but as she would feel it. We sympathize with her innocence, her simplicity, her loveliness, and identify ourselves with her feelings for her master.

We must appreciate every event in the story. With our imagination we must penetrate to the heart of the king of Syria and realize the spirit in which he wrote to the king of Israel. Then we must realize the spirit in which the king of Israel received the letter. We must identify ourselves with him whether we approve of him or not. This is dramatic insight.

Next we must sympathize with the old prophet. When his message comes to Naaman we must realize Naaman's anger. The rivers of Damascus are clear and beautiful. The Jordan is muddy and runs below the level of the sea. Naaman's contempt for it is therefore natural.

We realize his great dignity and the courage it took for his servants to approach him, and we must realize their great devotion and sympathy. The expression "My father" indicates the great tenderness they had for him.

As we turn to the part of the story relating to Gehazi, we must feel the change in the spirit and movement of the narrative. When he comes before his master we must answer as he answered and realize his attitude of mind however much we disapprove it. Then we feel sympathy for the prophet's disappointment and regret.

What are the most important clauses of all? "And his flesh came as a little child" is one, and the very last clause when Gehazi goes out a leper. These two clauses are descriptive, but if the story is rendered properly they indicate our genuine sympathy. The first we give with something of surprise and joyous wonder. The last we give with profound regret.

This last may be called dramatic participation. Here we become ourselves; in fact, do we not become more than ourselves? Does not the instinct arise in us of the way an ideal human being would look at the scene. Do we not here rise to a higher intuition, to a realization of the ideal of our race? In fact, do we not meet here with something more than dramatic instinct? Might we not call it the epic instinct?

XXIX. IMAGINATION AND TONE

THE REASON WHY

O happy birds among the boughs,
And silver tinkling brook below,
Why are you glad,
Though skies look sad?
Ah, why? And would you know?
A pleasant song to me replied;
"For someone else we sing,
And that is why the woodlands wide
With rapture 'round us ring."

O daisies crowding all the fields,
And twinkling grass, and buds that grow,
Each glance you greet
With smiles so sweet!
"And why — ah, would you know?"
Their beauty to my heart replied;
"For someone else we live;
And nothing in the world so wide
Is sweeter than to give."

George Cooper

Love lifts us to the sunlight, —
Though the whole world be dark.

James Russell Lowell

When you talk about some beautiful picture or see a charming object before you, how does it affect your tone?

Suppose you speak these two lines as if you were finding fault or scolding somebody, and again with loving tenderness, with joy that the words are true. What then would be the difference in your tone?

I heard the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

"Hymn to the Night." Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

If you read genuinely, thinking and feeling each idea in turn, in this picture of Night by Longfellow, you will note not only the changes of feeling with each clause, but a decided atmosphere over the whole.

Such illustrations as these show that there is another modulation of the voice, besides touch, change of pitch and inflexion. It is a modulation of the secondary vibrations of the voice, of its over tones or resonance. You make this change only through your imagination and feeling. Though it is very noticeable to the careful observer, yet we can hardly produce it mechanically. Such change of the vibrations of the voice by imagination and feeling has been named tone color.

WHITE BUTTERFLIES

Fly, white butterflies, out to sea,
Frail, pale wings for the wind to try,
Small white wings that we scarce can see,
Fly.

Some fly light as a laugh of glee,
Some fly soft as a long, low sigh;
All to the haven where each would be,
Fly.

Algernon Charles Swinburne

Can you read this little poem by Mr. Swinburne and allow your imagination and your sense of the delicacy of the butterflies to warm and soften your tone?

Remember that the impression you receive and its expression go together, that as you pause and see with your imagination the beautiful little being your tone also softens delicately and pleasantly.

One of the best means of recognizing how quickly and easily our voices respond to our feeling is to take short lines, or poems with different emotions, and read each one genuinely. If we really feel and see things, and our imagination is awake, then each line will reveal a different feeling.

If we read the following lines all alike, then we do not feel the joy of the bells in the first, tenderly and gently "go-a-maying" in the second, nor in the third do we hear the sound of the great ocean. But if we definitely realize each line we can define the feeling by the Tone Color, which is the special language of emotion.

And the merry bells ring round.

"L'Allegro." Milton

Come! let us go a-maying as in the Long-ago.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!

Byron

Hark! Now everything is still,
The screech-owl and the whistler shrill.

The shrouding of the "Duchess of Malfi." John Webster

Under the snow-drifts the blossoms are sleeping,
Dreaming their dreams of sunshine and June.

Harriet Prescott Spofford

I love, oh! how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide.

November's sky is chill and drear,
November's leaf is red and sear.

Sir Walter Scott

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn.

The Corn-Song from "The Huskers." John Greenleaf Whittier

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows:
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk roses and with eglantine.

William Shakespeare

We rest in peace where they, sad-eyed,
Saw peril, strife, and pain;
Theirs was the nation's sacrifice,
And ours the priceless gain.

Whittier

Loud wind, strong wind, sweeping o'er the mountains,
Fresh wind, free wind, blowing from the sea,
Pour forth thy vials like streams from airy fountains,
Draughts of life to me.

Dinah Mulock Craik

SONG OF THE FAIRIES

By the moon we sport and play;
With the night begins our day;
As we dance the dew doth fall;
Trip it, little urchins all!
Step as light as flies the bee,
Two by two, and three by three,
And about go we, and about go we!

John Lyly

Can you imagine a troop of fairies and dance as they dance? Imagine yourself as free and nimble, as sprightly and airy, and give the little song with beautiful, tender tones?

Observe that not only do we in imagination trip lightly and easily and move on our feet with the fairies, but our voices take a lower pitch and become soft and gentle.

THE CHESTNUT BURR

The wind cried aloud to the chestnut burr,
"Open, come open to me!"
And he blew with his might
Till the burr shook with fright,
But never a bit opened she.

Then the sun smiled down on the little green burr,
"Please open," he coaxed, "to me!"
And he shone so warm,
That the burr in alarm
Hid under the leaves of the tree.

Jack Frost came hurrying down the hill.
"Ho, ho, ha, ha!" laughed he.
And the burr laughed back
Till her brown sides cracked;
Then out fell the chestnuts three.

Christine H. Hamilton

Observe the difference between the way the wind spoke to the chestnut burr and the way the sun spoke. Also the joyous laughter of Jack Frost. Observe that when we read it sincerely and heartily our voices change too, with the wind and sun and frost. We give the command of the wind. We speak of the sun with great affection and love, while Jack Frost comes laughing heartily.

In reading, as we pass from one picture to another, there is a change in our feeling, which makes a change also in what we call the color of the voice; that is to say, the quality of the voice changes, every vibration becoming more sympathetic.

Now the sun is sinking in the golden west;
Birds and bees and children, all have gone to rest;
And the merry streamlet, as it runs along,
With a voice of sweetness sings its evening song.

Cowslip, daisy, violet, in their little beds,
All among the grasses, hide their heavy heads;
There they are, sweet darlings! sunk in happy dreams,
Till the rosy morning wakes them with its beams.

Author not known

In this passage, passing from the sunset, to the "birds, and bees, and children," you perceive a slight difference, and especially when you go on to the streamlet. There is a very subtle change in passing from one picture to another.

This difference is due to the pictures in the mind. If you see the word "birds" without seeing anything else, your voice will not be changed; it may even grow harder. But if you feel the sunset and the trees all in sympathy with one another, the streamlet's song blending with the robin's, and allow yourself to enjoy all of these things sympathetically, then your tone will tell of them. All hardness will disappear, and your voice will be mellow and will seem to vibrate with the spirit of the whole scene.

We have seen that attention is more deliberative than

imagination or feeling. In the same way the language of attention, such as touch and inflexion, is more under our control, while the sympathetic modulation or the color of the voice is less voluntary and comes from the diffusion of feeling over the whole body.

THE SNOWDROP

A snowdrop lay in the sweet dark ground,
" Come out," said the Sun, " come out!"
But she lay quite still and she heard no sound;
" Asleep," said the Sun, " no doubt!"

The Snowdrop heard, for she raised her head,
" Look spry," said the Sun, " look spry!"
" It 's warm," said the Snowdrop, " here in bed."
" Oh, fie!" said the Sun, " oh, fie!"

" You call too soon, Mr. Sun, you do!"
" No, no," said the Sun, " oh, no!"
" There 's something above and I can 't see through."
" It 's snow," said the Sun, " just snow."

" But I say, Mr. Sun, are the Robins here?"
" Maybe," said the Sun, " maybe."
" There was n't a bird when you called last year."
" Come out," said the Sun, " and see!"

The Snowdrop sighed, for she liked her nap,
And there was n't a bird in sight,
But she popped out of bed in her white night-cap;
" That 's right," said the Sun, " that 's right!"

And, soon as that small night-cap was seen,
A Robin began to sing,
The air grew warm, and the grass turned green.
" 'T is spring!" laughed the Sun, " 't is spring!"

Isabel Ecclestone Mackay

There is an exact correspondence between our spontaneous mental actions, such as imagination and feeling, and the language or the natural signs of these, such as tone color, change of pitch and movement. The natural signs of feeling are more spontaneous than the signs or language of ordinary or discursive thinking, such as inflexion. Inflexion is more conscious and voluntary than change of pitch. All these natural signs, however, even inflexion, have elements that are always in part, if not wholly, spon-

taneous; and yet tone color is usually indirect and is the most spontaneous of all the voice modulations.

NESTS

Make yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts! None of us yet know, for none of us have been taught in early youth, what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thoughts, proof against all adversity; bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us; houses built without hands, for our souls to live in.

John Ruskin

Take some passage and multiply all the modulations, but observe that in proportion to the imaginative realization of the picture and the emotion it awakens, change of color will have a prominent place. On the contrary, if the passage is read in a cold, didactic way without any imagination or feeling, tone color will be eliminated.

THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL

"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"
That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber all alone,
Kneeling on the floor of stone,
Prayed the Monk in deep contrition
For his sins of indecision,
Prayed for greater self-denial
In temptation and in trial;
It was noonday by the dial,
And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
An unwonted splendour brightened
All within him and without him
In that narrow cell of stone;
And he saw the Blessed Vision
Of our Lord, with light Elysian
Like a vesture wrapped about Him,
Like a garment round Him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands and feet,
Did the Monk his Master see;
But as in the village street,

In the house or harvest-field,
Halt and lame and blind He healed,
When He walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,
Knelt the Monk in rapture lost.
"Lord," he thought, "in Heaven that reignest
Who am I that thus thou deignest
To reveal Thyself to me?
Who am I, that from the centre
Of Thy glory Thou shouldst enter
This poor cell my guest to be?"

Then amid his exaltation,
Loud the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Rang through court and corridor
With persistent iteration
He had never heard before.
It was now the appointed hour
When alike, in shine or shower,
Winter's cold or summer's heat,
To the convent portals came
All the blind and halt and lame,
All the beggars of the street,
For their daily dole of food
Dealt them by the brotherhood;
And their almoner was he
Who upon his bended knee,
Wrapt in silent ecstasy
Of divinest self-surrender,
Saw the Vision and the splendour.

Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration;
Should he go or should he stay?
Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent gate
Till the Vision passed away?
Should he slight his radiant guest,
Slight his visitant celestial,
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent gate?
Would the Vision there remain?
Would the Vision come again?

Then a voice within his breast
Whispered, audible and clear,
As if to the outward ear:
" Do thy duty; that is best;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest! "

Straightway to his feet he started,
And with longing look intent
On the Blessed Vision bent,
Slowly from his cell departed,
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,
Looking through the iron grating,
With that terror in the eye
That is only seen in those
Who amid their wants and woes
Hear the sound of doors that close
And of feet that pass them by;
Grown familiar with disfavour,
Grown familiar with the savour
Of the bread by which men die!
But to-day, they know not why,
Like the gate of Paradise
Seemed the convent gate to rise,
Like a sacrament divine
Seemed to them the bread and wine.
In his heart the Monk was praying,
Thinking of the homeless poor,
What they suffer and endure;
What we see not, what we see;
And the inward voice was saying
" Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of Mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto Me."

Unto Me! But had the Vision
Come to him in beggar's clothing,
Come a mendicant imploring,
Would he then have knelt adoring,
Or have listened with derision
And have turned away with loathing?
Thus his conscience put the question,
Full of troublesome suggestion,
As at length, with hurried pace,
Toward his cell he turned his face,
And beheld the convent bright
With a supernatural light,

Like a luminous cloud expanding
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awestruck feeling
At the threshold of his door;
For the Vision still was standing
As he left it there before,
When the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Summoned him to feed the poor.
Through the long hour intervening
It had waited his return,
And he felt his bosom burn,
Comprehending all the meaning,
When the Blessed Vision said:
"Hadst thou stayed I must have fled!"

H. W. Longfellow

XXX. MELLOWNESS OF TONE

Blow loud for the blossoms that live in the trees,
And low for the daisies and clover;
But as soft as I can for the violet shy,
Yes, softly — and over and over.

Mary Mapes Dodge

Do you observe that some tones please you and that others displease you? The tones that give you pleasure seem soft, rich, and full. Those that are disagreeable are harsh, cold, husky or impure.

Did you ever notice what effect your feeling has upon tone? If you are antagonistic, full of anger, your tone will be hard and unpleasant. If you whine, your tone will be narrow, weak and disagreeable, while if you express love or tenderness or joy, your tone will be open, rich and pleasing to everyone.

You have found that excitement, joyous emotion, sympathetic animation, great admiration or any deep feeling will cause a gentle expansion all over your body. It fills all your muscles with life. Anger, and ignoble emotions cause your body and voice to constrict and become hard. The habit of indulging in anger or antagonism will make the tone habitually hard.

We may allow even earnestness to cramp our voice, but this is not the effect of true earnestness. True earnestness is sympathetic and courageous, and will expand the body

and sympathetically make the tone open, elastic and full of resonance. All the steps that we have taken, the awakening of admiration for beautiful things, the right production of tone in response to our thinking and feeling tend to improve the voice.

Now, however, knowing something about the imagination and emotion, how they spring up in our minds of themselves when we have the right conditions, we can choose passages with still more feeling, hold our attention upon them, and allow feeling to dominate not only our breath but our bodies, and thus change the very quality of our voices.

O flower-de-luce, bloom on, and let the river
Linger to kiss thy feet!
O flower of song, bloom on, and make forever
The world more fair and sweet.

"Flower-de-Luce." Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Can you feel admiration for the beautiful little flower, talk to it about the river kissing its feet, and let this admiration and feeling come into your voice? The warm feeling will open the throat, diffuse tenderness over the whole body and make the voice free and mellow, and give it loveliness and richness of vibration.

For they who think of others most
Are the happiest folks that live.

Phœbe Cary

Read these lines with indifference or with positive antagonism, or sneering, then again with genuine admiration for the truth they convey. What is the effect upon your voice in each case?

Over the waves we roam, our home is on the sea;
We fear no roaring foam, for sailors bold are we.

Blaze with your serried columns! I will not bend the knee!
The shackles ne'er again shall bind the arm which now is free.
I 've mailed it with the thunder, when the tempest mutter'd low;
And where it falls, ye well may dread the lightning of its blow!"

"The Seminole's Reply." George Washington Patten

Sometimes it is wise to practice to consider contrasts, as in passages which are very different in emotion, and see whether you can express the differences, or whether you

give everything as merely abstract, or with an attitude of carelessness. When you read two widely contrasted passages alike, it means that they are not genuinely realized or felt; that you do not enter into their spirit.

If you read these two passages with a comprehension of the real spirit of each, note the difference between the freedom of the first and the courage expressed in the second. In the first passage the tone is open, hearty and joyous. In the second, though it is not hard or cramped, it has a very different quality, nevertheless, and is more intense. The feeling of the Indian brave is deeper than anger; he is indignant at the loss of the land of which the whites have robbed him, and deeply grieved at the death of his family whom the whites have killed. He is deeply stirred by a feeling that the white man has wronged him and that he is in the right, and his tone will be very intense, even while it is rich and round and full.

We do not know how our voices make this difference. We cannot produce the effect mechanically, we must do it through our imagination, through our sympathy. But we do know that the feeling diffuses itself over the body; the very texture of our muscles changes when we feel deeply and read truly.

In fact the voice gets its resonance by the action of feeling, not only upon the diaphragm and the whole respiratory and vocal mechanism but also by its modulation of the texture of the whole body. Emotion relaxes the muscles and diffuses itself through the body attuning it, so to speak, and thus varies the secondary vibrations of the tone.

If you read some passage with vivid imagination and deep feeling you will find your voice very different from what it is in other passages. Trust your imagination, your emotion, and genuinely think and naturally feel it all through your body. You will find your voice changing naturally and easily, and of itself in response to this diffusion of emotion.

Do not worry or try mechanically to restrict or manipulate your tone, but let right thinking and feeling modulate it. Give up to the conceptions of your own mind, enjoy your own pictures and allow your breathing and body to respond

to feeling. Reserve and control your emotion by your diaphragm or respiratory muscles. Seem to feel all through your body but especially in the middle or the region of the diaphragm and note that the control of feeling causes activity or a sense of fulness here, causes you to take more breath and at the same time relaxes and opens the whole tone passage.

ROBIN'S CROSS

A little cross
To tell my loss;
A little bed
To rest my head;
A little tear is all I crave
Upon my very little grave.

I strew thy bed,
Who loved thy lays,
The tear I shed,
The cross I raise,

With nothing more upon it than —
Here lies the little friend of man.

G. Dabley

Have you ever taken up a little dead bird and buried it? In the first six lines the robin is supposed to speak; in the second six lines, the boy or girl, who buries it and puts a cross over it.

At every turn the maples burn,
The quail is whistling free,
The partridge whirrs, and the frosted burrs
Are dropping for you and me.

Edmund Clarence Stedman

Now take a further illustration, and you find that your feeling for Nature gives a tone different from the other three. Now read them all again, one after the other, and see if you read them alike.

And when, — its force expended,
The harmless storm was ended,
And as the sunrise splendid
Came blushing o'er the sea –
I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling and making
A prayer at home for me.

William Makepeace Thackeray

When you accentuate your thinking and try to make people understand what you mean, you will observe that you give more inflexion; but when you take some lines that cause deep feeling, you have still the inflexion and also tone color which reveals your feeling.

THE FIR TREE

The fir tree grew in the forest old,
And sang its happy song;
It gave sweet shelter to the birds
And rocked them all day long.
It drank the rain and sparkling dew,
And slept beneath the snow,
And when the wind blew wild and free,
And when the wind blew wild and free
It bent its branches low.
"O tree! tell us your happy song
That we may sing it all day long."
Then softly did the answer fall,
"Love, love is the best of all!"

The fir tree came from the forest old
To be our Christmas friend,
For it, in sweet and tender song,
Our happy voices blend.
It glows with light and bends with gifts
And sparkles like the snow;
It breathes to us the same sweet song,
It breathes to us the same sweet song
It sang long years ago.
"O tree! we thank you for your song,
And we will sing it all day long; —
The song that did so softly fall,
'Love, love is the best of all!'"

Charlotte Lay Dewey

May be sung to the music of "The Song of the Wind," in Harvest Festival Leaflets, Sunday School Society, 4 Beacon Street, Boston.

Observe how tender and gentle your voice becomes in giving "The Fir Tree." You feel a sympathy with the wind. The tone grows fuller, rounder and more open, and has more volume; but in your sympathy with the wind, and especially its sighing through the fir tree, your tone is more delicate. You are feeling gentleness and admiration rather than resolution. We cannot put into words the modulation made by your voice in reading such passages,

but if you will read them with genuine imagination and sympathy, you will easily observe that your tone cannot be the same.

Love all; trust a few; do wrong to none.

Shakespeare

Teach me, Father, how to be
Kind and patient as a tree.

Edwin Markham

How much difference can you show in rendering short lines from different poems? Read them with varied feeling. Practice poems and also the short extracts in Lesson XXIX with direct reference to the modulation of the resonance or texture of the tone.

OVER THE HILL

"Traveler, what lies over the hill?
Traveler, tell to me:
I am only a child — from the window sill
Over I cannot see."

"Child, there 's a valley over there,
Pretty and wooded and shy;
And a little brook that says, 'Take care,
Or I 'll drown you by and by.'"

"And what comes next?" "A little town,
And a towering hill again:
More hills and valleys, up and down,
And a river now and then."

"And what comes next?" "A lonely moor
Without a beaten way;
And gray clouds sailing slow before
A wind that will not stay."

"And then?" "Dark rocks and yellow sand,
And a moaning sea beside."
"And then?" "More sea, more sea, more land,
And rivers deep and wide."

"And then?" "Oh, rock and mountain and vale,
Rivers and fields and men,
Over and over repeat the tale,
And round to your home again."

George Macdonald

Another way to develop mellowness and the sympathetic instinct, or the power to live our ideas and image them is

to select passages in which different characters speak, and enter sympathetically into the point of view of each. This is a more dramatic method, while the other way is more lyric. The imagination acts in both ways.

In reading "Over the Hill" do you observe the difference between the child's voice in the questions and the traveler's serious answers? Which would be apt to be on a lower pitch? Which would have richer coloring of experience and deeper feeling?

Why can we not make a mechanical difference that is satisfactory? It is because true, rich qualities of tone come only from imagination and sympathy and feeling.

THE SWALLOW AND THE CHILD

Child. The lilacs are in blossom,
The cherry flowers are white;
I hear a sound below me,
A twitter of delight;
It is my friend, the swallow
Once more come back alive!
"I 'm very glad to see you!
Pray, when did you arrive?"

Swallow. "And I 'm so glad to be here;
I only came to-day;
I was, this very morning,
A hundred miles away."

Child. "It was a long, long journey;
How weary you must be!"

Swallow. "Oh, no! I 'm used to travelling,
And it agrees with me."

Child. "You left us last September;
And, pray, where did you go?"

Swallow. "I went south for the winter;
I always do, you know."

Child. "The south? How do you like it?"

Swallow. "I like its sunny skies;
And, 'mid the orange blossoms,
One finds the nicest flies!
But, when the spring appeared again,
I wanted to come back."

Child. "You 're just the same old swallow!
Your wings are just as black."

Swallow. "I always wear dark colours;
I 'm ever on the wing;
A sober suit for travelling
For me 's the proper thing."

Child. "Your little last year's nestlings,
Do tell me how they grow?"

Swallow. "My young ones are big swallows,
And married long ago."

Child. "And shall you build, this summer,
Among the flowers and leaves?"

Swallow. "No; I have taken lodgings
Beneath the cottage eaves.
You 'll hear, each night and morning,
My twitter in the sky."

Child. "That sound is always welcome;
And now, good-bye!"

Swallow. "Good-bye!"

Can you give the difference between the child's voice and the swallow's as they talk together?

A more important method of improving the sympathetic qualities of the voice, but one requiring more care in its application, is to contrast a hearty, open tone with a very delicate one.

In making a delicate tone, you must have as much breath, and as open a throat as with a louder tone, but you must spend less breath; make the tone very soft without weakening or wasting the breath.

THE CHARCOAL-MAN

Though rudely blows the wintry blast,
And sifting snows fall white and fast,
Mark Haley drives along the street,
Perched high upon his wagon seat;
His sombre face the storm defies,
And thus from morn till eve he cries, —
"Charco'! charco'!"
While echo faint and far replies, —
"Hark, O! hark, O!"
"Charco'!" — "Hark, O!" — Such cheery sounds
Attend him on his daily rounds.

The dust begrimes his ancient hat;
His coat is darker far than that;
'T is odd to see his sooty form
All speckled with the feathery storm;
Yet in his honest bosom lies
Nor spot nor speck, — though still he cries, —
" Charco'! charco'! "
And many a roguish lad replies, —
" Ark, ho! ark, ho! "
" Charco'! " — " Ark, ho! " — Such various sounds
Announce Mark Haley's morning rounds.

Thus all the cold and wintry day
He labors much for little pay;
Yet feels no less of happiness
Than many a richer man, I guess,
When through the shades of eve he spies
The light of his own home, and cries, —
" Charco'! charco'! "
And Martha from the door replies, —
" Mark, ho! Mark, ho! "
" Charco'! " — " Mark, ho! " — Such joy abounds
When he has closed his daily rounds.

The hearth is warm, the fire is bright;
And while his hand, washed clean and white,
Holds Martha's tender hand once more,
His glowing face bends fondly o'er
The crib wherein his darling lies,
And in a coaxing tone he cries, —
" Charco'! charco'! "
And baby with a laugh replies, —
" Ah, go! ah, go! "
" Charco'! " — " Ah, go! " — while at the sounds
The mother's heart with gladness bounds.

Then honored be the charcoal-man!
Though dusky as an African,
'T is not for you, that chance to be
A little better clad than he,
His honest manhood to despise,
Although from morn till eve he cries, —
" Charco'! charco'! "
While mocking echo still replies, —
" Hark, O! hark, O! "
" Charco'! " — " Hark, O! " — Long may the sounds
Proclaim Mark Haley's daily rounds!

J. T. Trowbridge

In Mr. Trowbridge's " Charcoal-Man " we have pictured one who goes through the street, calling out " Charco'! " loud and strong. The tone of this good-natured man was so rich and joyous that it rang all through the streets.

Call " Charco'! " with great joy and plenty of breath in the lungs, and a very open free passage; then give the " faint and far " echo of his voice as it rolls through the street, " Hark, O " with the very softest possible tone. Go from one to the other suddenly, and let the change of imagination and feeling change the control of the breath, without changing the amount of breath or the degree of openness in the tone passage.

We cannot too strongly emphasize the fact that whether the tone is gentle or loud, the throat must be equally open and there must be an equal amount of breath. Feeling may escape in loudness or the tone may be held back as a reservoir for feeling. How far the breath is to be allowed to pass out by vital energy and make the tone loud, on the one hand, or on the other held in reserve causing the tone to be more intense and resonant, depends on the degree of demonstration, the intensity or control of feeling, and the dignity of the man. Here in " Charco' " it comes out in volume, while in the echo it becomes very soft. The tone is greatly improved by retaining the breath, keeping the tone passage open, and at the same time making a very soft tone, full of feeling.

Joy time and love time — and so the world goes,
Think of a thorn, and you get to a rose.
Out in the sunlight,
And hear the bells ring!
Love making winter
As rosy as spring.

Holiday people! The light in the skies
Is nothing so bright as the light in love's eyes!
Joy time and love time,
And life growing bright:
The roses of love
Make the lilies of light!

Author not known

Can you give " Joy Time and Love Time," putting great tenderness and delicacy into your tone?

WHAT THE WIND SAID

When Willie goes upstairs to sleep,
A wakeful ear he 's sure to keep
Upon the Wind, who always knows
What Willie does, and where he goes;
If he 's been good the whole day long,
The wind sings ever the same low song
In sweetest, softest lullabies
As Willie gently shuts his eyes:
" Good and true! Good and true!
Willie, you — Willie, y — o — u! "

But sometimes — ah, the truth is sad —
Poor Willie 's willful, cross and bad,
He breaks his mother's strictest rule,
And even slips away from school;
Then when he creeps into his bed,
And pulls the pillow o'er his head,
And listens — hark! the mad Wind knows.
Hear, how it whistles, storms and blows:
" So untrue! So untrue!
Willie, you — I mean y — o — u! "

Oh, then his heart begins to quake,
And one long hour he lies awake,
And wonders how the wise Wind knew —
The wisest wind that ever blew —
Till something inside speaks out bold:
" I am the monitor who told!
Oh, yes, 't was I who told the Wind,
And both of us know you have sinned."
" Willie, you — Willie, y — o — u! "
Wind and Conscience both say, " y — o — u."

" Little Men and Women." Zitella Cocke

XXXI. LANGUAGE OF THINKING AND FEELING

The Place of Presence! Viewless phantoms crowd
In mist and cloud. . . .
Not his nor theirs the Presence nor the Place!
Close to the face
Of Heaven we stand, and more in love than fear
Feel God is here.

" Summit of Snowdon." F. W. Bourdillon

The oak-tree boughs once touched the grass;
But every year they grew
A little farther from the ground,
And nearer toward the blue.

So live that you each year may be,
While time glides swiftly by,
A little farther from the earth,
And nearer to the sky.

Author not known

Whatever we truly think we should also feel. True thinking does not repress feeling, but awakens it. Nor is there any antagonism between thinking and imagination. Whatever we think about intensely stirs imagination. Poetry is simply a union of imagination and feeling in thinking.

All the faculties of the mind act together. Feeling without thinking is sentimental, and thinking without feeling is hard and cold. Imagination separate from thinking and feeling is impossible.

For a specific purpose we may accentuate one or the other faculty.

Sometimes, when we especially desire to make a listener think, we may try to impress upon him the meaning of what we give and to make him understand it. At other times the listener already understands and we are trying to make him feel it more deeply, or to imagine it more ideally and beautifully, — to realize it as well as to understand it. The accentuation of a faculty, however, does not imply its isolation from other powers of the mind.

Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits.

There rolls the deep where grew the tree.
O earth, what changes hast thou seen!
There where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea.

'In Memoriam." Tennyson

Observe in these two selections that in the first we may more strongly accentuate the thinking, and in the second, feeling.

As the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth; so will the Lord Jehovah cause righteousness and a Psalm to spring forth before all the nations.

Isaiah XX

Now the language of thinking is primarily inflexion and change of pitch or form, while the language of feeling is tone color. We find pause and touch in both of them, and the pause lengthens and the touch increases in intensity in proportion to the depth of thinking or feeling which they express.

In all true expression thinking and feeling should unite, for the languages of these are perfectly consistent with each other. Inflexions and changes of pitch are like the drawing in a painting, while tone color is named from color in painting. A painting needs both drawing and color.

We can feel properly only when thinking blends with feeling. Feeling without thinking is undignified, impulsive and chaotic. On the other hand, thinking is intensified by feeling.

Moreover, just as we think, feel and imagine in unison, so the tone color and the form blend together and all modulations imply one another. As the drawing of a picture does not interfere with the color, color should not interfere with drawing. Both are necessary.

In reading a passage like the preceding we should have very long and vigorous inflexions, wide changes of pitch and at the same time sympathetic vibrations of the voice. The resonant or secondary vibrations should be increased and modulated according to the action of the imagination and feeling.

JEFFERSON'S TEN RULES

Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day.
Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
Never spend your money before you have earned it.
Never buy what you do n't want because it is cheap.
Pride costs more than hunger, thirst, and cold.
We seldom repent of having eaten too little.
Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
How much pain the evils have cost us that have never happened.
Take things always by the smooth handle.
When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, count a hundred.

In reading an abstract thought your voice has more form or range, that is, change of pitch and inflexion, while in a passage which is also deeply felt, these, although just as

pronounced, will be accompanied by a great variation in tone color.

In Jefferson's "Ten Rules" there is uppermost the didactic or teaching element. In reading them you want your hearers to understand them and accept them.

In contrast with this, observe how differently you read these lines which refer to the school bell and the feeling it awakens.

Over the round earth comes swinging,
  Chiming and rhyming and strong,
Something like wonderful singing,
  Singing a wonderful song.

The little lad hears it, and straightway
  He tucks his book under his arm;
The little lass runs through the gateway
  To answer its joyous alarm.

Author not known

This need of the union of thinking and feeling makes it evident why we should think carefully and feel before we speak. Thinking and feeling blend in the way that breath and spirit unite to make the tone. Thinking and feeling act upon the whole body and attune it, so that a good inflexion need not be hard and mechanical or the voice rigid in quality.

One of the most important steps in education is to discipline and refine, awaken and control our feelings.

One of the best ways of developing and training our emotions is through vocal expression. Beautiful poems and stories call for great feeling.

The first emotion to train is admiration of nature, joy in the things around us. We want to live, and life means participating in the life of other people, of birds, animals, flowers and trees; sharing in the life of our fellows, entering into their joys.

A BAND OF BLUEBIRDS

Oh, happy band of bluebirds,
  Brave prophets of the Spring,
Amid the tall and tufted cane,
  How blithesomely you sing!

What message haunts your music
'Mid Autumn's dusky reign!
You tell us Nature stores her seeds
To give them back in grain!

Oh, happy band of bluebirds,
You could not long remain
To flit across the fading fields
And glorify the grain.
You leave melodious memories
Whose sweetness thrills me through!
Ah, if my songs were such as yours,
They 'd almost touch the blue!

William H. Hayne

Give this poem, "A Band of Bluebirds" and express your feeling for them. How joyously and beautifully these birds sing during the last of March and the first of April when it is still cold. The poet calls them "brave prophets of the spring."

THE SONG OF THE RIVER

A river went singing adown to the sea,
A-singing — low — singing —
And the dim rippling river said softly to me:
"I 'm bringing, a-bringing —
While floating along —
A beautiful song
To the shores that are white where the waves are so weary,
To the beach that is burdened with wrecks that are dreary;
A song sweet and calm
As the peacefulest psalm;
And the shore that was sad
Will be grateful and glad,
And the weariest wave from its dreariest dream
Will wake to the sound of the song of the stream:
And the tempests shall cease,
And there shall be peace."

From the fairest of fountains,
And farthest of mountains,
From the stillness of snow
Came the stream in its flow.
Thro' the vales where the flowers are fair —
Where the sunlight flashed — where the shadows lay
Like stories that cloud a face of care,
The river ran on — and on — and on —

Day and night and night and day,
Going and going and never gone;
Longing to flow to the "far away,"
Staying and staying and never still;
Going and staying, as if one will
Said: "Beautiful river, go to the sea;"
And another will whispered: "Stay with me;"
And the river made answer soft and low —
"I go and stay" — "I stay and go."

"But what is the song?" I said, at last,
To the passing river that never passed;
And a white, white wave whispered: "List to me,
I 'm a note in the song for the beautiful sea,
A song whose grand accents no earth-din may sever;
And the river flows on in the same mystic key
That blends in one chord the 'forever and never.'"

Abram J. Ryan

Love and tenderness, admiration of nature, a feeling of gentleness towards the birds and animals, love of the trees and plants, all tend to give tone ease and richness of vibration.

"The River" will soften and give tenderness to your voice if you imaginatively create and enjoy all the actions of the stream as it flows along.

In rose time or in berry time,
When ripe seeds fall or buds peep out,
When green the grass or white the rime,
There 's something to be glad about.

I do not count the hours I spend in wandering by the sea;
The forest is my loyal friend; like God it useth me.
The plains make room for shadows of the skirting hills to lie,
Bound in by streams which give and take their colors from the sky.
Aloft, in secret veins of air, blows the sweet breath of song.
O, few to scale those uplands dare, though they to all belong!
"Waldeinsamkeit."

Emerson

VI

SYMPATHETIC ELEMENTS OF EXPRESSION

XXXII. SYMPATHETIC OBSERVATION

Many haps fall in the field
  Seldom seen by wishful eyes;
But all her shows did Nature yield,
  To please and win this pilgrim wise.
He saw the partridge drum in the woods;
  He heard the woodcock's evening hymn;
He found the tawny thrushes' broods;
  And the shy hawk did wait for him;
What others did at distance hear,
  And guessed within the thicket's gloom,
Was shown to this philosopher,
  And at his bidding seemed to come.

"Woodnotes." Emerson

Not only must impression cause expression, but the impression must be intense. Not only must there be careful observation, not only must the mind create out of its own apperceptions a definite image, but this image must be felt; feeling must be co-ordinated with thinking, experience must be united with the idea and form a vital part of the impression. Hence our observation must be sympathetic and in creating the ideas and realizing the successive references, in such lines as the preceding, our sympathy must be awakened. We must not only think; we must also feel.

In reading or speaking we may give words without suggesting ideas. We may give even ideas without stimulating thinking, and last, we may give thinking without feeling. The most common fault in all forms of vocal expression is a certain neutrality. Ideas may be conveyed without any suggestion of the experience which is associated with them. Complete expression demands that ideas must be lived.

For example, in reading these lines, supposed to be spoken by a little girl full of joy on her birthday, does the feeling change in passing from the bells to the lark? Certainly, when rightly realized, they would not awaken the

same emotion, and there would be change of pitch and change of color and possibly other changes, when the thought is rightly assimilated.

You bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your changes,
How many soever they be,
And let the brown meadow-lark's note as he ranges
Come over, come over to me.

Jean Ingelow

THE HUMMING BIRD

A flash of harmless lightning,
A mist of rainbow dyes,
The burnished sunbeams brightening,
From flower to flower he flies:

While wakes the nodding blossom,
But just too late to see
What lip hath touched her bosom
And drained her nectary.

John Banister Tabb

Why is a humming bird called in this little poem, by John B. Tabb, a "flash of harmless lightning"? Why is it called "mist"? What is meant by "rainbow dyes"? By "burnished sunbeams?" How many descriptive titles does Mr. Tabb give the humming bird in the first stanza? Have you seen all these qualities? Can you explain the meaning of the second stanza?

After you have observed the humming bird carefully and have studied the poem you will be able to read it with spirit and admiration for this, the smallest and most charming of birds.

SUMMER

O, warm is the sun on a bright summer day,
And softly the wind sings to me.
The song that it sings tells of joy and of love,
And beauty of earth and of sea.

The call of the birds, and the hum of the bees,
Make music that 's gladsome and sweet.
The butterflies flit from the leaf to the rose
And nod to each neighbour they meet.

The leaves and the grass are so fresh and so green.
The sky is so clear and so blue.
The daisies, and buttercups yellow as gold,
Are sparkling with morning's own dew.

O, summer 's the time for the young and the old,
For happiness breathes through the air.
All heaven is bright, and all earth is gay, —
All nature is gladsome and fair.

Author not known

In reading this poem, " Summer," we can pause and listen after the word " softly; " after the words " the wind sings," pause again to realize the feeling we are going to tell about. Every phrase contains something new, something definite, something which our imagination pictures for us. What we ourselves have seen on summer days returns without our knowing why or how, and now we are made glad by pleasant pictures, or by new things which we have never seen at all. The faithful observation of what we see gives us this power.

In reading the first line of the second stanza do you give " the call of the birds " and " the hum of the bees " alike? Are they on the same pitch? Do they have the same tone color? If they do you are not using your imagination. You have not taken time to see and enjoy each one successively. When you really hear the birds and express the feeling that awakens within you at the hum of the bees and the soft murmuring music, different pictures and different emotions will change the color of your tone. If not, you must keep trying and pay attention to the right conception and sympathetic realization of the scenes until your voice responds to your mind. Our sympathetic attention enables us to realize not only the difference between two flowers or two butterflies or the different thought of successive clauses, but the spirit of a poem or story.

We have found in preceding lessons that attention leads us to a definite conception of the character of objects. Without careful attention our ideas will be vague and indefinite, our feeling will be lacking.

In the same way, in reading and speaking, true attention causes each successive idea that springs up in the mind to have decided character. It awakens also definite feeling. Since we cannot express what we do not possess, the gaining of thoughts by careful attention is necessary, and, given normal conditions of voice and body, we respond to each

idea in such a way that a union is established between impression and expression. Now, not only must all ideas be definite; but each conception must have definite character in order to give definite character and life to the expression.

Study and read naturally another beautiful poem, " The Song of the Poppy Seed."

THE SONG OF THE POPPY SEED

Little brown brother, oh! little brown brother,
Are you awake in the dark?
Here we lie cosily, close to each other;
Hark to the song of the lark —
" Waken! " the lark says, " waken and dress you,
Put on your green coats and gay,
Blue sky will shine on you, sunshine caress you,
Waken! 't is morning — 't is May! "

Little brown brother, oh! little brown brother,
What kind of flower will you be?
I 'll be a poppy — all white, like my mother,
Do be a poppy like me.
What! you 're a sunflower? How I shall miss you,
When you 're grown golden and high!
But I shall send all the bees up to kiss you,
Little brown brother, good-by!

E. Nesbit

A tiny seed is talking to its " little brown brother." You can be the little seed in your imagination and feel what it says. Your imagination and instinct will give you many experiences and enable you to enter deep into the life of flowers and plants as well as of animals and people. When you have done this you can reveal the emotion by your voice.

For example, your voice, if you really let it share in your thinking and feeling when you say " little brown brother " or " Waken," will be tender, as if it came from your heart, and will seem to flow all through your body. And though a change in thinking and feeling may be slight, still you must realize it and let your tone change with it.

Not all our attention is to be given to the things around us. Sometimes we have to give attention to things within us. Here is a peculiar little poem called " The Stranger," but the stranger who is described in the first four lines is, to your surprise none but " yourself as other people see you."

THE STRANGER

He entered; but the mask he wore
  Concealed his face from me.
Still, something I had seen before
  He brought to memory.

"Who art thou? What thy rank, thy name?"
  I questioned, with surprise;
"Thyself," the laughing answer came,
  "As seen of others' eyes."

John B. Tabb

PUSSY-WILLOW AND THE SOUTH WIND

Wind. Fie! moping still by the sleepy brook?
Little Miss Pussy, how dull you look!
Prithee, throw off that cloak of brown,
And give me a glimpse of your gray silken gown.

Willow. My gray silken gown, Sir Wind, is done,
But its golden fringes are not quite spun.

Wind. What a slow little spinner! Pray, pardon me,
But I have had time to cross the sea.
Haste forth, dear Miss Pussy! the sky is blue,
And I have a secret to whisper to you.

Willow. Nay, nay, they say Winds are changeful things,
I 'll wait, if you please, till the bluebird sings.

Emily A. Braddock

In the conversation between the pussy-willow and the south wind, you can feel the dashing, joyous character of the wind as it speaks to the pussy-willow; its comical rebuke to the pussy-willow for being so slow; then the willow's answer. Just such wide contrasts are found all through the poem.

CONTENT AND DISCONTENT

Some murmur when their sky is clear,
  And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
  In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are filled,
  If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
  The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
  In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a weary task,
  And all good things denied;
And hearts in poorest huts admire
  How love has in their aid
(The love that never seems to tire)
  Such rich provision made.

Richard Chenevix Trench

Can you read this poem of the two kinds of people with natural change from the regret and pity of the first four lines to admiration of those who have a true conception of life? The transition in each stanza is a similar contrast of these two classes, but the second stanza differs from the first. It is more intense, more general, less personal, and should be given with sympathy. There is progression here as well as transition.

THE SNOW-DROP

" Dear little snow-drop," murmured the breeze,
" How you do shiver, cold days like these.
Earth is so dreary, hear all things sigh;
Will these dark days ever go by? "

" That 's why I am here, joy and gladness I bring,
Take heart, hear, hear how the robins sing.
Hark! Hark! through the valley far and near,
They are welcoming Spring with joyous cheer."

Give the first four lines of the preceding with the discouraged tone of the spring breeze, then with the joyous and cheerful voice of the snow-drop in her answer. Pause between them to observe the difference in your control of breath and the difference you feel in passing from the dreariness of the wind to the joy of the snow-drop.

THE ROYAL VISITOR

Yet if his majesty our sovereign lord
Should of his own accord
Friendly himself invite,
And say " I 'll be your guest to-morrow night,"
How should we stir ourselves, call and command
All hands to work! " Let no man idle stand,
Set me fine Spanish tables in the hall,
See they be fitted all;

Let there be room to eat,
And order taken that these want no meat.
See every sconce and candlestick made bright,
That without tapers they may give a light.
Look to the presence: are the carpets spread,
The dais o'er the head,
The cushions in the chairs,
And all the candles lighted on the stairs?
Perfume the chambers, and in any case
Let each man give attendance in his place."
Thus if the king were coming would we do,
And 't were good reason, too;
For 't is a duteous thing
To show all honour to an earthly king,
And after all our travail and our cost,
So he be pleased to think no labour lost.
But at the coming of the King of Heaven
All 's set at six and seven:
We wallow in our sin,
Christ cannot find a chamber in the inn.
We entertain him always like a stranger,
And as at first still lodge him in the manger.

T. E. Brown

Assimilation means that every successive idea must be fully realized. We can see once more the reason why we must pause and give one thing at a time. The impression does not consist in the understanding. We must not only think but feel each idea and express truly and definitely the experience underlying each phrase. We must not only realize the extreme changes, such as are found in the last lines of the preceding where there is a very notable transition from the first parts of the passage, but we must also feel each successive part and idea. Such changes may mean increase in intensity or change in tone color or variation in the attitude of the mind. Rarely do we experience with the same emotion two successive ideas. If we genuinely think and feel each idea, if we live the situation and allow our minds genuinely to assimilate the real spirit, innumerable changes, not previously noticed, will be found. On the contrary, if we think vaguely or only with general ideas and do not allow imagination and sympathy to realize each successive point, reading or speaking will be a mere monotonous drift.

XXXIII. SYMPATHETIC IDENTIFICATION

"Oh happy sprite of Arcady"
A throned monarch said one day,
"For thy green haunts and flowers gay
I'd gladly give my crown, sweet fay —
Then come; exchange this very day!"

"Not I," the kinglet then replied,
I will not give the needled pine,
Nor golden beam of bright sunshine
That's sifting through the tangled vine,
For all those palaces of thine!"

"The King and the Kinglet." Author not known

If we read the preceding lines without thinking much about them or without feeling, we may make the king and the kinglet talk alike; but in proportion as we sympathetically observe them and realize the spirit of the speech of each one, we shall identify ourselves with the discouraged and gloomy tone of the king and then with the sprightly, joyous and contented tone of the kinglet.

THE "THREE BELLS"

Beneath the low-hung night cloud
That raked her splintering mast,
The good ship settled slowly,
The cruel leak gained fast.

Over the awful ocean
Her signal-guns pealed out.
Dear God! was that thy answer
From the horror round about?

A voice came down the wild wind,
"Ho! ship ahoy!" its cry;
"Our stout 'Three Bells' of Glasgow
Shall lay till daylight by!"

Hour after hour crept slowly;
Yet on the heaving swells
Tossed up and down the ship-lights,
The lights of the "Three Bells!"

And ship to ship made signals,
Man answered back to man,
While oft, to cheer and hearten,
The "Three Bells" nearer ran;

And the captain from her taffrail
Sent down his hopeful cry:
"Take heart! hold on!" he shouted,
"The 'Three Bells' shall lay by!"

All night across the waters
The tossing lights shone clear;
All night from reeling taffrail
The "Three Bells" sent her cheer.

And when the dreary watches
Of storm and darkness passed,
Just as the wreck lurched under,
All souls were saved at last.

Sail on, "Three Bells," for ever,
In grateful memory sail!
Ring on, "Three Bells" of rescue,
Above the wave and gale!

Whittier

Captain Creighton, of the British ship "Three Bells," some years ago rescued the crew of an American vessel sinking in mid-ocean. Unable to take them off in the storm and darkness, he kept by them till morning, running down often during the night, as near to them as he dared, to shout through his trumpet, "Never fear! Hold on! I'll stand by you."

Read Whittier's story of the ship that was wrecked and of another ship that stood by it all night, and whose captain and crew sent cheers and shouted to the shipwrecked sailors. Shout out as if you were calling over a stormy sea, "Take heart! Hold on!" Give the intense pathos and sympathy in the seventh stanza; and the joy of saving every one, and lastly your own admiration for "The Three Bells." All through the story you must be present yourself in imagination and sympathy. Some of the most important changes or modulations are not indicated by quotation marks.

A BALLAD OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN

"O whither sail you, Sir John Franklin,"
Cried a whaler in Baffin's Bay.
"To know if between the land and the Pole
I may find a broad sea-way."

"I charge you back, Sir John Franklin,
As you would live and thrive;
For between the land and the frozen Pole
No man may sail alive."

But lightly laughed the stout Sir John,
And spoke unto his men:
"Half England is wrong if he is right, —
Bear off to Westward then."

"O whither sail you, brave Englishman?"
Cried the little Eskimo.
"Between your land and the polar star
My goodly vessels go."

"Come down, if you would journey there,"
The little Indian said, —
"And change your cloth for fur clothing,
Your vessel for a sled."

But lightly laughed the stout Sir John,
And the crew laughed with him too;
"A sailor to change from ship to sled,
I ween were something new."

All through the long, long polar day
The vessels Westward sped;
And wherever the sail of Sir John was blown,
The ice gave way and fled.

Gave way with many a hollow groan,
And with many a surly roar,
But it murmured and threatened on every side;
And closed where he sail'd before.

"Ho, see ye not, my merry men,
The broad and open sea?
Bethink ye what the whaler said,
Think of the little Indian's sled."
The crew laughed out in glee.

"Sir John, Sir John, it is bitter cold,
The scud drives on the breeze,
The ice comes looming from the North,
The very sunbeams freeze."

"Bright summer goes, dark winter comes, —
We cannot rule the year;
But long ere summer's sun goes down
On yonder sea we 'll steer."

The dripping icebergs dipt and rose,
And floundered down the gale;
The ships were stayed, the yards were manned,
And furled the useless sail.

" The summer 's gone, the winter 's come,
We sail not on yonder sea;
Why sail we not, Sir John Franklin? "
A silent man was he.

The summer goes, the winter comes, —
We can not rule the year;
I ween we can not rule the ways,
Sir John, wherein we 'd steer.

The cruel ice came floating on,
And closed beneath the lee,
Till the thickening waters dashed no more;
'T was ice around, behind, before:
My God, there is no sea.

What think you of the whaler now?
What of the Eskimo?
A sled were better than a ship,
To cruise through ice and snow.

Down sank the baleful crimson sun;
The Northern Light came out,
And glared upon the ice-bound ships,
And shook its spars about.

The snow came down, storm breeding storm,
And on the decks was laid,
Till the weary sailor, sick at heart,
Sank down beside his spade.

" Sir John, the night is black and long,
The hissing wind is bleak,
The hard green ice is strong as death;
I prithee, Captain, speak."

" The night is neither bright nor short,
The singing breeze is cold;
The ice is not so strong as hope,
The heart of man is bold."

" What hope can scale this icy wall,
High o'er the main flag-staff?
Above the ridges the wolf and bear
Look down with a patient, settled stare,
Look down on us and laugh."

" The summer went, the winter came, —
We could not rule the year;
But summer will melt the ice again,
And open a path to the sunny main,
Whereon our ships shall steer."

The winter went; the summer went;
The winter came around;
But the hard green ice was strong as death,
And the voice of hope sank to a breath,
Yet caught at every sound.

"Hark, heard ye not the noise of guns?
And there, and there, again,"
'T is some uneasy iceberg's roar
As he turns in the frozen main.

"Hurrah, hurrah, the Eskimos
Across the ice-fields steal.
God give them grace for their charity,"
Ye pray for the silly seal.

"Sir John, where are the English fields?
And where are the English trees?
And where are the little English flowers
That open in the breeze?"

"Be still, be still, my brave sailors,
You shall see the fields again,
And smell the scent of the opening flowers,
The grass, and the waving grain."

"O, when shall I see my orphan child?"
"My Mary waits for me,"
"O when shall I see my old mother,
And pray at her trembling knee?"

"Be still, be still, my brave sailor,
Think not such thoughts again."
But a tear froze slowly on his cheek:
He thought of Lady Jane.

Ah, bitter, bitter grows the cold, —
The ice grows more and more;
More settled stare the wolf and bear,
More patient than before.

"O, think you, good Sir John Franklin,
We 'll ever see the land?
'T was cruel to send us here to starve,
Without a helping hand.

"'T was cruel, Sir John, to send us here,
So far from help or home,
To starve and freeze on this lonely sea;
I ween the Lords of the Admiralty
Would rather send than come."

" O, whether we starve to death alone,
  Or sail to our own country,
We have done what man has never done:
The truth is founded, the secret won, —
  We sailed the Northern Sea."

George Henry Boker

In this ballad of Sir John Franklin, observe how necessary it is to feel in succession the real spirit of each character that speaks.

Observe the wide contrast in their attitudes of mind. Note also that the words not quoted in the second line, for example, are merely a bit of narration, but as we go farther the parts not quoted begin to thrill with great feeling and all the intensity of the whole situation. They then become more and more widely contrasted with the quoted words.

THE TIGER, THE BRAHMAN, AND THE JACKAL

Once upon a time a tiger was caught in a trap. He tried in vain to get out through the bars, and rolled and bit with rage and grief when he failed.

By chance a poor Brahman came by. " Let me out of this cage, O pious one! " cried the tiger.

" Nay, my friend," replied the Brahman, mildly, " you would probably eat me if I did."

" Not at all! " said the tiger, " on the contrary, I should be forever grateful, and serve you as a slave! "

Now when the tiger sobbed and sighed and wept, the pious Brahman's heart softened, and at last he consented to open the door of the cage. Out popped the tiger, and, seizing the poor man, cried: " What a fool you are! What is to prevent my eating you now, for after being cooped up so long I am just terribly hungry! "

In vain the Brahman pleaded for his life; the most he could gain was a promise to abide by the decision of the first three things he chose to question as to the justice of the tiger's action.

So the Brahman first asked a pipal tree what it thought of the matter, but the pipal tree replied coldly: " What have you to complain about? Do n't I give shade and shelter to every one who passes by, and do n't they in return tear down my branches to feed their cattle? Do n't whimper — be a man! "

Then the Brahman, sad at heart, went farther afield, till he saw a buffalo turning a well wheel; but he fared no better from

it, for it answered: "You are a fool to expect gratitude! Look at me! While I gave milk they fed me on cotton seed and oil-cake, but now I am dry they yoke me here, and give me refuse as fodder!"

The Brahman, still more sad, asked the road to give him its opinion.

"My dear sir," said the road, "how foolish you are to expect anything else! Here am I, useful to everybody, yet all, rich and poor, great and small, trample on me as they go past, giving me nothing but the ashes of their pipes and the husks of their grain!"

On this the Brahman turned back sorrowfully, and on the way he met a jackal, who called out: "Why, what's the matter, Mr. Brahman? You look as miserable as a fish out of water!"

Then the Brahman told him all that had occurred. "How very confusing!" said the jackal, when the recital was ended; "would you mind telling me over again? for everything seems so mixed up!"

The Brahman told it all over again, but the jackal shook his head in a distracted sort of way, and still could not understand.

"It's very odd," said he, sadly, "but it all seems to go in at one ear and out at the other! I will go to the place where it all happened, and then perhaps I shall be able to give a judgment."

So they returned to the cage, by which the tiger was waiting for the Brahman, and sharpening his teeth and claws.

"You 've been away a long time!" growled the savage beast, "but now let us begin our dinner."

"Our dinner!" thought the wretched Brahman, as his knees knocked together with fright; "what a remarkably delicate way of putting it!"

"Give me five minutes, my lord!" he pleaded, "in order that I may explain matters to the jackal here, who is somewhat slow in his wits."

The tiger consented, and the Brahman began the whole story over again, not missing a single detail, and spinning as long a yarn as possible.

"Oh, my poor brain! oh, my poor brain!" cried the jackal, wringing his paws. "Let me see! how did it all begin? You were in the cage, and the tiger came walking by —"

"Pooh!" interrupted the tiger, "what a fool you are! I was in the cage."

"Of course!" cried the jackal, pretending to tremble with fright; "yes! I was in the cage — no, I was n't — dear! dear!

where are my wits? Let me see — the tiger was in the Brahman, and the cage came walking by — no, that's not it either! Well, don't mind me, but begin your dinner, for I shall never understand!"

"Yes, you shall!" returned the tiger, in a rage at the jackal's stupidity; "I'll make you understand! Look here — I am the tiger —"

"Yes, my lord!"

"And that is the Brahman —"

"Yes, my lord!"

"And that is the cage —"

"Yes, my lord!"

"And I was in the cage — do you understand?"

"Yes — no — Please, my lord —"

"Well?" cried the tiger impatiently.

"Please, my lord! — how did you get in?"

"How! — why, in the usual way, of course!"

"Oh, dear me! — my head is beginning to whirl again! Please don't be angry, my lord, but what is the usual way?"

At this the tiger lost patience, and, jumping into the cage, cried: "This way! Now do you understand how it was?"

"Perfectly!" grinned the jackal, as he dexterously shut the door; "and if you will permit me to say so, I think matters will remain as they were!"

"Tales from the Punjab." Flora Annie Steel

In the narration of a story we can talk indifferently about the speeches and the characters, but this will not be interesting. A story must live. Each event must be experienced. Really to tell about people we have to be these people.

Tell this Oriental story of "The Tiger, the Brahman, and the Jackal," and give it as if it really happened. Let each event have no reference to the future ones, but be given for its own sake. Give the tender pleading of the tiger, then his sudden change when he is out of the cage. Give also the fear and pleading of the Brahman. Then give the mischief of the jackal; his pretence of being confused, and the tiger's excitement at his stupidity. Notice that the differences between characters are due to the different ways in which they think and feel. Notice also that not only speakers but events, situations and mental pictures have character.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The worthy Abbot of Aberbrothock
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothock.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea birds screamed as they wheeled around,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, " My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I 'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothock."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, " The next who comes to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothock."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away;
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

On deck the Rover takes his stand;
So dark it is they see no land;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore."
"Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is strong;
Though the wind has fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock;
"O Death! it is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;
He cursed himself in his despair;
But the waves rush in on every side,
And the vessel sinks beneath the tide.

Robert Southey

A kind hearted abbot once placed a bell on a dangerous rock where the swaying of the waves caused it to ring, and thus save many lives. But a pirate cut the bell from the float and laughed as it sank, crying: "The next one who comes this way will not bless the abbot." He little thought that the "next" one would be himself. If one tells this story with the knave's sarcasm and sneering, and then with feeling for him as he and his band went down, there will be corresponding changes in the voice.

Observe that if you naturally think each idea, and picture it in your mind, allowing your imagination to present every situation and identify you with it, you will feel each event as if you were taking part. You will feel the agitation when the pirate hears the breakers roar, and the longing for the bell which had been cut from its float. Then will follow deep anxiety and the terrible shock, and at the last your sympathy for Sir Ralph.

THE KNIGHTS AND THE SHIELD

In the olden times a British prince set up a statue to the goddess of Victory, at a point where four roads met. In her right hand she held a spear, and her left rested upon a shield. The outside of this shield was of gold, and the inside of silver, and on each side was an inscription. It happened one day that two knights — one in black armor, the other in white — arrived at the same time, but from opposite directions, at the statue. As neither of them had seen it before, they stopped to examine the beautiful workmanship and read the inscription.

" This golden shield," said the Black Knight, after examining it for some time — " this golden shield " —

" Golden shield! " cried the White Knight, who was as closely observing the other side; " why, if I have my eyes, it is silver."

" Eyes you have, but they see not," replied the Black Knight; " for if I saw a golden shield in my life, this is one."

" O yes, it is so likely that any one would expose a golden shield on the public road! " said the White Knight, with a sarcastic smile. " For my part I wonder that even a silver one is not too strong a temptation for some people who pass this way."

The Black Knight could not bear the smile with which this was spoken, and the dispute grew so warm that it ended in a challenge.

The knights turned their horses, and rode back to have sufficient space; then, fixing their spears in their rests, they charged at each other with the greatest fury. The shock was so violent, and the blows on each side were so heavy, that they both fell to the ground, bleeding and stunned.

In this condition a good Druid who was traveling that way found them. He was a skillful physician, and had with him a balsam of wonderful healing power. This he applied to their wounds, and when the knights had recovered their senses he began to inquire into the cause of their quarrel.

" Why, this man," cried the Black Knight, " will have it that yonder shield is silver! "

" And he will have it that it is gold! " cried the White Knight.

" Ah! " said the Druid with a sigh, " you are both of you, my brethren, in the right, and both of you in the wrong. If either of you had taken time to look at the opposite side of the shield as well as at that which first met his eye, all this passion and

bloodshed might have been avoided. However, there is a very good lesson to be learned from the evils that have befallen you. In the future, never enter into any dispute till you have fairly considered both sides of the question."

Beaumont

XXXIV. ASSIMILATION AND IMITATION

"Jehovah!" trumpets far the breaking ice!
"God!" thunders from the deep, the falling snow!
"Eternal!" murmur soft the swaying pines,
"Immortal!" all the brooklets whisper low!

Trans. and adapted from "Chamouni." Frederike Brün

In giving the names for Deity quoted in the above lines should we imitate successively the breaking ice, the avalanche, the wind in the pines, and the streams, or should we manifest the successive impressions made upon our imagination and feeling? Which rendering degrades the passage and sounds comically profane? Which gives it dignity?

The fault which we first observe in expression is monotony, a sameness in everything. This is caused by a certain neutral attitude of mind toward what we speak; it is due to a failure to realize each successive centre of attention. There are two remedies. One is to imitate or to make each word echo the sense; the other is to reveal our personal impression.

The false method of expression, styled imitation, although it is universal, violates every principle of assimilation. Imitation is external and mechanical; it has nothing to do with the power to identify ourselves with ideas and situations. It overlooks the real nature of expression and of all art. "We can imitate," says Ruskin, "an ignoble thing but not a noble one." Even true acting is not imitation but assimilation. The dramatic instinct does not result from imitation, but from imagination and sympathy.

Imitation seeks to correct monotony from without inward. But the cause of monotony is lack of true imaginative and sympathetic realization, for the external manipulation which always results from imitation lessens attention and superficializes thinking.

Assimilation, on the other hand, corrects monotony by

making thinking more intense, feeling deeper and by bringing thought and emotion into unity.

> " Awake, awake, —
> Ring the alarum-bell: — Murder, and treason,
> Banquo, and Donalbain. Malcolm, awake. . . .
> O Banquo, Banquo.
> Our royal master 's murder'd."

Suppose someone in giving these lines of Macduff after he had discovered the murder of Duncan, in crying out " Ring the alarum bell " should undertake to imitate the bell, the central thought, the real spirit of the passage would be completely interrupted and ruined by such imitation.

> And you, ye storms, howl out his greatness! Let your thunders roll like drums in the march of the God of armies! Let your lightnings write his name in fire on the midnight darkness; let the illimitable void of space become one mouth for song; and let the unnavigated ether, through its shoreless depths, bear through the infinite remote the name of Him whose goodness endureth forever!
>
> Charles Haddon Spurgeon

Suppose that in this passage from Spurgeon, where he describes how God is proclaimed by the voice of nature, one should imitate the drum or the thunder, — the whole passage would be completely degraded.

Imitation, therefore, is directly opposed to assimilation. If we wish to mock a person we imitate him. But if we wish to show the beauty of his character we manifest our feeling about him. Artistic expression is not a mechanical production but the revelation of our own struggle to comprehend.

This applies to all forms of art. Dramatic art does not imitate character. While dramatic is more representative than lyric art it is none the less the result of assimilation.

If you render Maurice Thompson's beautiful description of a brook in his " In the Haunts of Bass and Bream," you find a continual succession of wonderful impressions. A few of these, such as " bubble, bubble," may be taken as descriptive or representative. Observe, however, that if we take the first two lines or the last two and try to represent a brook by " bubble, bubble," we shall emphasize these

words or mere literal facts about the brook, something merely accidental, and shall miss the central point of his impression, which is found in the next line. This will, of course, pervert the spirit of the passage.

THE BROOK

Bubble, bubble, flows the stream,
Like an old tune through a dream. . . .
I see the morning-glory's curl,
The curious star-flower's pointed whorl;
Hear the woodpecker, rap-a-tap!
See him with his cardinal's cap!
And the querulous, leering jay,
How he clamors for a fray! . . .
Out of a giant tulip-tree
A great gay blossom falls on me;
Old gold and fire its petals are,
It flashes like a falling star.
A big blue heron flying by
Looks at me with a greedy eye.
I see the striped squirrel shoot
Into a hollow maple-root;
A bumble-bee with mail all rust,
His thighs puffed out with anther-dust,
Clasps a shrinking bloom about,
And draws her amber sweetness out.
Bubble, bubble, flows the stream,
Like a song heard in a dream.
A white-faced hornet hurtles by,
Lags a turquoise butterfly, —
One intent on prey and treasure,
One afloat on tides of pleasure!
Sunshine arrows, swift and keen,
Pierce the burr-oak's helmet green. . . .
The belted halcyon laughs, the wren
Comes twittering from its brushy den;
The turtle sprawls upon its log,
I hear the booming of a frog. . . .
Dancing wasp and dragon-fly,
Wood-thrush whistling tenderly;
Damp cool breath of moss and mould,
Noontide's influence manifold;
Glimpses of a cloudless sky, —
Soothe me as I resting lie.
Bubble, bubble, flows the stream,
Like low music through a dream.

Maurice Thompson

Dr. Henry Van Dyke has a group of poems entitled "Four Birds" in his volume, "The Builders." In the first three of these there are certain syllables or words introduced as an objective representation of the song; in the case of the fourth bird, "The Veery," no representation is attempted because the emotion is too deep. The others are more playful, but the poem on the Veery (p. 297) expresses the deepest feeling. If we give too much attention in the others merely to imitating syllables without giving the feeling of the woods and the love of the birds, all will be mechanical.

It may be laid down as a universal law that imitation must be displaced by imagination and that manifestation must always transcend representation.

> Where water flows, where green grass grows,
> Song-sparrows gently sing, "Good cheer."
> And best of all, through twilight's calm
> The hermit thrush repeats his psalm.
>
> "An Angler's Wish." Henry Van Dyke

"Good Cheer" may be given representatively, that is, where there is an imaginative and sympathetic realization of the "Song Sparrow" sufficient to cause the representative intimation of the character of its song, but in the next lines the poem becomes sympathetic and reveals the impression produced upon us. "Good Cheer" has an objective element. We are purely subjective in speaking of the hermit thrush. Sympathy may carry us either objectively towards representation or subjectively towards manifestation; but imitation is neither; it is a mechanical copying and is not founded in sympathy.

Assimilation in dramatic art is the sympathetic identification of one's self with another character, the result of an impression upon the imagination and sympathy.

When we directly reveal an impression, our expression is manifestative, when we identify ourselves with the motives of another and express his point of view by dramatic instinct, then our expression becomes representative, but it is not imitative.

No two creations or conceptions of Hamlet are alike; if so,

one is weak and a mere imitation of the other. Imitation is a secondary thing, is mechanical, while true dramatic art is creative; it is founded upon imaginative insight.

This is true in a fable. We realize the analogy of a certain animal's actions to the motives of a human heart; then creating a character out of the animal, we make it talk in accordance with this motive. Accordingly the fable is one of the foundations of dramatic art.

THE GEESE AND THE TORTOISE

A tortoise lived in a pond where two wild geese used to go for food.

When winter came, the geese said, "Friend Tortoise, your pond will soon freeze. We have a home far away. Come and live with us."

"How can I go with you?" asked the tortoise. "I cannot fly."

"We will take you," said the geese, "if you will only keep your mouth shut."

"I can do that," said the tortoise.

The geese made him hold a long stick in his mouth. Then each bird took an end of the stick in his bill, and flew up in the air.

Some boys looked up. "Ha! Ha!" they shouted. "Look at those geese with a tortoise."

This made the tortoise angry. "You rude boys!" he shouted. But as he opened his mouth, he fell down, and was broken to pieces on the stones.

The proper rendering of a fable requires sympathy, identification. Imitation is out of the question. There can be only the remotest suggestion of representation. So far as the animal is concerned we are really representing a human character.

We have also to quote from other people and to see from their point of view. If we see things only from our own point of view, we shall be selfish and narrow; we must see things from the point of view of others. There has been given us the power of manifestation and representation, that is, of manifesting impressions and portraying motives. These are at the basis of all fables and of lyric, dramatic and epic poems.

This quoting of people, however, is very different from imitation. Imitation is always, as Ruskin says, confined to low objects, ignoble subjects. In dramatic art, even in burlesque or farce, it is rarely found, and never in true tragedy. Even burlesque becomes more artistic by being made genuinely dramatic, that is, creative, sympathetic, representative and manifestative rather than imitative.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

It was the schooner Hesperus that sail'd the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter to bear him company. . . .
The skipper he stood beside the helm, his pipe was in his mouth,
And he watch'd how the veering flaw did blow the smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor, — had sail'd the Spanish main, —
"I pray thee, put into yonder port, for I fear a hurricane.
Last night the moon had a golden ring, and to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe, and a scornful laugh laugh'd he.

Colder and louder blew the wind, a gale from the north-east;
The snow fell hissing in the brine, and the billows froth'd like yeast.
Down came the storm, and smote amain the vessel in its strength;
She shudder'd and paused, like a frighten'd steed, then leap'd her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter, and do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale, that ever wind did blow."
He wrapp'd her warm in his seaman's coat against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar, and bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring, O say, what may it be?"
"'T is a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!" and he steer'd for the open sea.
"O father! I hear the sound of guns, O say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live in such an angry sea!"
"O father! I see a gleaming light, O say, what may it be?"
But the father answer'd never a word, a frozen corpse was he. . . .

And fast thro' the midnight dark and drear, thro' the whistling sleet and snow.
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept towards the reef of Norman's Woe.
And ever, the fitful gusts between, a sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf on the rocks and the hard sea-sand. . . .

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach, a fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair lash'd close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast, the salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed, on the billows fall and rise. . . .
Eight stanzas omitted. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

If you study and genuinely assimilate the spirit of this extract from Longfellow's " Wreck of the Hesperus " you will observe many extreme changes. You cannot make these changes without seeing the scene or entering into sympathy with the characters and the situation.

The poem begins as a simple narrative. The successive ideas seem to come naturally. The warning of the old sailor who knew a storm was coming is the beginning of dramatic assimilation, but you do not imitate him; you do not make him hitch up his trousers or give him an artificial tone or think of him as an old man with a weak voice. If you do, imitation is taking the place of genuine sympathy, assimilation, identification and dramatic instinct.

In the sneering of the skipper you do not pretend to have a pipe and puff out a lot of smoke. You give instead the spirit of each man's answer. Otherwise, the real spirit of the selection will be spoiled. Imitation is exhibitional and always dangerous. It is so often confused with dramatic instinct that it must be explained that it acts in direct antagonism to the dramatic instinct.

Observe that the answer of the skipper is not directly quoted. We may, however, suggest his laugh and sneer on the one hand, or on the other hand, we can express the impression of anxiety and regret produced upon us, sustain our sympathy with the old sailor, and look at him with surprise. In whatever way we may suggest it we do not allow such a dignified selection to pass into burlesque imitation. The lines describing the coming of the storm must be very carefully rendered as must the manifestation of our own realization of the situation. Even when the skipper speaks it is with great kindness. Observe the wisdom of Longfellow in not quoting his words. This gives the selection greater dignity.

The dialogues of the next few lines between the father and his child are of great importance. They give wide

contrast, and dramatic insight here must be very clear. Our sympathetic identification and realization of each speech is most important, but the greatest line, the one that calls for the deepest and most intense sympathy, is not dramatic but epic, when we simply describe his death.

To test the weakness of imitation try to imitate the little girl's quivering voice and the literal voice of the old skipper, or his manner of speaking. That is not dramatic art. Imitation is not the basis of dramatic intensity. Sympathetic insight, assimilation and identification, — these are the causes of genuine dramatic instinct and expression.

The evils of imitation were long ago perceived and many efforts were made to discover some other method as the basis of delivery. One of these is the so-called Rush System. This finds some of the mechanical elements of conversation, such as the direction and length of inflexion. A short sentence is analyzed upon a blackboard and every student must read it according to the marks.

Such a method is not founded in the study and development of thinking or of assimilation. It tends to makes the student mechanical. The rules laid down dethrone thinking as much as does imitation, all the spontaneous actions of the mind are ignored by such a process. Tone color and all the indirect or involuntary modulations or elements of delivery need to be awakened in us, and the personal differences of every individual, as well as the directly voluntary and conscious elements.

So universally have mechanical and imitative methods prevailed that it may be well to summarize the general principles of expression which the student needs to study seriously. There is an endeavor in all these books to obey these principles, which are the result of very careful study of nature.

1. The method centres in thinking. The student must find the fundamentals of his own thinking and talking, and so accentuate the mental actions as to develop better thinking and voice modulation.

2. Attention must always be given to fundamentals.

3. No step must be taken that does not recognize the

spontaneous elements of delivery. Such work upon fundamentals must be undertaken as will stimulate all elements in unity.

4. Impression must always be co-ordinated with expression.

5. The causes of all faults in reading and speaking are primarily in the mind.

6. The chief aim must be to awaken all faculties and bring them into harmonious activity.

7. Reading and speaking are direct modulations of voice by the actions of the mind. These modulations are not symbols but signs.

XXXV. TRANSITIONS

Only a little shriveled seed,
It might be a flower, or grass, or weed;
Only a box of earth on the edge
Of a narrow, dusty window-ledge;
Only a few scant summer showers;
Only a few clear shining hours;
That was all. Yet God could make
Out of these, for a sick child's sake,
A blossom-wonder, as fair and sweet
As ever broke at an angel's feet.

"The Builders." Henry Van Dyke

The developing of true sympathetic identification or dramatic instinct in reading and speaking as distinguished from mechanical imitation is of great importance. One of the most valuable practices for this purpose is the mastering of sudden changes or extreme transitions in different passages.

The practice of transitions will help to correct monotony, get more sympathetic response out of the voice, stimulate deeper breathing and secure better control of all the conditions of vocal expression.

In addition to this must come development of the dramatic sense and of the imagination, and a stimulation, education and control of right emotion.

In practicing these transitions observe the necessity of a pause. Any change in ideas or in situation causes change of pitch; change of feeling will cause change in sympathetic

vibration or tone color. Besides these, there is nearly always a change in the degree of intensity and also in importance. These changes nearly always take place together. Do not think that they are artificial. They are the expression of imagination and of feeling. They cannot be made mechanically. If ideas are alive they will all be different. Life causes progression, contrast, variation. A machine is always monotonous. Let your ideas live, and dominate your sympathies.

What is the chief cause of the neutral, negative, monotonous reading and speaking which are so often heard?

Only a little observation will show us that it is a lack of sympathy, or identification with what is read. We can conceive of things in a cold, intellectual way and keep ourselves entirely aloof from the spirit of our words. Professor Monroe used to say: "There are three great words in reading, — imagination, sympathy and suggestion." Imagination gives the situation. Sympathy puts us in that situation; and suggestion or intimating the expression makes it alive.

> When he heard the owls at midnight,
> Hooting, laughing in the forest,
> "What is that?" he cried in terror;
> "What is that?" he said, "Nokomis?"
> And the good Nokomis answered: —
> "That is but the owl and owlet,
> Talking in their native language." . . .

In the preceding lines, we must not only hear the owl, but hear it as Hiawatha heard it, and we must feel as he felt; we must trust our instinct to reveal this impression in a natural, simple way.

Transitions are not expressed where assimilation or sympathetic identification is lacking. Do not let transitional passages become mere words or be twined into abstract neutral thought. To render them truly you must live every idea as you give it.

Transitions mean that you must take time. You must not only see but also feel before you speak.

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,
His bravoes of Alsatia, and pages of Whitehall;
They are bursting on our flanks. Grasp your pikes, close your ranks,
For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.
They are here! They rush on! We are broken! We are gone!
Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.
O Lord, put forth thy might! O Lord, defend the right!
Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight it to the last.

Stout Skippon hath a wound; the centre hath given ground;
Hark! hark! What means this trampling of horsemen in our rear?
Whose banner do I see, boys? 'T is he, thank God! 't is he, boys.
Bear up another minute: brave Oliver is here.
Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes;
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accurst,
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

"The Battle of Naseby." Thomas Babington Macaulay

In Macaulay's description of "The Battle of Naseby" there are some very sudden and extreme transitions. You feel that you are identified with the fierceness of the enemy, the furious Germans. Then comes the realization, "We are broken!" Then a prayer, and in the next line a resolution to stand back to back and "fight it to the last." Another line brings excitement about the leader being wounded, the centre giving ground. At last with "Hark" there comes great relief and joy, for Cromwell is coming.

A GEM

Once from a cloud, a drop of rain
Fell, trembling, in the sea,
And when she saw the wide-spread main,
Shame veiled her modesty:

"What place on this wide sea have I?
What room is left for me?
Sure it were better that I die
In this immensity!"

But while her self-abasing fear
Its lowliness confessed,
A shell received and welcomed her,
And pressed her to its breast.

And nourished there, the drop became
A pearl for royal eyes —
Exalted by its lowly shame,
And humbled but to rise!

Author not known

There must be a difference with each idea. Nothing can be at a standstill. Everything is progressive, not only in a story but in all thinking. If you genuinely think and live your ideas and all your faculties are awake you will never read monotonously. There will be many transitions, changes and modulations of voice. You find these in simple passages. If a student is careless, he will overlook them, but one who keeps his imagination vivid and his sympathy true, will never neglect them.

The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight, for the children of men.

Alice Cary

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay, in his shroud of snow.

"The Old Clock on the Stair." Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

How smooth the sea-beach pebbles are!
But — do you know?
The ocean worked a hundred years
To make them so!

Author not known

O March is a tricky fellow,
A tricky, troublesome sprite;
He will be as mild as a lamb by day,
And as fierce as a lion by night.

Susan Coolidge (Sarah Chauncey Woolsey)

The practice of transitions should be very definite. Take a short passage with only one such transition and repeat it many times until all the variations of experience and the response to these in the voice and body are realized. This will develop elasticity of tone and cause emotion to diffuse itself through the body and bring about a more responsive condition of the body and of the mental and emotional action. It will minimize the tendency to monotony and

to mechanical manipulation instead of modulation or to perfunctory pronunciation instead of genuine assimilation. In the practice of such transitions there should be a review of all preceding steps (or rather an application of everything that has been learned), and there should be definite attention to every phase of expression.

THE LITTLE GIRL AS NURSE

When Florence Nightingale was a little girl in England there lived near her village an old shepherd named Roger, who had a favorite sheep-dog called Cap. One day while Florence was out riding with a friend, she saw Roger tending his sheep. But Cap was not with him, and the sheep were running about in all directions. Florence and her friend, noticing the absence of the dog, stopped to ask the shepherd what had become of him.

" Oh," he replied, " Cap will never be of any more use to me. I fear that he must be killed."

" Killed! " said Florence. " Oh, Roger, how wicked you are to say so! What has poor old Cap done? "

" He has done nothing," replied Roger; " but a cruel boy threw a stone at him yesterday, and broke one of his legs." And the old shepherd wiped away the tears which filled his eyes. " Poor Cap! " he said, " he was as knowing as a human being."

Florence and her friend rode on to the shepherd's cottage, and went in to see the poor dog. When the little girl called him " Cap, good old Cap," he began to wag his tail. Then he crawled from under the table, and lay down at her feet. She patted his rough head, and talked to him while her friend examined the injured leg.

It was badly swollen, and it hurt very much to have it touched; but, though he moaned with pain, he licked the hands that were hurting him, for he knew that the girls were trying to help him.

" It 's only a bad bruise; no bones are broken," said Florence's friend. " Rest is all Cap needs; he will soon be well again."

" I am so glad," said Florence. " But can we do nothing for him? He seems to be suffering great pain."

" Plenty of hot water to bathe his leg would both ease the pain and help to cure him quickly."

Florence kindled a fire, heated some water, and began to bathe the poor dog's leg. It was not long before he seemed to suffer less, and he tried to show his thanks by his looks and by wagging his tail.

On their way back they met the old shepherd coming slowly homeward.

"Oh, Roger!" cried Florence, "you are not to lose poor old Cap. We have discovered that his leg is not broken, after all."

"Well, I am very glad to hear it," said the old man. "Many thanks to you for going to see him."

The next morning Florence was up early to bathe Cap's leg, and she found it much better. The next day she bathed it once more, and in two or three days the dog was able to look after the flock again.

This event happened many years ago, and that good-hearted little girl grew up to be the kindest and noblest of women. She spent her youth in learning how to nurse the sick, and how to manage hospitals.

During the Crimean war she went out at the head of a band of trained nurses to take care of the wounded soldiers, who were suffering much for want of proper care. She soon had ten thousand sick men to look after and could scarcely find time for rest or sleep.

Since that time she has done much to improve hospitals. Indeed, her whole life was nobly spent in helping the sick, and especially the sick poor.

Render some story, "The Little Girl as Nurse," for instance, which is an account of Florence Nightingale and her first experience in nursing. Notice the changes, the contrasts, from speech to speech, or from speech to description, and from description to quotation. See everything, experience everything as if you were present. Long pauses are needed that you may get into sympathy with the story and live it before you tell it.

In many things we all stumble. If any man stumbleth not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body.

Now if we put bits in the horses' mouths, that they may obey us, we turn about their whole body also. Behold also the ships, which though they are so great, and driven of fierce winds, yet are they turned about with a very small rudder, whithersoever the steersman willeth. Even so the tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold, how great a forest is kindled by how small a fire. And the tongue is a fire; a world of iniquity among our members is the tongue, that defileth the whole body,

and setteth on fire the wheel of nature, and it is set on fire by hell.

For every kind of beasts, and of birds, and of creeping things, and of things in the sea, is tamed, and hath been tamed of mankind. But the tongue can no man tame, it is a restless evil, full of deadly poison; Therewith bless we God, even the Father: and therewith curse we men, who are made after the likeness of God. Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing. My brethren, these things ought not so to be.

CLEON AND I

Cleon hath ten thousand acres,
Ne'er a one have I;
Cleon dwelleth in a palace,
In a cottage, I;
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes,
Not a penny, I;
Yet the poorer of the twain is
Cleon, and not I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres,
But the landscape, I;
Half the charms to me it yieldeth
Money cannot buy;
Cleon harbors sloth and dullness,
Freshening vigor, I;
He in velvet, I in fustian —
Richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur,
Free as thought am I;
Cleon fees a score of doctors,
Need of none have I;
Wealth-surrounded, care-environed,
Cleon fears to die;
Death may come — he 'll find me ready,
Happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charms in Nature,
In a daisy, I;
Cleon hears no anthems ringing
'Twixt the sea and sky;
Nature sings to me forever,
Earnest listener, I;
State for state, with all attendants —
Who would change? — Not I.

Charles Mackay

XXXVI. MODULATIONS CAUSED BY EXPERIENCE

A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, " Had I a sword of keener steel —
That blue blade that the king's son bears, — but this
Blunt thing! " he snapt and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

" Opportunity." Edward Rowland Sill

If you observe closely some decided transition in experience you find that many modulations of the voice unite in showing the change. Pause shows the need of attention and a change of conditions, change of pitch goes with all changes and indicates the divergence of impressions. Tone color reveals the change of situation, point of view or feeling.

Aside from these there are two other voice modulations that have not as yet been discussed, intensity and movement.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right through the line they broke,
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

" The Charge of the Light Brigade." Alfred Tennyson

In this stanza from " The Charge of the Light Brigade " note the domination of force and passion in the first ten lines, in the direct struggle of the battle. Then observe the extreme change in the last two lines. The pitch, the color and texture of the voice decidedly change but there are other elements that change; the amount of breath and especially the kind of control over the breath, the vigor of

the touch, the very texture of the muscles of the whole body. The rhythm, changing from a run to a stately tread, from quick spasmodic taking of breath and touch to a deeper, fuller, slower inspiration, becomes a dignified, weighty progression.

THE CHILD-MUSICIAN

He had played for his Lordship's levee,
He had played for her Ladyship's whim,
Till the poor little head was heavy,
And the poor little brain would swim.

And the face grew peaked and eerie,
And the large eyes strange and bright,
And they said, — too late, — "He is weary!
He shall rest for, at least, to-night!"

But at dawn, when the birds were waking,
As they watched in the silent room,
With the sound of a strained cord breaking,
A something snapped in the gloom.

'T was a string of his violoncello,
And they heard him stir in his bed: —
"Make room for a tired little fellow,
Kind God!" — was the last that he said.

Henry Austin Dobson

Intensity and movement are the most important of all the modulations of the voice, especially in the expression of feeling and in the degrees of assimilation. They are always found together, but it is important to distinguish them from each other and to define the functions of each.

What is meant by intensity? It is difficult to explain it. In one sense it is the opposite of weakness. If we give ourselves up to the first tendencies of many emotions weakness will be the result. For example, we are all tempted to express sorrow as weakness. In fact, the most difficult emotion to express is pathos. Observe, as you read this poem by Dobson and begin to sympathize with the violin player, and recognize that the little fellow is passing away, how much more deeply and fully you breathe. How vigorous do the touches become! Why? Because the feeling becomes gradually deeper, demands greater effort to control it. In proportion to the depth, dignity and control over

feeling, will intensity be manifest. On the other hand giving up to passion, superficial excitement, pretended earnestness, or pretentious demonstration, produces merely volume and loudness.

SWEET AND LOW

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest;
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

Song from "The Princess." Alfred Tennyson

Tenderness must be intense. Otherwise, it will become weak and sentimental. You can whine through this little song of the mother to her child and make it sickly, or you can intensify the tenderness and make it deep. Such a practice of intensity is one of the best means of improving the richness of your tone.

From another point of view intensity is the opposite of loudness. Loudness is force going to waste, or acting without control. Intensity is force under control, or reserved in a condition ready for use. Loudness is like escaping steam or steam that blows a whistle. Intensity is steam retained in the boiler to run the locomotive.

Thus intensity is the language of deep and dignified earnestness. In proportion to the intensity of a passage, other things being equal, volume is lessened and range and tone color are increased. Loudness narrows the range, weakens the inflexion, eliminates resonance and thus makes tone color impossible. Intensity has the opposite effect. It multiplies and prolongs the pause, increases all the

secondary vibrations, widens changes of pitch, lengthens the inflexions and extends the range. It expresses great genuineness of thinking and feeling and awakens sympathy. Loudness belongs more to exhibition, but intensity is a primary characteristic of true expression.

Of course, volume is not always weak. We should distinguish between loudness which arises from lack of depth and control and which is always a fault except in the dramatic portrayal of weakness; and volume which may be the language of animation, objectivity and demonstration. Note, for example, the first ten lines of the stanza from " The Charge of the Light Brigade " are naturally animated and volume here is a necessary part of the expression. The nature of resolution, of physical excitement, of exultation and of other emotions demands some increase of volume.

Loudness is the opposite of intensity, but volume is its counterpart. Loudness is no help and may prevent a speaker from being heard; but volume is the right sense of quantity, or proportion of tone, to the size of the audience or the enthusiasm of an animated theme. Few, however, make this important distinction. Many think of loudness as the method of making themselves heard. On the contrary, we are heard by means of reserved breath, proper vocal quantity, distinct (not labored) articulation, change of pitch and range, and pure, full tone.

It took Rome three hundred years to die: and our death, if we perish, will be as much more terrific as our intelligence and free institutions have given to us more bone and sinew and vitality. May God hide me from the day when the dying agonies of my country shall begin! O thou beloved land, bound together by the ties of brotherhood, and common interest, and perils, live forever — one and undivided!

Lyman Beecher

Let these sentences be spoken to one person, then in imagination to two or three thousand, and do not sacrifice any element in giving them, but enlarge all in harmony. Give wider range and intervals, longer inflexions, more relative vocal quantity, pure, full, free, easy tones with great intensity. Then, in contrast, try giving them with

loudness. Note the necessary antagonism between loudness on the one hand and intensity and range on the other. The latter method gives dignity, emphasis and harmony.

Do you know why it is you sometimes walk faster or run and at other times go slowly? There are many reasons. When you are excited you run, when you feel merely gay and happy you move off joyously and step quickly. When you feel serious or when something interests you, you go slowly or stop and look at things.

It is the same when reading. In some sentences and clauses we trip very lightly and rapidly; in others we speak slowly and steadily. When we are reading something trivial we go quickly. When we are feeling excitement and lack control of our emotions we go quickly. When, however, we have control over the excitement or have something that we want to tell so that people can understand or realize its importance then we go much more slowly.

Observe that in the first of the following selections you go rapidly if you sympathize with the excitement. In the second one you move slowly on account of your sympathy with the thought, of your desire to move or persuade someone else.

Galloping, galloping, galloping in,
Into the world with a stir and a din,
The north wind, the east wind, the west wind together,
Inbringing, inbringing the March's wild weather.

Constance Fenimore Woolson

Be to others kind and true,
As you would have them be to you.

Movement shows many things. It shows how well you are giving attention. If you think of something of importance you give it with great weight, and hence speak the words slowly; if it is something you do not care about, you will trip over it more rapidly.

When you make the ideas important, you have many pauses and you give stronger and more decided phrase accents, and introduce greater changes in pitch, longer inflexions and other modulations.

What is the real nature of that which is here called

Movement? Some people call it time. Is it time? While you do read a passage more slowly when you want to make it important and more rapidly when you regard it as being of small consequence, movement, however, is not actually a matter of time. You can read a passage slowly and make it trivial. On the other hand, you can read it more rapidly and give it great intensity and importance. The two readings will differ in the pulsation of life. What we consider of great importance we give with vigorous strokes upon each phrase accent; while we may go more slowly, it is not this but the stronger strokes and the long pulsations that produce the impressions.

Like a cradle rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful, to and fro;
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow —
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below,
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down and watching us below.

Author not known

Can you read a few lines, indicating first that you care nothing about them; then showing that you consider them of great importance and that you wish people thus to regard them?

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Again, when we have uncontrolled excitement there is a quicker stroke in the successive phrases. But when we control, or show a struggle to control the excitement, the pulsations are still slower and more vigorous.

Read a passage and indicate that you are hurrying, then read it indicating great control and deliberation. In the latter you go slowly because you are thinking or feeling deeply.

The lives of men who have been always growing are strewed along their whole course with the things they have learned to do without.

Phillips Brooks

Read these lines very slowly and yet indicate triviality; then more rapidly and yet indicate weight. Then read very slowly with the greatest possible importance, and note that rhythm gives these meanings and not time.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Read the preceding lines, first with deliberation, indifference or triviality; second, with excited triviality, superficiality; third, with deliberative and weighty thought; fourth, with excitement and intense weight. Note how the voice shows the differences.

We but half express ourselves, and are ashamed of that divine idea which each of us represents.

"Self Reliance." Ralph Waldo Emerson

Never lose an opportunity to see anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting.

Charles Kingsley

Speak not, I passionately entreat thee, till thy thought have silently matured itself. Consider the significance of Silence. "Speech is silvern, Silence is golden; Speech is human, Silence is divine."

Carlyle

Which has the more weighty and which the more superficial rhythm and why? At what points in nearly every passage do you find change in movement and what is the cause of such a change?

OUR NATIVE BIRDS

Alone I sit at eventide;
The twilight glory pales,
And o'er the meadows far and wide
I hear the bobolinks —
(We have no nightingales!)

Song-sparrows warble on the tree,
I hear the purling brook,
And from the old manse on the lea
Flies slow the cawing crow —
(In England 't were a rook!)

The last faint golden beams of day
  Still glow on cottage panes,
And on their lingering homeward way
  Walk weary laboring men —
  (Alas! we have no swains!)

From farmyards, down fair rural glades
  Come sounds of tinkling bells,
And songs of merry brown milkmaids
  Sweeter than catbird's strains —
  (I should say Philomel's!)

I could sit here till morning came,
  All through the night hours dark,
Until I saw the sun's bright flame
  And heard the oriole —
  (Alas! we have no lark!)

We have no leas, no larks, no rooks,
  No swains, no nightingales,
No singing milkmaids (save in books)
  The poet does his best; —
  It is the rhyme that fails.

Nathan Haskell Dole

A change of movement quite abrupt often indicates a parenthetical clause. When a parenthesis is humorous the change of movement may be much more extreme.

In the preceding poem by Nathan Haskell Dole, observe the significance of the parentheses at the close of the stanzas. There may be in this a humorous criticism of our custom of writing about larks, philomels, rooks, nightingales and other things that we never saw, and have only read of in books, and neglect of our own bobolinks. The humorous touch here demands a very decided change in movement.

THE FATHERLAND

Where is the true man's fatherland?
  Is it where he by chance is born?
  Doth not the yearning spirit scorn
In such scant borders to be spanned?
O yes! his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven wide and free!

Is it alone where freedom is,
  Where God is God, and man is man?
  Doth he not claim a broader span
For the soul's love of home than this?

O yes! his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven wide and free!

Where'er a human heart doth wear
Joy's myrtle wreath or sorrow's gyves,
Where'er a human spirit strives
After a life more true and fair,
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland!

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
Where'er one man may help another, —
Thank God for such a birthright, brother:
That spot of earth is thine and mine!
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland!

James Russell Lowell

Have you noticed what the relation of Intensity to Movement means? When you give anything very slowly it must become more intense or it will be tedious.

Give these strong ideas of Lowell, realizing as deeply as you can every successive idea and the feeling it awakens, and note how the amount of breath or the control over it and the vigor of the stroke increase.

Believe not each accusing tongue,
As most weak people do;
But still believe that story wrong
Which ought not to be true.

Believe me, thrift of time will repay you in after life with a usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams, and the waste of it will make you dwindle, alike in intellectual and moral stature, beyond your darkest reckonings.

Gladstone

And many a day, as beneath it I lay,
Has my memory backward drifted
To a pleasant lane I may walk not again,
Leading over a fresh, green hill,
Where a maple stood just clear of the wood —
And oh! to be near it still!

Charles G. D. Roberts

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel!
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

Julia Ward Howe

Note the vigorous and excited movement of Mrs. Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic." The pauses are long, the touches vigorous; there is a suggestion of the drum beat of the march in its spirit, which the sympathy unconsciously realizes and the voice manifests.

In every story we tell, in every piece we read or recite, and even in common conversation, we make continual changes in our sympathetic attention and our estimate of things.

Read or tell stories and try to introduce as great variety in the life and movement as you can.

A GENTLEMAN

I knew him for a gentleman
By signs that never fail:
His coat was rough and rather worn,
His cheeks were thin and pale, —
A lad who had his way to make,
With little time to play.
I knew him for a gentleman
By certain signs to-day.

He met his mother on the street;
Off came his little cap.
My door was shut; he waited there
Until I heard his rap.

He took the bundle from my hand;
And when I dropped my pen,
He sprang to pick it up for me,
This gentleman of ten.

He does not push or crowd along;
His voice is gently pitched;
He does not fling his books about
As if he were bewitched.
He stands aside to let you pass;
He always shuts the door;
He runs on errands willingly,
To forge and mill and store.

He thinks of you before himself;
He serves you if he can,
For in whatever company,
The manners make the man;
At ten and forty 't is the same, —
The manner tells the tale,
And I discern the gentleman
By signs that never fail.

Author not known

XXXVII. SYMPATHETIC RESPONSIVENESS OF TONE

GOD IN THE UNIVERSE

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the Soul;
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

Alexander Pope

In union with every step taken in Vocal Expression or in the development of right actions of the mind and the corresponding modulation of the voice there should be some work upon the corresponding voice conditions. The condition of voice favorable to response to thinking might be called agility. The condition favorable to the sympathetic vibrations or resonance has been called mellowness. The condition and quality of voice favorable to response to experience is the same as that to the imagination. There

is, however, a deeper response. The very texture of the voice changes with dramatic instinct and with great passion. This quality might be called elasticity.

How can the voice be made more elastic, more directly responsive to the innumerable variations of experience? What conditions of voice would be favorable to intensity and to variation in movement? Intensity means a deeper control of breath and a more universal response from the whole body, a deeper and more complex response on the part of the secondary vibrations.

The response of voice to feeling is very deep and complex. It is not necessary for us to be too analytical. The simplest exercise will be best.

As a first exercise practice very decided transitions.

Little brook, little brook! you have such a happy look.
James Whitcomb Riley

Roll on! thou deep and dark blue Ocean, roll!
Byron

Take a single line and contrast it with some other line as different as possible. Give each genuinely, and then observe what wide contrasts result. It is not necessary to know how the contrasts come. We cannot understand all about these, but if we genuinely feel each situation, the difference will be there.

In your mind look at the small brook and admire the gladsome sunlight upon it. You are admiring something delicate, something easily seen. When, however, you turn to the great ocean, your mind stretches out and endeavors to take in more than you can see, a picture transcending not only your power to tell but the power of your mind to conceive. The voice becomes elastic, sympathetic, and suggests the effort of your mind.

There are some things that we cannot do, but we can attempt them and the voice will show our endeavor, and others will take the will for the deed, and know that we mean something great, and will themselves create a corresponding idea. This unites us with others, causes us to think and feel in the same rhythm, and that is the highest aim of expression.

THE SINGER

O Lark! sweet lark!
  Where learn you all your minstrelsy?
  What realms are those to which you fly?
While robins feed their young from dawn till dark,
  You soar on high —
  Forever in the sky.

O child! dear child!
  Above the clouds I lift my wing
  To hear the bells of Heaven ring;
Some of their music, though my flights be wild,
  To earth I bring;
  Then let me soar and sing!

Edmund Clarence Stedman

In " The Singer " your mind rises to the sky and thinks of the lark soaring and singing away up almost out of sight, and then seeming to speak to you. Your thought of the distance of the bird will affect your voice.

In the second poem you are talking about the grass, and the tiny leaves and violets very near you. There is tenderness in both stanzas, but if you allow your voice freedom to do so, it can show the great difference, — can suggest even distance.

SPRING

Green the grass is springing,
  Tiny leaves appear,
Cowslips dot the meadows,
  Violets are here;
All the birds are coming,
  See them on the wing;
You can hear them singing:
  " Come and greet the Spring."

From " The Kindergarten Review." (One line changed.) Blanche Weymouth

Another way is to give something as commonplace, and then in contrast with it something very beautiful, till we see in this way that the voice expresses our degree of admiration.

Another means of developing this sympathetic responsiveness of the voice, which is here called elasticity, is to endeavor to read naturally something full of deep feeling.

Observe and intensify the deep, full breathing, the struggle to control feeling and breath together.

It is not worth while to multiply such exercises. You can find them easily yourself, and many of the steps already taken have aimed to develop the elasticity of your voice. By mastering one exercise you will find you are mastering other problems also.

XXXVIII. UNITY OF MENTAL ACTIONS AND VOICE MODULATIONS

THE BLUEBIRD

Listen a moment, I pray you; what was that sound that I heard?
Wind in the budding branches, the ripple of brooks, or a bird?
Hear it again, above us! and see! a flutter of wings!
The bluebird knows it is April, and soars toward the sun and sings. . . .

Winged lute that we call a bluebird, you blend in a silver strain
The sound of the laughing waters, the patter of spring's sweet rain,
The voice of the winds, the sunshine, and fragrance of blossoming things.
Ah! you are an April poem, that God has dowered with wings!

Eugene Rexford

When reading naturally something interesting you find thinking, imagination and feeling, attention and discrimination, and other mental actions acting simultaneously. Thinking does not hinder imagination, and true feeling does not prevent but intensifies thinking. All mental actions help one another.

Observe also that all voice modulations or natural signs of thinking imply each other and go together. The same is true of the mental and emotional action which causes these modulations or signs.

In proportion as you read something with increasing earnestness, you lengthen pauses, give greater decision to the phrase accents, widen the changes of pitch, give longer and straighter inflexions, with the result that the quality and texture of your voice receives deeper modulations by your feelings. You give degrees of intensity through the control of your breath, and more differences of movement on account of your realization of successive ideas or your degrees of excitement, control and sense of weight.

How many of these modulations can you locate in some short passage? Although this is not necessary, it is nevertheless helpful. It gives you confidence and this enables you to recognize that you express yourself not only by words, but by all these natural modulations or signs acting simultaneously and in perfect unity. Their vocabulary is as important as that of words.

Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

St. Paul

MINE HOST OF "THE GOLDEN APPLE"

A goodly host one day was mine,
A Golden Apple his only sign,
That hung from a long branch, ripe and fine.

My host was the bountiful apple-tree;
He gave me shelter and nourished me
With the best of fare, all fresh and free.

And light-winged guests came not a few,
To his leafy inn, and sipped the dew,
And sang their best songs ere they flew.

I slept at night on a downy bed
Of moss, and my host benignly spread
His own cool shadow over my head.

When I asked what reckoning there might be,
He shook his broad boughs cheerily: —
A blessing be thine, green Apple-tree!

Thomas Westwood

You find also, as has been said, that one modulation alone is not half so strong as two together; that two are not a tenth as strong as three; and that when we truly live what we speak, all of the modulations of the voice are present.

For the sake of emphasis, however, we often accentuate one of these. For example, we sometimes prolong a pause or put it in an unusual place, or we make a change of pitch very wide, or an inflexion very long; but the emphatic use of one modulation never excludes the others, rather, it makes their presence more necessary. To use these

modulations for force and emphasis, one must come to understand something of their meaning.

Read a passage and introduce a great many pauses, introducing them sometimes in unusual places; and justify their use by more vigorous phrase accents or touches, by wider changes of pitch, and also by longer inflexions, and greater intensity, and by that tone color which will exactly express the feeling.

A rose to the living is more
  Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead;
In filling love's infinite store,
A rose to the living is more,
If graciously given before
  The hungering spirit is fled, —
A rose to the living is more
  Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead.

From "A Book of Verses." Nixon Waterman
By permission of the author.

Read a passage in many ways, now increasing the length of inflexion and the range of voice; now making extreme changes in pitch, and so on. Then observe how necessary are the other modulations in order to make these changes in pitch and inflexion unite naturally and effectively. Your instinct will guide you, and you will thus have a sense of the need of these modulations which will help you in natural and effective reading and speaking.

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Matthew

Greatly begin! though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime, —
Not failure, but low aim is crime.

James Russell Lowell

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.
Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.
Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.
Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.
Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.
Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Matthew V, 3–10

Observe that it is the union of all these modulations that makes a passage not only natural but weighty and dignified. When you exaggerate or increase the length of the pauses, you have to use the other modulations in a way to justify the pause and make the passage interesting.

Next exaggerate the changes of pitch in some sentence or poem, but prolong also the pauses and lengthen the inflexions, using all the modulations in perfect harmony. Such accentuation of a modulation more definitely locates or concentrates attention, changes the point of view or the peculiar experience or relation of a phrase; and not only preserves but increases the naturalness and dignity.

"What gulfs," says Fear, "are in that West
Far in the night?
What Isle of Demons lifts its crest?
What kraken heaves the ocean's breast?
What spectre shapes affright!"

"There may be spectres on this sea,
Afar and near;
But waves of God encompass me,
And on the deeps of Deity
There is no place for fear."

"But lo! the seas of God are wide
And deep," says Fear.
"Hear ye the tumult of the tide?
God's wrath is strong; where shall we hide?"
"On! on! Right onward steer."

"From stranger seas new stars arise
With baleful rays;
Strange winds are blown from alien skies;
From wrecked Armadas come the cries
Of dying castaways.

"O for one rood of solid sod!
Our timbers groan!
On midnight seas we are tossed abroad —
There is no light — mayhap no God —
And we are all alone!

"Ah, we are all alone," Fear saith,
"All light has fled;
I fear the whirlwind's merciless breath
May blow us on the Crags of Death." —
"Sail on!" I said.

"The Crags of Death by Fate's decrees
May wreck us. Then?"
"Ah, then we sink to other seas,
And wider seas are they than these —
And then we sail again."

From "A Sailor of Seas," in "Songs of The Average Man." Sam Walter Foss

Observe the decided definite contrast which is sustained through these splendid lines of Foss. No one modulation is sufficient to show the contrast. There is change in pitch, change of color, change of movement, change in the degree of intensity, change in the quality, to show difference in experience. There may be a change, though this is a little dangerous, in the degree of straightness of the inflexion. Fear is a degrading emotion and may have a circumflex, but in the noble, courageous meeting with fear inflexion should be longer and straight.

UP AND DOWN

The sun is gone down
And the moon 's in the sky,
But the sun will come up
And the moon be laid by.

The flower is asleep,
But it is not dead,
When the morning shines
It will lift its head.

When winter comes,
It will die? no, no,
It will only hide
From the frost and snow.

Sure is the summer,
Sure is the sun;
The night and the winter, —
Away they run.

George Macdonald

Some of these modulations we can use and increase deliberately, such as length or direction of inflexion or an

emphatic pause. We are semi-conscious of some of them, but many voice modulations are indirect and involuntary and we are almost unconscious of them.

This is because reading is a most wonderful art. Art, however, has certain things that we must know, — that are called fundamentals. If we understand these we are able to gain firmer control over our speech. Pause, inflexion, change of pitch, tone color and movement are fundamentals.

Now, let us take some simple poem and see if we can realize the meaning of some of these modulations, and note also where many of them are blended. Take first, " Up and Down." " Sun " is the first centre of attention; it may have a rising or falling inflexion. On " moon " we have a long falling inflexion. It is introduced in place of the " sun." We do not feel about the moon quite as we do about the sun; hence there is a little contrast in feeling and inflexion on every word between " sun " and " moon " in both lines. There may be changes of pitch also; and an emphatic pause after the word " moon " especially in the third and fourth lines.

" Flower " is now introduced as a new theme with a falling inflexion and pause after it. Then we have a long pause after " but," and seemingly changes of every modulation because here is the climax of the little poem. Then, in the third stanza somebody says " When winter comes it will die," to which we suddenly answer " no, no," with long inflexions; and proceed to tell what it really will do.

The union of various modulations, from another point of view, is a test of the truthfulness and adequacy of expression. If any modulation or any given mode of expression permits and seems to necessitate the union of various modulations, it is strong; if, on the contrary, by its action it necessarily excludes the union with other modulations, it is weak.

This test of unity is one of the greatest tests of power and of truth. It shows where declamation is at fault. We discover why loud, elocutionary and mechancial rendering of beautiful poems destroys their true spirit.

This test is fully as important as the test suggested by

Delsarte. He said, if exaggerating anything increased the strength, it was right, but if it developed weakness it was wrong. That test of accentuation can be applied everywhere, but this test of unity can also be applied in every direction.

It can be seen that weakness will tend to eliminate the possibility of union. It can be seen also that certain kinds of exaggeration, any waste of force, will be found to destroy the possibility of union, while right, reposeful conservation of force in the expression of energy by intensity will tend to cause a union of these modulations.

There are three noteworthy forms of wasted energy. One is high pitch, a second is loudness, and a third is hurry. They all indicate lack of control over force or passion. By observing different speakers we note how common these faults are and that sometimes two of them may be found together, such as high pitch and loudness. High pitch is a kind of declamatory earnestness and is corrected by right practice in discrimination and connection of ideas, — that is, by inflexion, change of pitch and range. It does little good to tell a speaker to talk on a lower pitch. His endeavor to do so will cause him to speak on one pitch, and to become monotonous. To conquer the difficulty he must speak with greater changes of inflexion and wider intervals. He must think more genuinely and reveal all the discriminations and the attitude of his mind, and the fault will be corrected.

Loudness is lack of intensity and genuineness, a kind of physical exhibition or pretence of earnestness. Loudness is corrected by genuinely feeling the individual ideas, and by allowing each idea to establish its own conditions and by directly speaking to someone.

Movement is sometimes temperamental. One who thinks quickly is apt to speak quickly. It does no good to tell him to speak more slowly. The fault is corrected by teaching him to give greater weight to individual ideas. Slow movement expresses weight; rapid movement expresses superficiality or uncontrolled excitement. Controlled excitement gives greater weight to the idea and the

movement will be necessarily slower and thus the genuine rhythm of the individual reader will not be perverted but doubled and controlled. Hurry is not genuine movement. There is a great difference between hurry and excitement. Excitement can be expressed with great slowness.

Read a few lines exemplifying each of these three faults successively as methods of emphasis. Then read with great earnestness and emphasis using range of voice instead of high pitch, intensity instead of loudness, and strong pulsations and weighty movement instead of hurry, and observe the great dignity and beauty of the expression.

Observe also that these faults attack practically all the other modulations of the voice, while range, intensity and movement multiply all the other modulations. Just in proportion as they are presented, all the other modulations must be more pronounced and become more harmoniously united. We note this especially in form and color, length and straightness of inflexion, touch and pause; — in fact, all the dignified modulations multiply and are present in proportion to the elimination of these three faults.

WILD FLOWERS

They grow where none but God,
  Life's gardener,
Upon the sterile sod
  Bestows his care.
Their morn and evening dew —
  The sacrament
That maketh all things new —
  From Heaven is sent:
And thither, ne'er in vain,
  They look for aid,
To find the punctual rain
  Or sun or shade,
Appointed hour by hour
  To every need,
Alike of parent flower
  Or nursling seed;
Till, blossom duty done,
  With parting smile
They vanish, one by one,
  To sleep awhile.

John B. Tabb

Charles Lamb objected greatly to the recitation of fine poems. He said it destroyed and perverted a fine passage. This is due to faulty methods of declamation and recitation, a failure to recognize that the voice can truly manifest the spirit. Reading aloud or recitation should not pervert but should intensify in interpreting the spirit of the most delicate poem.

The student with the foregoing discrimination in mind

should take some very delicate poem, such as this on "Wild Flowers," and give it in all its delicacy and with such intensity and emphasis that the spirit is not in the least changed, but only rightly interpreted and accentuated. This or some short passage can be given illustrating the three great faults, proving that the unity of modulations is the test of accuracy of interpretation.

TWO SURPRISES

A workman plied his clumsy spade
  As the sun was going down;
The German King, with a cavalcade,
  On his way to Berlin town,

Reined up his steed at the old man's side.
  "My toiling friend," said he,
"Why not cease work at eventide
  When the labourer should be free?"

"I do not slave," the old man said;
  "And I am always free;
Though I work from the time I leave my bed
  Till I can hardly see."

"How much," said the King, "is thy gain in a day?"
  "Eight groschen," the man replied.
"And thou canst live on this meagre pay?"
  "Like a king," he said with pride.

"Two groschen for me and my wife, good friend,
  And two for a debt I owe;
Two groschen to lend, and two to spend,
  For those who can't labour, you know."

"Thy debt?" said the King; said the toiler, "Yea,
  To my mother with age oppressed,
Who cared for me, toiled for me, many a day,
  And now hath need of rest."

"To whom dost lend of thy daily store?"
  "To my boys — for their schooling; you see,
When I am too feeble to toil any more,
  They will care for their mother and me."

"And thy last two groschen?" the monarch said.
  "My sisters are old and lame;
I give them two groschen for raiment and bread,
  All in the Father's name."

Tears welled up to the good King's eyes.
"Thou knowest me not," said he;
"As thou hast given me one surprise
Here is another for thee.

"I am thy King; give me thy hand," —
And he heaped it high with gold —
"When more thou needest, I command
That I at once be told.

"For I would bless with rich reward
The man who can proudly say
That eight souls doth he keep and guard
On eight poor groschen a day."

R. W. M'Alpine

Read some story or poem, and observe that all these modulations are continually present. If one of them is absent some weakness will result.

Observe that voice modulations are not symbols, like words, each standing for a specific idea, but natural signs, which indicate your degree of earnestness, your method of thinking, your enjoyment, your attitude toward others.

As we have seen, many natural signs blend together seemingly into one sign, or at least, into one complex expression. Hence it is very difficult at times to realize the value of some one specific sign or modulation. If we will observe, however, the actions of our mind and contrast right with wrong methods of expression, we can detect each modulation and its meaning.

This should not be forced, however. There should not be too much analysis. It must be borne in mind always that the right modulation and the right combination of modulations can result only from genuine thinking, genuine trust of instinct, from the union of co-ordination of thinking, imagination and feeling. In proportion to the genuineness of our realization and the directness and adequacy of our expression these modulations will multiply and combine in an infinite number of ways.

From this we can see the impossibility of imitation. We can see also the impossibility of laying down specific rules. We must understand the elemental or fundamental language of each sign and employ sufficient analysis to awaken

our sense of the value of all of them; but, as a final resort, we must trust our instinct. The benefit of the analysis can be tested when we find that at once they seem to respond to our thinking and feeling.

Reading is like a smile which must be natural and spontaneous and which may be hindered by constrictions in the face. We can make ourselves natural and simple. We can make the voice very natural and spontaneous but we must allow our thinking and feeling in a great measure to do their own work.

THE BOY AND THE ANGEL

Morning, evening, noon and night,
" Praise God! " sang Theocrite.
Then to his poor trade he turned,
Whereby the daily meal was earned,
Hard he laboured, long and well,
O'er his work the boy's curls fell.
But ever, at each period,
He stopped and sang, " Praise God! "
Then back again his curls he threw,
And cheerful turned to work anew.
Said Blaise, the listening monk, " Well done;
I doubt not thou art heard, my son:
As well as if thy voice to-day
Were praising God, the Pope's great way.
This Easter Day, the Pope at Rome
Praises God from Peter's dome."
Said Theocrite, " Would God that I
Might praise Him that great way, and die! "
Night passed, day shone,
And Theocrite was gone.
With God a day endures alway,
A thousand years are but a day,
God said in heaven, " Nor day nor night
Now brings the voice of my delight."
Then Gabriel, like a rainbow's birth,
Spread his wings and sank to earth;
Entered, in flesh, the empty cell,
Lived there, and played the craftsman well;
And morning, evening, noon and night,
Praised God in place of Theocrite.
And from a boy, to youth he grew:
The man put off the stripling's hue:

The man matured and fell away
Into the season of decay:
And ever o'er the trade he bent,
And ever lived on earth content.
(He did God's will; to him, all one
If on the earth or in the sun.)
God said, "A praise is in mine ear;
There is no doubt in it, no fear:
So sing old worlds, and so
New worlds that from my footstool go.
Clearer loves sound other ways:
I miss my little human praise."
Then forth sprang Gabriel's wings, off fell
The flesh disguise, remained the cell.
'T was Easter Day: he flew to Rome,
And paused above Saint Peter's dome.
In the tiring-room close by
The great outer gallery,
With his holy vestments dight,
Stood the new Pope, Theocrite:
And all his past career
Came back upon him clear,
Since when, a boy, he plied his trade,
Till on his life the sickness weighed;
And in his cell, when death drew near,
An angel in a dream brought cheer:
And, rising from the sickness drear,
He grew a priest, and now stood here.
To the East with praise he turned,
And on his sight the angel burned.
"I bore thee from thy craftsman's cell,
And set thee here; I did not well.
Vainly I left my angel-sphere,
Vain was thy dream of many a year.
Thy voice's praise seemed weak; it dropped —
Creation's chorus stopped!
Go back and praise again
The early way, while I remain.
With that weak voice of our disdain,
Take up creation's pausing strain.
Back to the cell and poor employ:
Resume the craftsman and the boy!"
Theocrite grew old at home;
A new Pope dwelt in Peter's dome.
One vanished as the other died:
They sought God side by side.

From "Dramatic Romances,"
Smith, Elder & Co., London.

Robert Browning

VII

THE POETIC INSTINCTS

XXXIX. THE FIRST POETIC AWAKENINGS

How am I to sing your praise,
Happy chimney-corner days,
Sitting safe in nursery nooks,
Reading picture-story books?

Robert Louis Stevenson

To understand and love good literature and poetry, is to commune with the great minds of all ages. This should be the aim of every man.

We find, however, that literature may be studied in a cold, mechanical way. Words may be only so many facts to us and our feelings and sympathies remain unstirred.

We also find that words are not the whole of human language. There are some things words cannot say. A painting, a statue, a piece of music, a song, gives a meaning that cannot be expressed in written symbols. Every art is a language, and each one expresses something that no other art can express.

In literature and poetry especially, we have various forms, each of which carries a message of its own. A lyric poem tells something quite distinct from what is told in a story.

Hence, we must study all the arts and all phases of literature, so that we may be completely awakened and so that the race-sympathy, which is in each of us, may lead us to appreciate the ideals and aspirations of the best of the race.

When we come to examine speech, we find that there are certain objective elements which can be symbolized and printed, but that the real word is spoken, not written. Only a portion of the meaning can be printed. In fact, those elements that cannot be printed are deeper than those that can be printed.

What are these unprintable elements? They are the expressive modulations of the voice. Words may tell what we think, but the tones of the voice express our feelings,

our degrees of conviction, bring words into right relation to one another, and manifest their meaning. All words imply the living voice. The sublimer the poetry, the greater the need of vocal interpretation.

From this we can see that however important written English may be, it is only one part of our study of our mother tongue. Moreover, we speak before we write.

Since the highest literature embodies life in words, to study literature we must find life. Our imagination must be awakened. We must live in imagination that about which we read. To do this it is necessary to restore to literature the living voice. To interpret it, to find its deeper realization in ourselves, we first give it, speak it, naturally and simply.

In the previous lessons we have been studying our thinking, and learning how this thinking modulates the voice. Now it is necessary to study the vital connection between modulations of voice and those forms of literature and poetry which embody in words the thoughts, imaginations, feelings, ideals, and experiences of men.

It can easily be seen from a few attempts to render some of the simpler forms of literature, that literature is vitally related to the voice. There is, in fact, a correspondence between the elements of vocal expression and the forms of literature which makes a study of the voice modulations not only a help in the comprehension, but a necessity for the realization of literature. On the other hand, a right study of literature reveals the expressive modulations of the voice.

Is it not wonderful that we can all enjoy the fables, stories and poems of people of distant lands and far-off ages? " Poetry," said Aristotle, " expresses the universal element in human nature." We all have the same nature and see the same world, and therefore however far apart men may be, when they truly and directly express their experience, they come into unity.

If we observe carefully what is around us, the birds, the skies, the brooks, the trees, we are awakened and share the experiences of those who have been awakened in other

days by the same things. The poems and stories and fables of men also serve to awaken us to see what they saw and to feel what they felt. The literature of the world guides us into a deeper appreciation of the beautiful.

We may know more about the facts of nature to-day than was known in other ages, but our feelings and sympathies are practically the same. Nature-study, if it becomes a mere cold, scientific search for facts will have no power to perform that highest function of education, the awakening and disciplining of our feelings. Our study of nature must be stimulated by imagination and feeling, and nothing can compensate for a lack of true co-ordination or union between the study of material things, the observation of nature and the appreciation and study of literature and poetry.

Here, for example, is a poem about the swallows which was written more than 2,500 years ago in a far-off island of Greece. Its writer observed that the swallows went in the winter to the distant Nile. Though living in another part of the world, in a different age, a different language, Anacreon makes us feel as if we were brothers to him.

Gentle swallow, thou we know
Every year dost come and go;
In the spring thy nest thou makest;
In the winter it forsakest,
To divert thyself awhile
Near the Memphian towers, or Nile.

Stanley's Translation. Anacreon

The appreciation of poetry and literature accordingly, is an awakening of ourselves to realize the world around us, and the being within us. It means that we are beginning to live, that we are obtaining an insight into the meaning of things, finding harmony in thought and feeling, and sharing in the life of our race.

This is the great beauty of literature; herein lies its value to us, its necessity in our unfoldment. It so awakens the imagination as to enable us to live the life of every age and people, — takes us out of our narrowness. We feel something of this life in reading history, the fables, stories and poems that have come down to us from early times. History tells us what people did, but the poem tells

us what they tried to do. History tells their actions and deeds; poetry their joys and sorrows. A man is greater than what he does. Since character is the product of our aspirations and ideals, we are led to see that those men that endeavor to achieve the ideal perform the only deeds that can make human character.

It is, therefore, a necessary part of the study of the modulations of our voice to appreciate the primary forms of literature, and to be able to reveal our impressions and realizations of the spirit of literature as it is embodied in words.

The understanding of great literature requires, not so much hard study, as the disposition to enjoy. The study of literature should be as natural as a trip to the woods. It requires no more than attention, simply listening to the birds.

We must not regard poetry and literature as something for the few, as something foreign, something for learned men or the maturity of age. The deepest forms of poetry begin in the cradle. The first crowing of the little child is lyric, his first play is dramatic, his first conception of an ideal being is epic; his first fable is allegoric.

Those simple Mother Goose rhymes given to you before you could walk awoke your mind and heart. The best of these caused you to move. You "rode a cock horse to Banbury Cross." You came with the lady "pace, pace;" you straightened up in simple dignity to "trot" with the gentleman and felt the abandon and heartiness as you went "joggety jog" with the "Hoosier." Step by step from its early beginning your horizon has widened. Stories of deeper and broader significance followed fables with deeper meaning, and poetry with deeper feeling.

To appreciate the different forms of literature we must live over our experiences and become as simple as a little child. To get any interpretation or embodiment of the spirit of this into our voice demands that we give ourselves up to the simplest conceptions of the imagination.

Suppose we render one of the simplest poems we can find. Do not call any of them silly. It may be really hard

for you to become simple enough and child-like enough to give yourself up and to realize the union of your imagination, your thinking, your feeling, your voice and your body. Try to make your reading acceptable to some little child. Granted that you have outgrown the literature to which it belongs, there is a question whether you ought to have outgrown it. "The child is father of the man," and our deeds must be linked together in a living sequence. There are things to be gained from childhood rhymes which keep us simple, which keep the union of mind, voice and body. Later abstract thinking may tend to interrupt or lose it.

I had a little pig,
And I fed him on clover;
When he walked
He shook all over.

In this passage the word "walked" may be changed to "ran" or "hopped" or "laughed" or "cried." The point especially to note is that voice and body shall equally respond to the thought. Going deeper than this you find that it is your thinking and imagination that awaken the right feeling. It is done with a spontaneous directness between the thought and the outward expression.

Little Robin Redbreast sat upon a tree,
Up went Pussy cat, and down went he;
Down came Pussy cat, and away Robin flew;
Says little Robin Redbreast, "Catch me, catch me, do!"

Little Robin Redbreast hopped upon a wall,
Pussy cat jumped after him, and almost got a fall;
Little Robin chirped and sang, and what did Pussy say?
Pussy cat said, "Mew!" and Robin flew away.

If we look carefully into any nursery rhyme or story familiar with very young children, we find that the individual ideas are very pronounced. They are not abstract. The child in thinking, individualizes pictures; and his speech is at first exclamatory.

This is in accordance with what the previous lessons have asserted. We must begin all our vocal expression in attention. We must realize and give one thing at a time.

Hence, in beginning our study of this wonderful and

strange creation, called literature, we meet again the steps we have already taken, and may now review them in a higher plane.

In all the steps in literature we shall find something of the same thing. Lyric poetry is an intense and emotional realization of a single idea or situation. This explains why the song or the repetition of the nursery rhyme is so deeply appreciated — for "Mother Goose" has lyric character.

In the story, on the other hand, there is a rapid succession of complete, simple, ideas. The ideas are made to move. This indicates why children are such lovers of stories. They love action. With a child all these things are massed together. He does not feel so definite a disparity between words, tone and action. Hence, a song which has movement or tones and action together is very pleasing to the child. It is helpful indeed to the older man or woman who has become stiff, whose tones have become hard, whose body no longer responds harmoniously, whose ideas and imagination have become separated, whose feelings have become suppressed.

Hence, to study the forms of literature, we need mainly to discover that our principles are embodied objectively in words. Then we must learn to interpret what we find in books in a simple way by our voices. We should tell stories. We should read stories aloud, act dialogues, and trust our instincts to assimilate and interpret the spirit of anything we find.

To enter into a realization of the relation of literature to the voice, the student should first of all talk. Talk about poems or fables. Give the meaning in your own words. All expression must begin with conversation. Our touch with our fellow-men must be tested by our ability easily and naturally and sympathetically to talk with them upon the simplest or the most difficult subjects.

All art centres in joy. William Morris has said that "Art is joy in our work." When we are able to put the enjoyment gained from any form of poetry into tone and words, we get the key to vocal expression. Written words are cold — mere symbols — but the living tones are the

direct product of our feelings. The way we think and the way we feel determines even the way we breathe, and establishes, as we have found, conditions of voice.

XL. STORIES AND STORY-TELLING

AND THEN — WHAT HAPPENED THEN?

I heard of a spider who wanted to fly;
He had no wings, but he thought he 'd try,
It looked so easy; so he climbed up high,
And then —
What happened then?

There came by a bird, who got his eye
On this very spider who wanted to fly.
" I 'll watch this spider," he said, " maybe I — "
And then —
What happened then?

Well, the spider jumped, as spiders do,
Forgetting to fly; the bird, he knew,
Might eat him up in a minute or two,
And then —
What happened then?

The bird was scared by a cat in the tree,
Who had climbed up there, as still as could be,
Saying, " That bird shall make a meal for me,"
And then —
What happened then?

Why, the bird flew away to another tree;
The cat crawled down, as meek as could be;
And the spider gave up flying, you see;
And so —
Nothing happened then.

Mrs. R. E. Clark

One of the earliest forms of literature is the story. It is one of the first we all enjoy when children.

The reason for the importance of the story and for the fact that we enjoy it, is that it requires us to see things in living relations. It is like taking a walk wherever we please without effort and without being hindered by great distances or great obstacles

The story requires the simplest mental action. It calls for the most natural association of ideas. Idea follows idea, not on account of some great purpose, but on account of the simple succession of facts and events.

THE DUCK AND THE KANGAROO

Said the Duck to the Kangaroo,
"Good gracious! how you hop
Over the fields and the water too,
As if you would never stop!
My life is a bore in this nasty pond;
And I long to go out in the world beyond:
I wish I could hop like you,"
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.

"Please give me a ride on your back,"
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo:
"I would sit quite still, and say nothing but 'Quack'
The whole of the long day through;
And we'd go to the Dee, and the Jelly Bo Lee,
Over the land and over the sea:
Please take me a ride! Oh, do!"
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.

Said the Kangaroo to the Duck,
"This requires some little reflection.
Perhaps, on the whole, it might bring me luck:
And there seems but one objection;
Which is, if you 'll let me speak so bold,
Your feet are unpleasantly wet and cold,
And would probably give me the roo-
Matiz," said the Kangaroo.

Said the Duck, "As I sat on the rocks,
I have thought over that completely;
And I bought four pairs of worsted socks,
Which fit my webfeet neatly;
And, to keep out the cold, I've bought a cloak;
So the wet and the heat will be only a joke!
As I follow my own dear, true
Love of a Kangaroo."

Said the Kangaroo, "I'm ready
All in the moonlight pale;
And to balance me well, dear Duck, sit steady,
And quite at the end of my tail."
So away they went with a hop and a bound;
And they hopped the whole world three times round.
And who so happy, oh! who,
As the Duck and the Kangaroo?

Edward Lear

As has already been intimated children love stories on account of their action. Ideas must move; hence, in the

telling of stories there must not only be definite individual ideas; these ideas must succeed one another with decision and rapidity. The definiteness and rapidity together will give vigor and life to the story.

You must read all these stories in the spirit of play. You must enjoy them and enter into the characters. Sometimes there is a great spirit of oddity and ridiculous foolishness, but you can play it all the easier for that reason. These develop your power to let your voice act with your mind. The very extravagance will help you to realize how necessary to your impressions are some forms of expression. We may sometimes have good impressions and not give them expression. Then the impression grows imperfect and will become weaker and weaker. To get vivid impressions of things we need to give them expression. The expression and the impression go together, and unless we can give expression in act, deed or word we lose even our interest.

The question will arise immediately: how can we tell a story or how can we read a story aloud, so as to make it interesting to people? We should read it as simply as possible, giving one thing at a time, entering into the enjoyment of every idea in turn. There should be a progressive variation from one idea to another. We should make definite changes as we pass from one episode to another, giving all conversation with a true sympathetic realization of the characters in the story.

The succession must not be mechanical or artificial, and each event as it comes must differ from the last.

In a true story every transition must be as pronounced as possible. All must be sympathetic and move with spontaneity and readiness, so that the story will not be a bore — a mere rehearsal of successive facts.

We can easily see the importance of assimilation and of the expressive modulations in the interpretation of a story. We can see also how necessary it is to be simple, to be sympathetic, and to retain a definite attitude toward every successive event.

Important as the story is, innumerable as are the stories

used on the platform, good story-tellers are few. Good story writers are naturally few, but we may assert that those who can interpret these stories in a simple, natural, and effective way are rarer still.

The story, requiring as it does vivid conceptions and movement of ideas and events, should be mastered early in the student's work in vocal expression. The critical insight of the student into the true narrative or dramatic spirit of the story should be developed. One of the best methods is for the student to abridge stories for recitation. Be careful to omit only unnecessary details, prolix descriptions or unimportant events. In many stories, by omitting accidentals, speeches and events can be made more pointed and vigorous. The right rendering of a story is a great test of its true character and can be made a great help to the student's literary development.

THE LITTLE POSTBOY

PART I

I might tell you many things about the dress, the speech, and the habits of life, in the different countries I have visited. I presume, however, that you would rather hear me relate some of my adventures in which children participated, so that the story and the information shall be given together.

This one shall be the story of my adventure with a little postboy, in the northern part of Sweden.

Very few foreigners travel in Sweden in the winter, on account of the intense cold. As you go northward from Stockholm, the capital, the country becomes ruder and wilder, and the climate more severe.

I made my journey in the winter, because I was on my way to Lapland, where it is easier to travel when the swamps and rivers are frozen, and the reindeer-sled can fly along over the smooth snow. It was very cold indeed, the greater part of the time; the days were short and dark, and if I had not found the people so kind, so cheerful, and so honest, I should have felt inclined to turn back more than once. They are a tall, strong race, with yellow hair and bright blue eyes, and the handsomest teeth I ever saw. They live plainly, but very comfortably in snug wooden houses, with double windows and doors to keep out the cold; and since they cannot do much outdoor work, they

spin and weave, and mend their farming implements in the large family room, thus enjoying the winter in spite of its severity. They are very happy and contented, and few of them would be willing to leave that cold country and make their homes in a warmer climate.

In the northern part of Sweden, there are neither railroads nor stages, but the government has established post-stations at distances varying from ten to twenty miles. At each station a number of horses, and sometimes vehicles, are kept, but generally the traveler has his own sled, and simply hires the horses from one station to another. These horses are furnished either by the keeper of the station or by some of the neighboring farmers; and when they are wanted, a man or a boy goes along with the traveler to bring them back. It would be a quite independent and convenient way of traveling, if the horses were always ready; but sometimes you must wait an hour or more before they can be furnished.

I had my own little sled, filled with hay and covered with reindeer skins to keep me warm.

The cold increased a little every day, to be sure, but I became gradually accustomed to it, and began to fancy that the Arctic climate was not so difficult to endure as I had supposed. At first the thermometer fell to zero; then it went down ten degrees below; then twenty, and finally thirty. Being dressed in thick furs from head to foot, I did not suffer greatly; but I was glad when the people assured me that such extreme cold never lasted more than two or three days. Boys of twelve or fourteen often went with me to bring back their fathers' horses, and as long as those lively, red-cheeked fellows could face the weather, it would not do for me to be afraid.

One night there was a wonderful aurora in the sky. The streamers of red and blue light darted hither and thither, chasing each other up to the zenith and down again to the northern horizon, with a rapidity and a brilliance which I had never seen before. "There will be a storm soon," said my postboy; "one always comes after these lights."

Next morning the sky was overcast, and the short day was as dark as our twilight. But it was not quite so cold, and I traveled onward as fast as possible. There was a long tract of wild and thinly settled country before me, and I wished to get through it before stopping for the night. Unfortunately it happened that two lumber merchants were traveling the same way and had taken the horses, so I was obliged to wait at the stations until

horses were brought from the neighboring farms. This delayed me so much that at seven o'clock in the evening, I had still one more station of three Swedish miles before reaching the village where I intended to spend the night. Now, a Swedish mile is nearly equal to seven English, so that this station was at least twenty miles long.

I decided to take supper while the horse was eating his feed. They had not expected any more travelers at the station, and were not prepared. The keeper had gone on with the two lumber merchants; but his wife, — a friendly, rosy-faced woman — prepared me some excellent coffee, potatoes, and stewed reindeer meat, upon which I made a satisfactory meal. I did not feel inclined to go forth into the wintry storm, but having set my mind on reaching the village that night, I was loath to turn back.

" It is a bad night," said the woman; " and my husband will certainly stay at Umea until morning. His name is Niels Peterson, and I think you will find him at the post-house, when you get there. Lars will take you, and they can come back together."

" Who is Lars? " I asked.

" My son," said she. " He is getting the horse ready. There is nobody else about the house to-night."

Just then the door opened, and in came Lars. He was about twelve years old; but his face was so rosy, his eyes so clear and round and blue, and his golden hair was blown back from his face in such silky curls, that he appeared to be even younger. I was surprised that his mother should be willing to send him twenty miles through the dark woods on such a night.

" Come here, Lars," I said. Then I took him by the hand, and asked, " Are you not afraid to go so far to-night? "

He looked at me with wondering eyes, and smiled; and his mother made haste to say: " You need not fear, sir. Lars is young, but he 'll take you safe enough. If the storm does n't get worse, you 'll be at Umea by eleven o'clock."

I wrapped myself in my furs, and we went out together. The driving snow cut us in the face like needles, but Lars did not mind it in the least. He jumped into the sled, which he had filled with fresh, soft hay, tucked in the reindeer skins at the sides, and we cuddled together on the narrow seat, making every thing close and warm before we set out. I could not see at all, when the door of the house was shut, and the horse started on the journey. The night was dark, the snow blew incessantly, and the dark fir trees roared all around us. Lars, however,

knew the way, and somehow or other kept the beaten track. He talked to the horse so constantly and so cheerfully, that after a while my own spirits began to rise, and the way seemed neither so long nor so disagreeable.

"Ho, there, Axel!" he would say. "Keep the road, — not too far to the left. Well done! Here 's a level; now trot a bit."

PART II

So we went on, — sometimes uphill, sometimes downhill, — for a long time, as it seemed. I began to grow chilly, and Lars no longer sang little songs and fragments of hymns, as when we first set out. Whenever I asked "Are we nearly there?" he always answered, "A little farther."

Suddenly the wind seemed to increase.

"Ah," said he, "now I know where we are: it 's one mile more." But one mile more, you must remember, meant seven.

Lars checked the horse, and peered anxiously from side to side in the darkness. I looked also, but could see nothing.

"What is the matter?" I finally asked.

"We have got past the hills on the left," he said. "The country is open to the wind, and here the snow drifts worse than anywhere else on the road. If there have been no plows out to-night, we shall have trouble."

You must know that the farmers along the road are obliged to turn out with their horses and oxen, and plow down the drifts, whenever the road is blocked by a storm.

In less than a quarter of an hour, we could see that the horse was sinking in the deep snow. He plunged bravely forward, but made scarcely any headway, and presently became so exhausted that he stood quite still. In a few minutes, the horse started again, and with great labor carried us a few yards farther.

"Shall we get out and try to find the road?" said I.

"It 's no use," Lars answered. "In these new drifts we should sink to the waist. Wait a little, and we shall get through this one."

It was as he said. Another pull brought us through the deep part of the drift, and we reached a place where the snow was quite shallow. But it was not the hard smooth suface of the road; we could feel that the ground was uneven, and covered with roots and bushes. Bidding Axel stand still, Lars jumped out of the sled, and began wading around among the trees. Then I got out on the other side, but had not proceeded ten steps before I began to sink so deeply into the loose snow that I

was glad to extricate myself and return. It was a desperate situation, and I wondered how we should ever get out of it.

I shouted to Lars, in order to guide him, and it was not long before he also came back to the sled. "If I knew where the road is," said he, "I could get into it again. But I do n't know; and I think we must stay here all night."

"We shall freeze to death in an hour!" I cried. I was already chilled to the bone.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Lars, cheerfully. "I know what my father did with a gentlemen from Stockholm on this very road, and we 'll do it to-night."

"What was it?"

"Let me take care of Axel first," said Lars. "We can spare him some hay and one reindeer skin."

It was a slow and difficult task to unharness the horse, but we accomplished it at last. Lars then led him under the drooping branches of a fir tree, tied him to one of them, gave him an armful of hay, and fastened the reindeer skin upon his back. Axel began to eat, as if perfectly satisfied with the arrangement.

When this was done, Lars spread the remaining hay evenly over the bottom of the sled, and covered it with the skins, which he tucked in very firmly on the side towards the wind. Then, lifting them on the other side, he said: "Now take off your fur coat, quick, lay it over the hay, and then creep under it."

I obeyed as rapidly as possible. For an instant I shuddered in the icy air; but the next moment I lay stretched in the bottom of the sled, sheltered from the storm. I held up the ends of the reindeer skins while Lars took off his coat and crept in beside me. Then we drew the skins down and pressed the hay against them. When the wind seemed to be entirely excluded, Lars said we must pull off our boots, untie our scarfs, and so loosen our clothes that they would not feel tight upon any part of the body. When this was done, and we lay close together, warming each other, I found that the chill gradually passed out of my blood. My hands and feet were no longer numb; a delightful feeling of comfort crept over me: and I lay as snugly as in the best bed. I was surprised to find that, although my head was covered, I did not feel stifled. Enough air came in under the skins to prevent us from feeling oppressed.

There was barely room for the two of us to lie, with no chance of turning over or rolling about. In five minutes, I think, we were asleep. Just as I was beginning to feel a little cramped and stiff from lying so still, I was suddenly aroused by the cold wind

on my face. Lars had risen up on his elbow, and was peeping out from under the skins.

"I think it must be nearly six o'clock," he said. "The sky is clear, and I can see the big star. We can start in another hour."

I felt so much refreshed that I was for setting out immediately; but Lars remarked, very sensibly, that it was not as yet possible to find the road. While we were talking, Axel neighed.

"There they are!" cried Lars, and immediately began to put on his boots, his scarf and heavy coat. I did the same, and by the time we were ready, we heard shouts and the crack of whips. We harnessed Axel to the sled, and proceeded slowly in the direction of the sounds, which came, as we presently saw, from a company of farmers, out this early to plow the road. They had six pairs of horses hitched to a wooden frame, something like the bow of a ship, pointed in front and spreading out to a breadth of ten or twelve feet. The machine not only cut through the drifts, but packed the snow, leaving a good, solid road behind it. After it had passed we sped along merrily in the cold morning twilight, and, in little more than an hour, reached the post-house at Umea, where we found Lars' father prepared to return home. He waited until Lars had eaten a good warm breakfast, when I said good-by to both, and went on towards Lapland.

From "Boys of Other Countries." Bayard Taylor
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XLI. FORMS OF POETRY — THE LYRIC

HUSHING SONG

Eilidh, Eilidh, my bonnie wee lass;
The winds blow and the hours pass.
But never a wind can do thee wrong,
Brown Birdeen, singing the bird-heart song.
And never an hour but has for thee
Blue of the heaven, and green of the sea.
Blue for the hope of thee, Eilidh, Eilidh,
Green for the joy of thee, Eilidh, Eilidh.
Swing in thy nest then,
Here on my heart, Birdeen, Birdeen,
Here on my heart, here on my heart.

Eilidh (pronounced Eily). Finoa Macleod

When we observe things and think of them as outside of ourselves or as external facts our degree of appreciation of them is on the lowest plane and our expression, whether

in words, tone, or color, is prose; but when we realize anything so deeply that it becomes a part of us, and awakens such deep feeling that any expression of it becomes directly co-ordinated with our impressions and reveals a part of ourselves, then that is poetic. "Anything," said Professor Sharp, "may become poetic by being intensely realized."

When we come to a careful study of the phases of this poetic realization of truth we find three which are especially important.

(1) In observing objects or in thinking a thought we may relate it or feel it as entirely personal to ourselves. That is, we see it with our own eyes, and feel it with our own hearts. This gives rise to the Song or Lyric Poetry. The lyric is intensive, emotional, personal. The lyric poem is usually short, deals with one situation and attention is sustained by intensity of gaze.

Back of the lyric poem, may we not note a certain instinct in us all which causes us to realize things for ourselves? When we feel a tendency to concentrate attention deeply and intensely upon a specific truth, event or situation, when we lose sight of the world's opinion and awake and realize something ourselves, may it not be called a lyric instinct?

(2) We find that different people do not always feel alike. Many have different motives, different experiences, different points of view. Very early an instinct awakens in us that enables us to see things as others see them, to put ourselves in their place. From this instinct arise many forms of dramatic poetry, the monologue, the play, and it introduces dramatic elements into other forms of poetry. The dramatic instinct is of great importance. Without it we would be selfish, moody. By its power we are forced out of ourselves, develop altruistic feelings and appreciate the lives and motives of others.

(3) We may feel that men are alike in many respects. While we awaken to the fact very early that character is a distinct mark upon an individual and that every individual has some distinct peculiarity, yet, in spite of men's oddities and differences an instinct awakens that there is a typical,

or ideal, human being. In a simple story or descriptive clause we find an instinctive appreciation of an event from the point of view of an ideal man of the race, and here we find an instinct which may be named " epic." Some may regard it as a phase of the dramatic instinct, but close observation will show us that it is very different, is more dignified, is the element which gives greater dignity to the expression of stories and ballads. The epic instinct on account of its dignity has given rise to very dignified poems expressing or embodying the ideals of a race, but the epic instinct is not confined to these long and dignified poems, but is a matter of every-day life, as the dramatic instinct. In fact in all true vocal interpretation of literature, the epic instinct must counterbalance the dramatic.

Of course all these modes of instinct realize ideas, objects or thoughts and help one another and can hardly be separated. We can hardly have true poetry without a certain union of all three forms or modes.

The first of these to awaken is possibly the lyric. We must first be ourselves. We must awake and realize the world. The expanding and unfolding human heart must take in the mother, the father and others who come near to us, and later the flowers, the trees and birds, and everything around us. We awaken and make our own the things which we see and hear.

In the early part of this volume we have seen that the mind first has individual impressions or ideas. When this single impression is genuine and intense the lyric instinct and lyric poetry is the result. As we grow older and observe farther we find a tendency to generalize and blend many ideas into one. The impressions tend to become generalized and our thinking abstract. We thus lose our expression because we lose our impression. The development of expression requires us to reawaken our impressions and to develop the power to receive individual impressions.

" The child is the father of the man," and nowhere do we have such an illustration of this as in the fact that through lyric poetry we may keep alive our power to receive individual impressions. The loss of the power to receive

individual impressions is a loss in the power of thinking. The mind must have, not only the power to comprehend abstract truth but to intensify the specific impressions. Hence the child's crow or croon is lyric in its first enjoyment of things; the child's first concentrated attention gives us the germ of the lyric.

If this is true we must recognize that the study and recitation of the best lyrics is of great importance. As an aid in the development of feeling and of imaginative appreciation lyric poetry cannot be valued too highly. It implies intense realization of a single situation, and requires, even in older people, a child-like attitude of mind.

Lyric poetry is an aid, if not a necessity, in vocal expression. The right rendering of a lyric causes deeper breathing, makes the tone passage wider and freer, and tends to establish all the conditions for good tone. Professor Charles Elliot Norton recommended the recitation of lyric poetry as the best means of developing the imagination. The power to render a lyric implies the mental, emotional and vocal action, which is the basis of all true expression.

Observe in Edwin Markham's " Joy of the Morning," how he speaks out of his own feeling. It is called a lyric because he expresses his own emotion, his individual response to things independent of other men. It is personal feeling; and feeling is the main thing, for the poet is moved by his own emotion.

JOY OF THE MORNING

I hear you, little bird,
Shouting a-swing above the broken wall.
Shout louder yet: no song can tell it all.
Sing to my soul in the deep, still wood:
'T is wonderful beyond the wildest word:
I 'd tell it, too, if I could.
Oft when the white, still dawn
Lifted the skies and pushed the hills apart,
I 've felt it like a glory in my heart,
(The world's mysterious stir)
But had no throat like yours, my bird,
Nor such a listener.

" Lincoln and Other Poems." Edwin Markham
By permission of the author.

Another of our finest lyrics expresses the author's love and feeling for the veery (a bird that is sometimes known as the Wilson thrush).

The nightingale on the banks of the Arno, the laverock in the Scottish heather and the blackbird in English parks all come to his mind, yet always the refrain returns to the veery. Frequently a lyric has such a refrain as a song has a chorus. The refrain portions and the chorus have deeper and more intense lyric elements. A lyric is a poem in which attention centres on some one thing or situation and in which the feeling is awakened by this sustained attention.

THE VEERY

The moonbeams over Arno's vale in silver flood were pouring,
When first I heard the nightingale a long-lost love deploring.
So passionate, so full of pain, it sounded strange and eerie;
I longed to hear a simpler strain — the wood-notes of the veery.

The laverock sings a bonny lay above the Scottish heather;
It sprinkles down from far away like light and love together;
He drops the golden notes to greet his brooding mate, his dearie;
I only know one song more sweet — the vespers of the veery.

In English gardens, green and bright and full of fruity treasure,
I heard the blackbird with delight repeat his merry measure:
The ballad was a pleasant one, the tune was loud and cheery,
And yet, with every setting sun, I listened for the veery.

But far away, and far away, the tawny thrush is singing;
New England woods, at close of day, with that dear chant are ringing:
And when my light of life is low, and heart and flesh are weary,
I fain would hear, before I go, the wood-notes of the veery.

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Henry Van Dyke

Frequently we have in our current literature deeply lyric feeling. The following was published in the " Sun " and contains deep feeling which, from its very simplicity, may be used as a vocal exercise to soften and enrich the voice.

One of the best of all methods of improving tone color is the recitation of lyrics. It is, moreover, the best method for the development of the imagination and artistic feeling, taste and literary appreciation.

SPRING ON BOSTON COMMON

The winter 's gone! I feel the dawn
  Of spring — the pigeons pair.
They softly coo, as I to you:
  " Take heart, the world is fair."
" O bride of June! " I hear him croon,
  Of course, he cannot sing;
But all the same, his heart 's aflame,
  Fanned by the breath of spring.

Now to and fro the pigeons go
  Across the Common green;
Ay, side by side, the groom and bride —
  The king bird and his queen;
Anon a nest, beneath her breast
  She warms her babies there;
I hear him coo, as I to you:
  " Take heart, the world is fair."

Cy Warman

XLII. FORMS OF POETRY — THE DRAMATIC

YOUTH AND AGE

Impatient of his childhood,
  " Ah me! " exclaims young Arthur,
Whilst roving in the wild wood,
  " I wish I were my father! "

Meanwhile, to see his Arthur
  So skip, and play, and run,
" Ah me! " exclaims the father,
  " I wish I were my son! "

Thomas Hood

THE DOG AND HIS CHAIN

A dog became so impudent, and by his growling and snapping worried so many people, that his master was obliged to fasten a heavy clog chain about his neck. The stupid cur took this as a mark of special distinction. He turned up his nose and looked down on all the other dogs saying, " You stupid creatures, none of you have risen to my dignity of having a chain about your neck, and you ought to bow down to me with more respect."

A wise old dog, however, who was greatly honored and beloved, calmly looked at him and remarked, " Your chain is not a medal of honor but a badge of disgrace."

The story is a simple sequence of events. A song or lyric poem expresses our own personal feelings. A story

is not necessarily poetry. It is only poetry when the events are intensely realized. Rarely do you have a mere succession of happenings. If these are given without interest, a story may be tedious. We have something also in poetry besides song. A story nearly always implies conflict of different people of different character.

One of the most important points in our education is that of awakening the dramatic insight, of getting outside of ourselves and coming into sympathetic touch with others.

One of the first objective embodiments of the dramatic instinct is the fable, which has already been considered. Another is the parable or allegory. In fact the word " dramatic " in modern days is used in a very wide sense and the term " dramatic instinct " is made to include many things which are not closely akin. Frequently we use " dramatic " as synonymous with all true expression.

The reason for the use of this word in such a sense is that the dramatic elements of expression are more easily recognized and furnish oftentimes the very foundation in the expression of ballads and stories. The dramatic is also the most popular element in vocal expression.

The word " dramatic," however, should have its specific meaning. Even the term " dramatic instinct " should be distinguished from lyric instinct and epic instinct.

By dramatic is implied acting. It is the realization by the individual of the motives and life of others. Whenever there is a call for the direct presentation of the motives and feelings of others rather than of oneself, the expression is dramatic. But while studying the dramatic, we must study also that which is not dramatic.

Occasionally, in giving attention to the words of others we express the impression they make upon us instead of identifying ourselves and giving the speech from their point of view. Thus, all through the Scriptures, though Jehovah is made to speak, these speeches are not dramatic because the reader gives his own feeling and awe as he hears these words spoken. He is himself the listener rather than the impersonator. Therefore the Scriptures are more often lyric or epic rather than dramatic.

The nature of the dramatic will be best understood from comparison with other forms of poetry. In the dramatic you realize and see something from the point of view of a definite type of character. You realize the motives and feelings of others rather than yourself. You may sympathetically identify yourself with others and thus interpret character. In the case of the lyric you express your own feeling, your own impression. In the epic as will be shown, you reveal the impressions of a typical or ideal man, and realize more or less the point of view of your race.

The formal dramatic is found in plays and dialogues, but the dramatic in a broad sense is found not only in fables, as has been shown, but in a great variety of passages. Rarely is a true story purely narrative. Dramatic elements come in at almost every turn of a true story.

TO AN ORIOLE

How falls it, Oriole, thou hast come to fly
In southern splendor through our northern sky?
In some blithe moment was it nature's choice
To dower a scrap of sunset with a voice?
Or did some orange lily, flecked with black,
In a forgotten garden, ages back,
Yearning to heaven until its wish was heard,
Desire unspeakably to be a bird?

Edgar Fawcett

THE WELCOME

One night Shah Mahmud, who had been of late
Somewhat distempered with affairs of state,
Strolled through the streets disguised, as wont to do —
And coming to the baths, there on the flue
Saw the poor fellow who the furnace fed
Sitting beside his water-jug and bread.
Mahmud stept in — sat down — unasked took up
And tasted of the untasted loaf and cup,
Saying within himself, " Grudge but a bit,
And, by the Lord, your head shall pay for it! "
So, having rested, warmed and satisfied
Himself without a word on either side,
At last the wayward Sultan rose to go.
And then at last his host broke silence — " So? —
Art satisfied? Well, Brother, any day
Or night, remember, when you come this way

And want a bit of provender — why, you
Are welcome, and if not — why, welcome too." —
The Sultan was so tickled with the whim
Of this quaint entertainment and of him
Who offered it, that many a night again
Stoker and Shah forgathered in that vein —
Till, the poor fellow having stood the Test
Of true good-fellowship, Mahmud confessed
One night that the Sultan had been his guest:
And in requital of the scanty dole
The poor man offered with so large a soul,
Bid him ask any largess that he would —
A throne — if he would have it, so he should.
The poor man kissed the dust, and " All," said he,
" I ask is what and where I am to be;
If but the Shah from time to time will come
As now, and see me in the lowly home
His presence makes a palace, and my own
Poor flue more royal than another's throne."

Free translation from the Persian of " Farid-Uddin Attar." Edward Fitzgerald

One very important phase of dramatic expression is known as the monologue. Many of the most important poems of our time, especially since Robert Browning, have been in this form. This is especially true of the poems of James Whitcomb Riley, Sam Walter Foss, Eugene Field, Ben King, Nixon Waterman, Clinton Scollard and many of the most popular writers for young people.

The monologue grew, not out of the story but out of the lyric. Robert Browning called one of his books " Dramatic Lyrics." Monologues are often classed with lyrics. The chief reason for their being called lyric is that they are short; occasionally, too, the feeling is very predominant, but while some monologues are most pronounced lyrics, yet many of the finest lyrics of the language are dependent upon the character of one speaker.

The monologue is possibly a more elemental expression of dramatic instinct than a dramatic scene. It requires a distinct conception of character. There is but one character and the words are only one end of a dialogue. This may often require a more intense realization of character than in a play. A focus of dramatic attention is especially required.

The elemental nature of the monologue and the ease with which it can be interpreted by children is illustrated by "Three Companions." Observe that the boy is talking all through the poem. Nobody else speaks. Even the baby's words are repeated by him. They are given as he appreciated them and realized them. Everything is from the brother's point of view.

THREE COMPANIONS

We go on our walk together —
  Baby and dog and I —
Three little merry companions
  'Neath any sort of sky —
Blue, as our baby's eyes are,
  Gray, like our old dog's tail;
Be it windy, or cloudy, or stormy,
  Our courage will never fail.

In winter the snow lies white
  Under the hedgerows bleak;
Then baby cries, 'Pretty, pretty!'
  The only word she can speak:
Sometimes two streams of water
  Rush down the dirty lane,
Then doggie leaps backwards and forwards,
  Barking with might and main.

Baby's a little lady;
  Dog is a gentleman brave;
If he had two legs as you have,
  He'd kneel to her like a slave;
As it is, he loves and protects her,
  As dog and gentleman can.
I'd rather be a kind doggie,
  I think, than a cruel man.

Dinah Maria Mulock

Though very childlike it is as pure a type of monologue as you would find in Robert Browning.

There is, of course, a great deal of lyric feeling. Observe the boy's devotion for his little sister and his affection for the dog, and realize how noble and true he is. To interpret the poem we must be that boy and act and talk as he does. His quotations from the baby are quoted with his love.

Such interpretation, even by older people, requires great dramatic instinct, sympathetic identification and variety

in the modulations of the voice and the actions of the body.

The use of monologues and dialogues in mastering the subject of expression is very important, from whatever source they may be taken, whether the students dramatize stories or endeavor to portray something as difficult as Shakespeare. The dialogue will awaken insight into character, stimulate sympathetic identification and tend to make the imagination more flexible and free.

The dialogue is also a splendid means of studying the action of the mind in thinking. Taking another character, living another character, we begin to observe the effects of thinking.

Many scenes and dramatic passages can be studied and arranged. High School students should begin also to produce plays, reciting them, abridging them and arranging them to suit their characters and their situations. It is not wise to have too much scenery. Too many properties or too much scenery will be apt to make greater self-consciousness also to lead to reliance on external things rather than dramatic instinct. The interpretation of dialogues has true educational value only as we think the character clearly, and naturally portray it. Everything must be simple, easy and spontaneous.

ORLANDO AND ROSALIND

(The Forest of Arden: Enter Orlando, with a paper.)

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And, thou, thrice crowned queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I 'll character;
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere.
Run, run, Orlando; carve, on every tree,
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.

(EXIT.)

(Enter Corin, and Touchstone.)

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. . . . Now in respect it

is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humor well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more but that I know, the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No. . .sir, I am a true laborer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm: and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze and my lambs feed. . . . Here comes young master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

(Enter Rosalind, reading a paper.)

Ros. From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest lin'd,
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair of Rosalind.

Touch. I 'll rhyme you so, eight years together, dinners, and suppers and sleeping hours excepted; it is the right butter-woman's rank to market.

Ros. Out, Fool!

Touch. For a taste:—
If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap, must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses; why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

(Enter Celia, reading a paper.)

Ros. Peace! Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

Cel. Why should this desert silent be?
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I 'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil saying show: . . .
How that heaven nature charg'd
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide-enlarg'd:
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart;
Cleopatra's majesty;
Atalanta's better part;
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd,
Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
To have the touches dearest priz'd:
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle pulpiter! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withall, and never cry'd, Have patience, good people!

Cel. How now! back friends! Shepherd go off a little. Go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come shepherd, let us make an honorable retreat, though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

(Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That 's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear, without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder, before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree; I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: change you color?

Ros. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O! . . . it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pray thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful, wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping!

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? . . . I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it? quickly, and speak apace: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle — either too much at once, or not at all. I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings. What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando; that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, no mocking; speak sad brow, and true maid.

Cel. I' faith, coz, 't is he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? — What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 't is a word too great for any mouth of this age's size: To say ay, and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies, as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with a good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

Ros. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. There lay he, stretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee: He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Ros. O ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden; thou bringest me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter Orlando and Jacques.

Cel. You bring me out: — Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'T is he; slink by, and note him. (Celia and Rosalind retire.

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God be wi' you; let 's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favoredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christen'd.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmith's wives, and conn'd them out of rings? Will you sit down with me; and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery?

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world, but myself; against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The most fault you have is to be in love.

Orl. 'T is a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool, when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There shall I see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

Jaq. I 'll tarry no longer with you; farewell, good Signior Love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy.

(Exit Jacques. — Cel. and Ros. come forward.

Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him. — Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well; what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is 't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me, what time o' day; there 's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of time? Had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons: I 'll tell you who Time ambles withal, . . . who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal. . . .

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: these Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go so softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation: for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive how Time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister, here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank heaven, I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offenses as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as half-pence are: every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physic, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving 'Rosalind' on their barks: hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not a prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, — which you have not; a blue eye, and sunken, — which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, — which you have not; a beard neglected, — which you have not. . . . Then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation, — but you are no such man, — you are rather point-device in your accoutrements; as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does; that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too: yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, . . . would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drove my suitor from his mad humor of love, to a living humor of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic: and thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I 'll show it you: and by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind.

(EXEUNT.)

"As You Like It," Act III — William Shakespeare

XLIII. FORMS OF POETRY — THE EPIC

A SEA STORY

Silence. A while ago
  Shrieks went up piercingly;
But now is the ship gone down;
  Good ship, well manned, was she.
There 's a raft that 's a chance of life for one,
  This day upon the sea.

A chance for one of two;
  Young, strong, are he and he,

Just in the manhood prime,
The comelier, verily,
For the wrestle with wind and weather and wave,
In the life upon the sea.

One of them has a wife
And little children three;
Two that can toddle and lisp,
And a suckling on the knee:
Naked they 'll go, and hunger sore,
If he be lost at sea.

One has a dream of home,
A dream that well may be:
He never breathed it yet;
She never has known it, she.
But some one will be sick at heart
If he be lost at sea.

" Wife and kids at home! — "
Wife, kids, nor home has he! —
" Give us a chance, Bill! " Then,
" All right, Jem! " Quietly
A man gives up his life for a man,
This day upon the sea.

Emily Henrietta Hickey

There is in every one another instinct just as simple and elemental as the dramatic. We not only have the power to see things as another sees them, to identify ourselves with a distinct character, entirely different from our own, but we have also the power to see things from the point of view of a typical man.

In lyric poetry we are dominated and swayed by feeling, and there is a fundamental tendency to obey the feeling and be carried away toward song. The situation is simple. The character is taken for granted as entirely similar to ourselves. Individual peculiarities and different motives are lost in the depth of feeling and passion. In dramatic art we become conscious of the difference of individuals. We distinguish points of view, different motives. Thus we are enabled to " other ourselves," and see ourselves as others see us, and to realize the wide difference between men. In addition to these two, however, in contemplating an event or situation or human experience in some definite situation we are at times naturally and instinctively led

to see it not merely from a personal point of view, but are often carried above difference of character and contemplate events from the point of view of our race.

Why is not " The Sea Story " a pure narrative? Which parts are more lyric in character? Where are you irresistibly led to the dramatic spirit? But in addition to this where do you find the deepest feeling and thought?

To give this story the unity causing it to be felt and realized with the proper climax, what lines are most important?

What would be the difference in each case if you give the poem primarily a narrative or a lyric, or a dramatic, or an epic interpretation?

It will be observed that the epic spirit of the poem turns on the last two lines. If we give these lines with pity or simple wonder, the passage will be lyric; if we give them merely as a statement of fact, an event, the poem will be more narrative. If, however, we hold the picture before us and feel instinctively the way a normal human being would contemplate it, or if we idealize it, wondering at it from the point of view of the race, rise into something higher than dramatic, higher than lyric, we rise to epic. This is considered not only the highest but the most difficult of all forms of poetry, not only to understand but also to render with the voice. To understand the epic instinct and the nature of epic poetry we should study rather the primary spirit of the poet and not identify him with a long poem. Some of the most important epic passages in modern times happen to be in prose and the word " epic " has to be taken in a wider if not deeper sense than formerly. There have been many misconceptions of the epic in modern times and especially an entire overlooking or misconception of the epic instinct in vocal expression. Is not this misconception the cause of the long poems in modern times having so much less importance than the Illiad, Odyssey and the Aeneid? Certainly in the vocal or speech arts the exaggeration of the dramatic, and the complete ignorance of the epic point of view is one of the great hindrances to the progress of the vocal interpretation of literature.

In the meantime, it is of great assistance to the student,

even the young student, to recognize the higher and larger, the more universal and sympathetic actions of the mind. Observe, for example, in the speech of Stephen the passing from oratoric intensity and fervor to a dramatic realization of his enemies. We pass then from the oratoric to his prayer. He is no longer talking to his fellow-men. He is no longer rebuking them. There is an attitude of deep love. Is our interpretation of this passage dramatic or lyric or is it epic? We rise here into the highest and most ideal conception of a human being; in the brief descriptive clause we express the feeling of the race for him. In the next clause we pass back into the narrative, a mere event of the story. This portion should be separated by a pause. There is more familiar expression in this than in the sublime final prayer of Stephen or the simple description of his falling asleep. In the next clauses we turn to the importance of history. We have also a hint of the results that followed the death of Stephen in the words of one of the Fathers, "If Stephen had not prayed the Church would not have had Paul."

DEATH OF STEPHEN

Ye stiffnecked and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Spirit: as your fathers did, so do ye. Which of the prophets did not your fathers persecute? and they killed them that showed before of the coming of the Righteous One; of whom ye have now become betrayers and murderers; ye who received the law as ordained by angels, and kept it not.

Now when they heard these things, they were cut to the heart, and they gnashed on him with their teeth. But he, being full of the Holy Spirit, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God, and said, behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God. But they cried out with a loud voice, and stopped their ears, and rushed upon him with one accord; and they cast him out of the city, and stoned him; and the witnesses laid down their garments at the feet of a young man named Saul. And they stoned Stephen, calling upon the Lord, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep. And Saul was consenting unto his death.

While the Hebrew Scriptures are a collection of lyrics, dramas, and epic stories of the chosen people, still the transcendence of the epic spirit is very marked.

Often a story is lifted by some descriptive clause into the true epic spirit or the general dignity of the whole passage into the epic spirit. In dramatic stories especially, the introduction of epic clauses in contrast is one of the chief means of giving the passage dignity, and when this fact is ignored in the vocal interpretation of such stories there is a great loss.

The dramatic instinct deals with people on our level. We frequently have characters that we exalt above us. These we do not impersonate. In giving a speech of Jehovah we manifest the impression produced upon us; reverence forbids our impersonation. A descriptive clause which expresses the exalted ideal character of the event we give in the same way. The instinct that recognizes something as ideal from a racial or typical point of view is the epic instinct. When we identify ourselves with a speaker we express his point of view, his feeling, and identify ourselves with his attitude; but always when we manifest impressions produced upon us, impressions of that which is above us or with which we do not dramatically identify ourselves, we pass into the epic spirit. Observe in the following passage from the 19th Chapter of First Kings that Elijah is on our plane. We can feel his disappointment, and identify ourselves with his agony, but when Jehovah spoke to him in the cave we did not dramatically represent, but became spectators and manifested our impressions. In the different lessons which were conveyed to Elijah we feel that there is a rebuke to him for his killing of the prophets and that his confidence in external measures is wrong. When we come to the " still small voice " we are awed into the deepest reverence; the sublimity of the lesson has its climax; the dramatic point of view is impossible. We rise into an interpretation of a universal person and we, too, wrap our faces in our mantles and listen and express with awe the impression made upon us from above. We drop the personal point of view and render with great dignity and sympathy our per-

sonal feelings, but are lifted into a more universal and typical point of view.

And Ahab told Jezebel all that Elijah had done, and how he had slain all the prophets with the sword. Then Jezebel sent a messenger unto Elijah, saying: So let the gods do to me and more also, if I make not thy life as the life of one of them by to-morrow about this time.

And when he saw that, he arose and went for his life; and he came to Beer-sheba, which belongeth to Judah, and left his servant there; and he himself went a day's journey into the wilderness; and he came and sat down under a certain broom-shrub. And he requested for himself that he might die; and said: Enough! now, O Lord, take away my life; for I am not better than my fathers.

And he lay and slept under a certain broom-shrub; and behold, an angel touched him, and said unto him: Arise, eat. And he looked, and behold, a cake baked on coals, and a cruse of water at his head. And he ate and drank, and lay down again.

And the angel of the Lord came again a second time, and touched him, and said: Arise, eat; because the journey is too great for thee. And he arose, and ate and drank; and he went in the strength of that food forty days and forty nights, to Horeb the mount of God.

And there he went into the cave, and lodged there. And behold, the word of the Lord came to him, and said to him: What doest thou here, Elijah? And he said: I have been very jealous for the Lord, the God of hosts; for the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword; and I, even I only am left; and they seek my life, to take it away. And he said: Come forth, and stand upon the mountain before the Lord.

And behold, the Lord passed by; and a great and strong wind rent the mountains and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind. And after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake. And after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire. And after the fire a still small voice; and it came to pass, when Elijah heard it, that he wrapped his face in his mantle; and he went out, and stood in the entrance of the cave.

And behold, a voice came unto him, and said: What doest thou here Elijah? And he said: I have been very jealous for the Lord, the God of hosts; because the children of Israel have

forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword; and I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life, to take it away.

And the Lord said unto him: Go, return on thy way to the wilderness of Damascus. . . . Yet I have left me seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal, and every mouth which hath not kissed him.

The student should now study over some good translation of the Odyssey, say Professor Palmer's, or a translation of the Iliad, by Butcher, Lang and Leaf, for some simple epic passage, and try to give it with the dignity and simplicity and weight of epic poetry.

The higher we pass in poetry the simpler and fewer are the words. In the same way, in the vocal interpretation of higher forms of literature, there is more complete union of all the modulations. They are all used more intensively and more suggestively. The cruder ones, such as volume, are eliminated, and the harmony of the passage brought out by a deeper unity of the higher modulations. Tone, color and movement especially become more decided. The higher the art, the simpler the art; the deeper and truer our vocal expression, the simpler and the more vitally united are all the primary modulations of the voice.

These forms of poetry, although many regard them as difficult, are really simple enough for young students. They need only observation of ourselves. It is not more difficult to realize their differences than to distinguish the fir from the pine, or the pine from the cedar. Calling them alike is like calling such trees evergreens without noting their differences.

These three forms of poetry are expressive of the fundamental actions of the imagination. Lyric poetry is the expression of our own personal feelings — the awakening of our experience in contact with things or people. The feeling oftenest in dramatic poetry is the expression of character — the realization that different people have different experiences. Dramatic poetry expresses the difference between points of view, — the attitude of different men and women, it may be to the same event. Our sympathetic identification with other characters, however, is not the highest form of

poetry. Contemplating sublime things, events or deeds, we feel lifted into a sympathetic, though unconscious identification with a whole race, or with the highest ideal of man or even the highest possibilities of the whole universe and of the infinite Source of our life and love. All forms of poetry are necessary and exalted, but we should not neglect the highest, as too frequently we do.

This little book has endeavored to awaken you to the importance of your own voice, and to show you how to think, how to control or increase your attention when talking, speaking, reading or reciting. You have learned that right use of the voice and body are developed by right actions of thought and feeling. You have also, I trust, learned to observe better the great world around you. You can receive deeper impressions from thinking, and from experiences, and can enter more enjoyably into your relations with your fellow-men. Thus, you can conceive vivid mental pictures, can think and act while standing upon your feet, can set all your powers to work in unity and let them express themselves in harmony.

Deeper than this, our endeavor has been to introduce you to your true self; to show you that literature and poetry are embodiments of life, the expression of human experience. You have found the fact that the poems and stories and art of the voice, mirror you to yourself and awaken your highest faculties and powers to their true activity.

" Education," said Carlyle, " is learning the use of tools." It is important for each of us as early as we can to learn the use of a hammer, a saw, a chisel, and every means given us of accomplishing an end, but we should remember that the first of all tools, that which is most immediately connected with our thinking and our feeling, which can express our finest imaginative and creative energies, is our own voice, that agent which is most neglected, most carelessly used. He who will get control of his voice will find a key that will lead him to realize the experiences of his race as embodied in literature; it will help in the awakening of his faculties and powers, it will lead him to the discovery of the co-ordinate relation of impression and expression.

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